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SHARI BELAFONTE
LOOKING GOOD NAKED
THE WILD ONE!
JENNIFER LOPEZ
INTERVIEW
PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW
THE NAVY'S PRETTIEST PETTY OFFICER TAKES OFF HER UNIFORM
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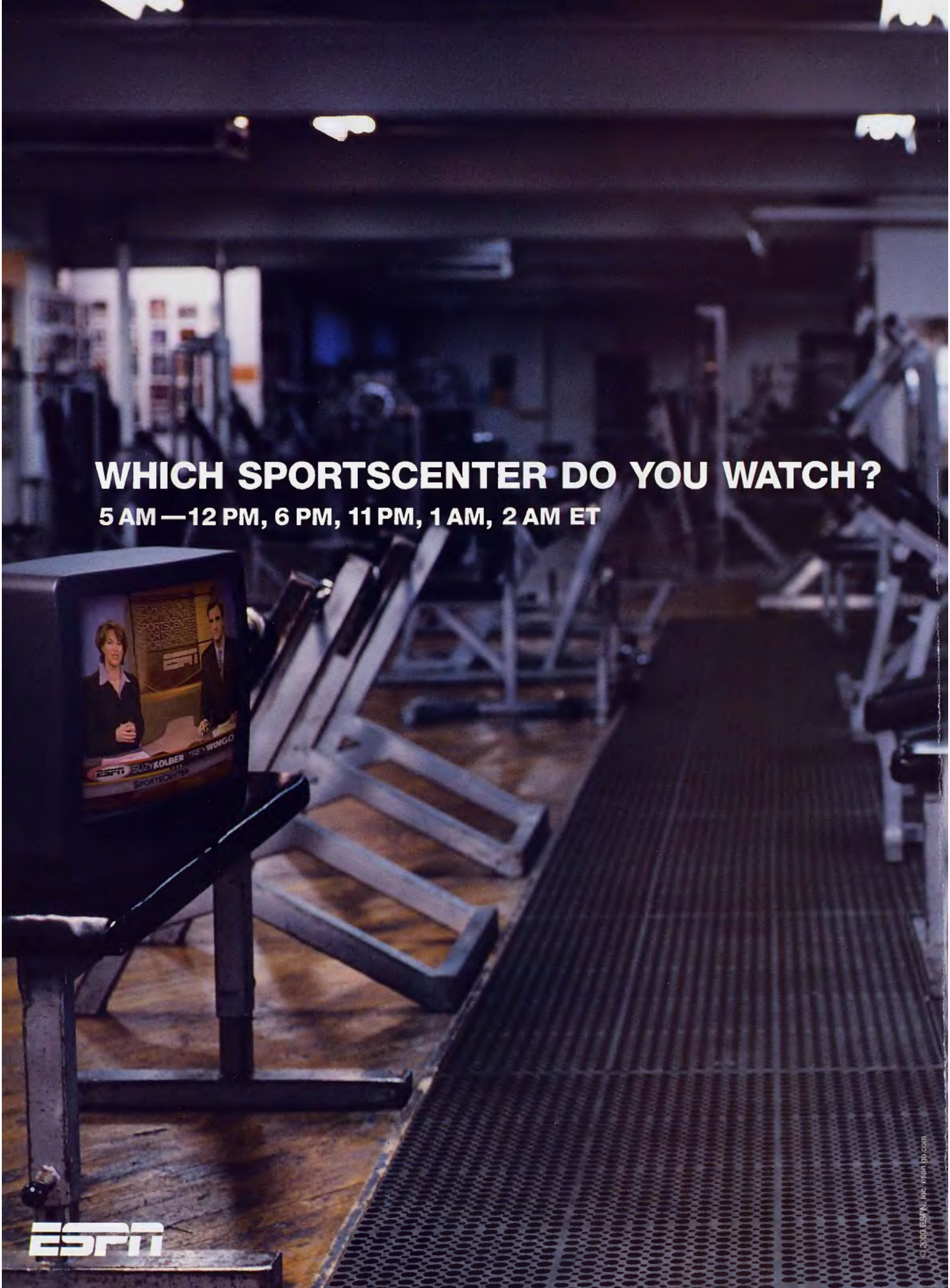
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Playbill

WE NEVER THOUGHT we'd be writing to *The Playboy Advisor*. Now we are, and it's a big thank-you note. In September 1960 PLAYBOY ran the first version of a column that soon became a hit among scholars, readers and stand-up comedians. In the 40 years since, our in-house belletrist has received more than 350,000 pieces of mail from people with questions about sex and cars, sex and stereos, and sex and car stereos. *The Hip, the Hot, the Hilarious* is an exuberant homage and comes complete with timeline. Here's some more flip advice: Women like to receive poetry. They like men who have manners and who dress well. In other words, they're looking for a gay man who just happens to be straight (your typical Englishman). *You Don't Have to Be Gay to Get Laid, But It Helps*, by nellie ladies' man **Glenn O'Brien,** is a primer for cracking the code of the pink triangle. (It's illustrated by **Christopher Buzelli.**)

Cover girl **Shari Belafonte** is a woman for all seasons—and we've made ours vindaloo. This accomplished TV star is equally comfortable guiding audiences through the Caribbean and around the latest health and beauty crazes. Now she puts her know-how and her sterling genes to the test in a scorching pictorial by **Greg Gorman. Jennifer Lopez** can knock you out in many ways—dancing (she was once a Fly Girl), singing (she charted several hits from *On the Six*) and acting (in *Selena* and *Out of Sight*, the best movie you never saw). No one in Hollywood outflanks her. However, everyone wants to know about boyfriend Sean Combs. She answers her (and his) critics in this month's *Playboy Interview* by **Michael Fleming.**

The first shall be last and the last shall be first—thanks to the draft. So says **Rick Gosselin,** our football wizard. The frost will soon be on the pigskin, so get ready for *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast*. With free agency ripping apart champions and bad teams snaring college talent, the NFL's gone topsy-turvy. What's Gosselin's favorite team? Read the piece—but don't bet on it. There's too much of that going on, especially on campus. That girl over there—real or fake? Will she spit or swallow? What's the over-under on the Tide's game? *Casino Campus* by **Erin Zammett,** a PLAYBOY intern from the University of Tennessee, is an oral history of the gambling craze.

Way back when, **Harold Ramis** was the gatekeeper for our *Party Jokes* page. Now he's a monster Hollywood keymaster, with his name on such hits as *Ghostbusters* and *Groundhog Day*—and we take full credit. His next movie is *Bedazzled*. We sent **David Rensin** after Ramis for some interleague play and the result is *Dr. Jokes*. **Seth Green,** whom you know as son of Dr. Evil and a rock-and-roll werewolf on TV, is out of his mind. During the course of a *20 Questions* by **Robert Crane,** here's what came out of his mouth: "You liked *Austin Powers*? Thanks, but I don't know what to do about your bleeding nipple." This month's short story, *The Black and White Sisters* (written by **T. Coraghessan Boyle,** with artwork by **Kinuko Y. Craft**) proves that fiction is stranger than fact. In it, two women eliminate color from their lives—except when it comes to red-blooded sex.

Check out this season's hot new suits that break the tyranny of all-black designer wear in *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast* by **Hollis Wayne.** The workplace is growing casual geographically, too—check out *From Yes Sir to Big Sur* by **Beth Tomkiw.** With a few thousand dollars' worth of technology, you can live anywhere. **Larry Olmsted** compiled the eight best places when you're ready to drop out of the pod race. And all that extra time on your hands? We suggest you admire our favorite volunteer from the U.S. Navy, **Sherry Lynne White.** She's a great reason to do some serious naval gazing.

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GORMAN

FLEMING

GOSSELIN

ZAMMETT

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WAYNE

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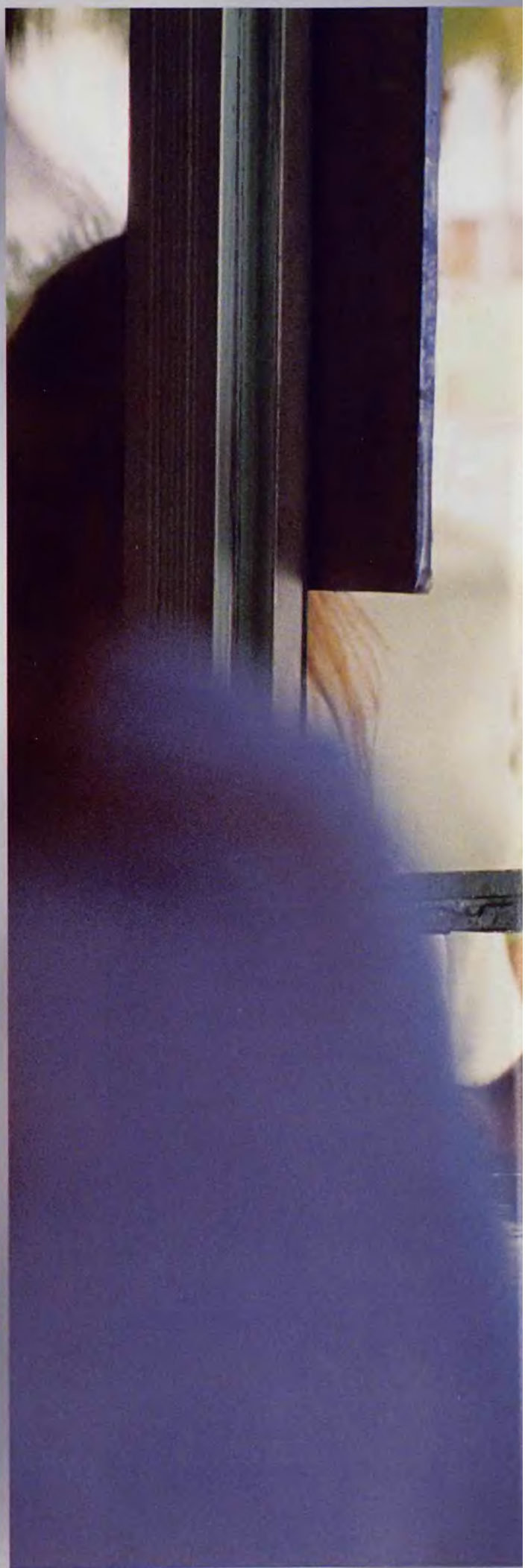

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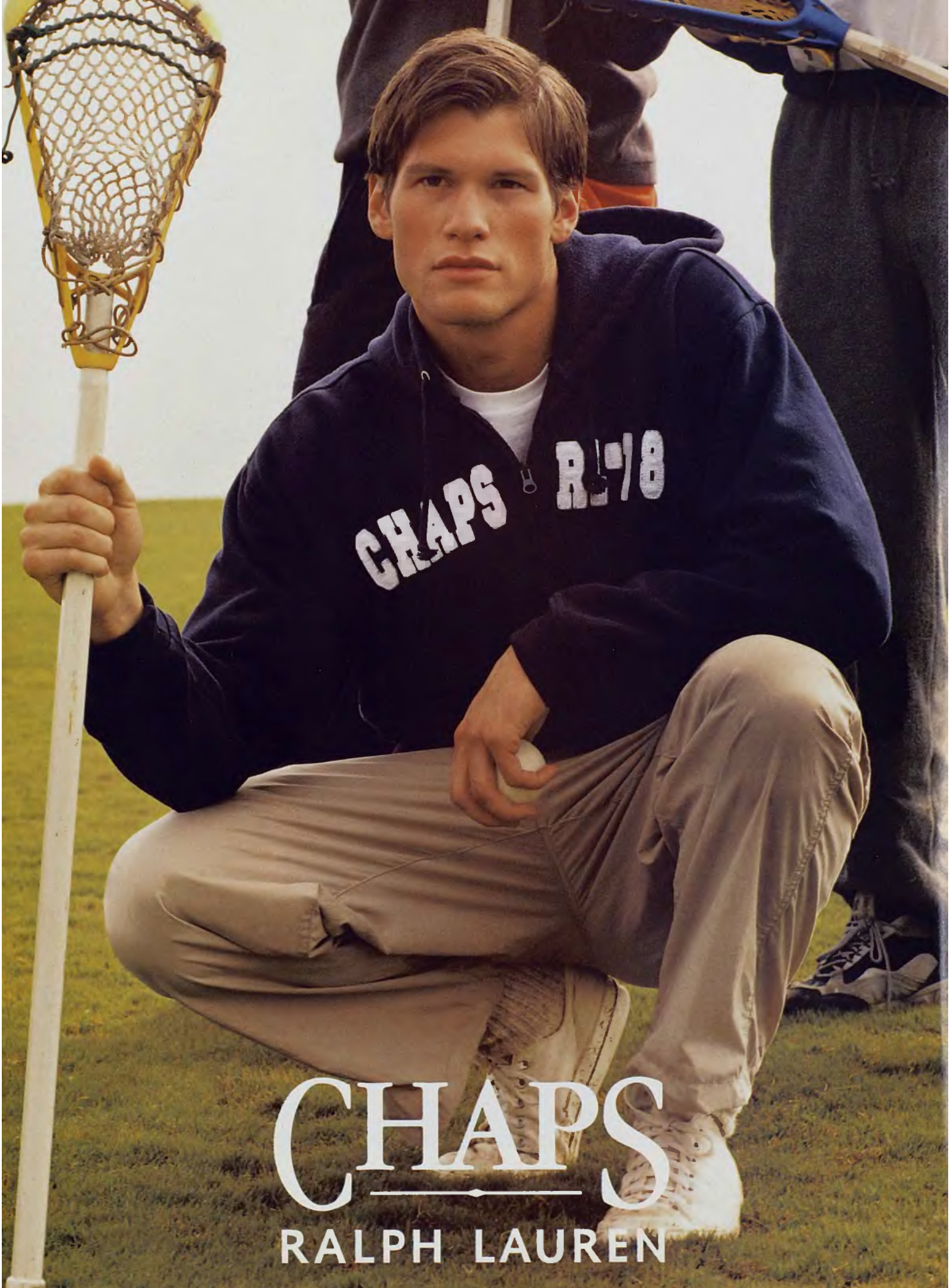
CHAPS
RALPH LAUREN

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BY MICHAEL FLEMING

cover story

At 45, Shari Belafonte is an unstoppable farce. She's had starring roles on *Hotel* and *Beyond Reality*, has appeared on more than 300 magazine covers, had a hit album overseas and was named a top celebrity TV endorser by *The Wall Street Journal*. Thanks to photographer Greg Gorman for adding one more cover to Shari's portfolio. Our Rabbit loves curlicues.

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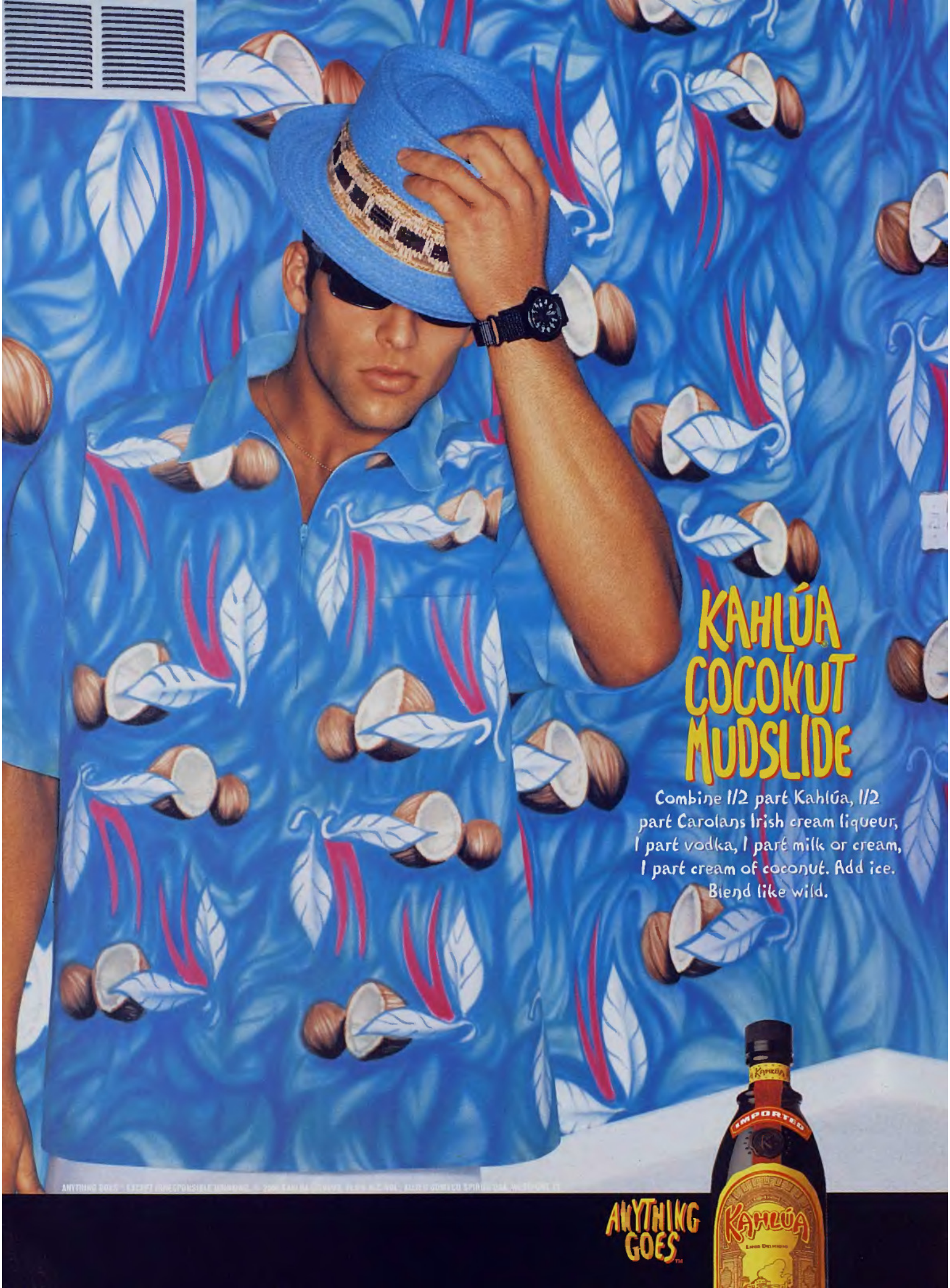
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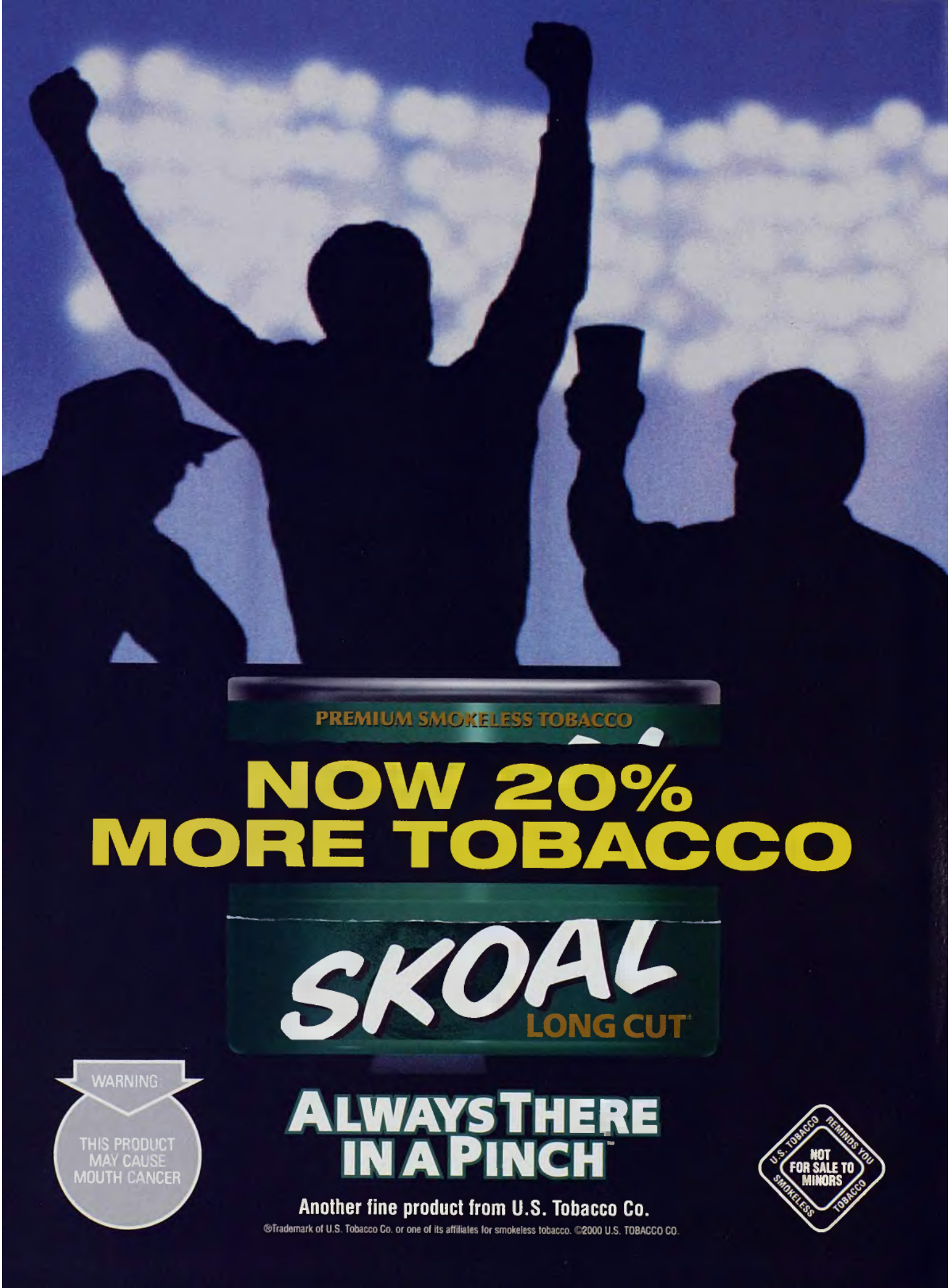

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes

ROAD TRIP

On a rare promotional swing east, Hef took May cover girls Sandy and Mandy Bentley to Chicago and New York. In his honor, the city of Chicago renamed a prominent stretch of Walton Street—site of the first Playboy Club—after him. Naturally, a few bluenoses in the city council took objection—just like in the old days. In the Big Apple, Hef and his twins were spoofed by *Kids in the Hall* comic Scott Thompson on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*.

UNBREAKABLE CHYNA

That's the World Wrestling Federation's Chyna (below) giving Hef a gentle squeeze. She wanted to meet our leader—and he gave it up without a fight. Can they be talking about a possible pictorial?

DIMITRI AND THE ANGEL

DJ Dimitri spins cool tunes in Paris hotspots. His new CD, *A Night at the Playboy Mansion*, is a hit everywhere. Hef hosted a poolside party for him at the real Mansion with celebrity guests, including Farrah Fawcett (far right). Dimitri calls the PLAYBOY vibe tangy and sweet. We'll dance to that.

LITTLE DEUCE COUPE

Playmate of the Year 2000 Jodi Ann Paterson shows off her new red six-speed 2000 Corvette coupe with its distinctive vanity plates. As Jodi sees it, she is going against PLAYBOY type—brunette and spicy instead of blonde and busty. That's something to revel in. A TV broadcaster in college, Jodi is now big news herself.

LEGS AND EGGS!

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Springtime at the Mansion meant two PMOY parties, a trip to New York with the twins, a disco bash for DJ Dimitri and an Easter egg hunt. (1) Trey Parker came from *South Park* to hang at Jodi Ann's press luncheon. (2) Hef and the guest of honor. (3) Gillian Bonner and Brande Roderick. (4) Jodi Ann revs the engine of her prize BMW motorcycle. (5) Sofia Coppola and Spike Jonze at Dimitri's party. (6) Hef and the Dahm triplets. (7) Mandy and Sandy switched into Bunny costumes at our New York bash. (8) New York revelers showed up in barely-there costumes. (9) Elke Jeinsen and Barbara Moore. (10) Shauna Sand, Lorenzo Lamas and their kids. (11) Darva Conger at the petting zoo. (12) Natalia Sokolova, Victoria Fuller and Lisa Dergan at the Sky Bar PMOY party. (13) Fred Durst and Lou Ferrigno. (14) Hef and Mandy with her niece Savannah.

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PARK IT HERE

I bought the June issue specifically for the *Playboy Interview* with *South Park* creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone. I'm a huge fan—thanks to Steve Pond for probing behind their bad-boy image to show they are down-to-earth guys. This interview kicks ass.

Emily Brungo
Zelienople, Pennsylvania

George Lucas doesn't need me to defend him, but I must respond to Trey Parker's comments about him. Lucas would be a treasure even if he had retired after making *American Graffiti*. The force will be with us long after anyone cares who killed Kenny.

Brian Garlow
Las Vegas, Nevada

It's refreshing to read about a couple of regular Joes who have made it in Hollywood.

Dana Epperson
U.S. Army
Republic of Korea

Your Parker–Stone interview is garbage. With so many interesting subjects in the world, why does PLAYBOY give credence to these two cretins?

Gil Geraths
Penn Valley, California

My hat is off to this dynamic duo. I hope Parker and Stone can maintain their intensity and rebelliousness. Thanks for the no-holds-barred interview.

Gaetano Suraci
Dallas, Texas

SUPER-DUPER

Allen Barra is right on target as to why today's athletes are the best ever (*The New Superathlete*, June), but he doesn't explain why offense has so dominated baseball. In all other sports, the offensive superathlete is pitted fairly equally against his defensive counterpart. But that's not the case with baseball. Today's pitchers can't benefit from the modern weight training and nutrition Barra cites as much as hitters can, and it shows in the offensive fireworks we see today.

Howard Elson
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

MARILYN MYSTERY

Your June *After Hours* item "Is This Marilyn?" must be a teaser. You don't have to be a professional photographer (even though I am) to notice that the model has six toes on her left foot—the same as Norma Jean.

Daniel Stober
Fort Worth, Texas

Who's looking at her toes?

Andre De Dienes' photos appeared in a variety of magazines featuring nudes, and I remember seeing them in *Modern Man*, though I never regarded his work as erotic. His pictures are too graphic for my taste—capturing ugly feet and all, as in this photo. The narrow waist, derriere and hair all look like Marilyn's, but the model's large hands, long fingers and toes give me pause. Whether or not this is Norma Jean is a mystery to me.

William Stevens
Micanopy, Florida

CAJUN QUEEN

PLAYBOY has done it again. Thanks for introducing your readers to Shannon Stewart (*Stewart's Blend*, June). I'd love to be a gator in her bayou.

David Kelley
Nashville, Tennessee

Miss June has the most fantastic eyes I've ever seen, and one of the sexiest smiles to boot. She can baton me rouge any time.

K. Savino
Dublin, Ireland

As someone in the art world, I can appreciate photographer Stephen Wayda's

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technique. The way he poses models in front of a mirror so that you can see their lines from two views at once is brilliant. The sexy shots he took of Shannon Stewart capture the sensuous, intelligent and playful woman she is.

Robert Jacobson
Mount Tremper, New York

LET'S BOND

Under the heading "Best Gadgets" in your *Bond Files* feature (June), an espresso machine is listed from *A View to a Kill*. Actually, it's from a scene in *Live and Let Die*, when M visits Bond at his home. Also, the Omega watch was in *Golden Eye* and not in *Never Say Never Again*. The pursuit of 007 trivia is one of my hobbies. I'll be praying for an invitation to the Mansion for this catch.

Andrew Schimenti
Bremerton, Washington

Don't you have anything better to do? The editor who mistakenly placed the espresso machine in A View to a Kill, rather than in Live and Let Die, claims a caffeine deficiency. He fell asleep during an 18-hour James Bond marathon and woke up in the wrong movie. Throughout the series, Bond has displayed no brand loyalty. Yes, Bond wears a laser-equipped Omega (the watch we used as a generic illustration) in Golden Eye, but the laser watch also appeared in Never Say Never Again.

There are two glaring omissions from *Bond Files*. How could you leave out of the list of Bond's top fights the Roger Moore–Richard Kiel midair free-fall fight over a single parachute in *Moonraker*? And secondly, why is luscious Jill St. John—Miss Tiffany Case from *Diamonds Are Forever*—missing from your "Best Bad Girl" list?

Tom Nelson
Diamond Bar, California

My nomination for best vehicle in a supporting role in the James Bond movies is from *Goldfinger*. After crushing the Lincoln, the gold and the bad guy into a cube, Oddjob dropped all 6000 pounds into the back of a Ford Falcon pickup and hauled it back to Goldfinger's place. Wow.

James Wiley
Columbus, Ohio

SURF'S UP

I'm surprised that PLAYBOY supports gun control (*Surfing the Web for Contraband*, June). Can guns be purchased on the Internet? Of course—just as they can be purchased through a classified ad in a local paper or national magazine. Pick up a copy of *Shotgun News* or *Gun List* and you can even find a deal on an Uzi or an AK-47. Fully automatic weapons have always been legal in this country, provided you fill out the documents, pass a background check and pay the tax. Can John Q. Public circumvent these laws? Absolutely. But even with all the deviant behavior found on the Internet, the last thing we need is government regulation of what we surf.

Charles Bobier
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

FIRST LADY OF THE MILLENNIUM

For the first time ever, my choice for Playmate of the Year actually made it. Jodi Ann Paterson (*Playmate of the Year*, June) has a perfectly proportioned natural figure, a fresh face and a great personality. Good for Jodi and everyone who voted for her.

Ray Biller
Buffalo, New York

Jodi Ann Paterson is an outstanding choice for PMOY. Last year, I persuaded my girlfriend to read PLAYBOY with me, and when we saw her October 1999 pictorial, we agreed she'd win.

John Eldridge
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw Jodi Ann on your cover. I knew her in high school and she was wonderful. Jodi, you've made all your friends proud.

Jeffrey Prince
Springfield, Oregon

Thanks for giving readers two Playmate of the Year pictorials in the same issue. Jodi Ann Paterson is a goddess, and I fully expect to see beautiful Shannon Stewart voted in as PMOY 2001.

Mark Harris
El Paso, Texas

TIJUANA BRASH

Robert B. DeSalvo knows nothing about the Tijuana scene (*How to Survive a Night in Tijuana*, June) if he thinks Plaza Fiesta is worth seeing. I can't imagine why he makes that recommendation. Could it be for the overpriced leather goods or the drunken coeds who party hard on Saturday nights? And if DeSalvo thinks he can find a donkey show on any of the side streets, he's savvier than all the cabbies in TJ, since there hasn't been one in 20 years. DeSalvo has heard about Tijuana, but he sure hasn't lived it.

Butch Gordo
Sparks, Nevada

MAKE THAT A DOUBLE

I enjoyed Raymond Benson's *Doubleshot* (June). I hope his next PLAYBOY short story covers the first time 007 meets the new M.

Gary Petzel
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Doubleshot is a fun read, but I wish you hadn't given the game away in your introduction and illustration.

Dale Irwin
Waiheke Island, New Zealand

Doubleshot makes James Bond look like an idiot. He's a naval officer, works for British intelligence and is trained to have an eye for detail. He would have picked up on some individual characteristics to differentiate between the two girls.

Skip Gonet
Westport, Massachusetts

Please, don't waste any more space on Raymond Benson.

James Barrett
Boulder Creek, California

BREAK THE RULES

I'm disappointed in rule number six (*Rules for the Perfect Relationship*, June). There are innumerable techniques one might use to delay an orgasm; thinking of dead babies is definitely not one.

Dave Steimling
Newark, Delaware

CARRÉ ON

I love your Carré Otis pictorial (*Carré's Comeback*, June). She looks better than ever. In 1991, during her tumultuous marriage to Mickey Rourke, I had the privilege of meeting her, and despite her problems, she was luminous. I'm happy to see that Carré has overcome her past and emerged triumphant.

Maria Sandoval
Los Angeles, California

GEEK CHIC

What's next—a profile of the fools from the "Whassup" commercials? Michael Maronna (*Inside Stuart*, June) may not be the most disgusting character from the pompous Ameritrade ad campaign (the woman with the smelly feet wins that title). But why would PLAYBOY devote an entire page to this twit?

Ralph Novak
Tenafly, New Jersey

What guy doesn't like a little extra now and then?

Introducing the newest member of the Tequiza Family. Without the added sweetness or lime, its extra bold Tequila taste is anything but ordinary. It's Extra-ordinary.

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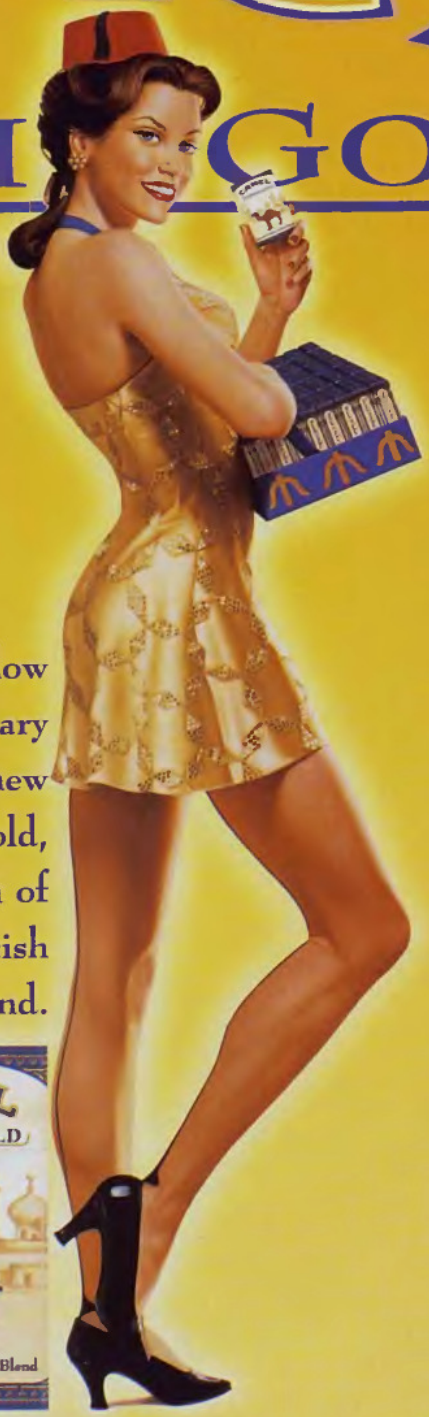

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PLEASURE TO BURN

PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

MOUNT NAOMI

The Spanish government bankrolled a travel brochure that described the slopes of one mountain near Madrid as "black, svelte, hard and slippy, like Naomi Campbell's loins." The guide, which was removed from circulation shortly after publication, also explained why mountain climbers rarely choose to scale the same alp twice. "With mountains the same thing happens as does with women, that the desire they provoke is inversely proportional to the number of times you've got on top of them." We demur. If you spend too much of your time on the peaks, you'll ignore the wonders of the valley.

STUD BROTHERS

We followed this year's running of the Preakness with more interest than usual. One of the eight entries in the field was named Hugh Hefner. Not the jockey, the horse. Hefner—no relation—wasn't considered a favorite. He went off at 20 to 1, which caused one observer to wonder, "Did that refer to his odds or his stable of fillies?" There were other jests at the Thoroughbred's expense: Al Michaels introduced him to TV viewers with the comment, "God forbid they ever geld this one." But this wasn't the first Hugh Hefner to be underestimated by the experts. Hefner broke out in front and actually led the field just four furlongs from the finish but tired and finished out of the money. So much for any parallels. Fans concluded he had slowed up from overexertion. We like to think he simply wanted to prolong the experience.

AVOID THE WALKING TOUR

The village of Golant in southwest England has enough visitors to necessitate an official town map. When it was suggested to villagers they might want to rename one colorful street for publication, they refused. In fact they suspect some tourists come to Golant expressly to see Cowshit Lane.

THE TIP SHEET

Skytel: Thanks to the new handheld e-mail device, people who "take meetings" are even more obnoxious.

Food porn: Low-fat, low-cal labels on food are out. Instead, Sara Lee's Calzone Creations are sold with the message, "Contains at least 12 grams of saturated fat." That's at least 60 percent of the recommended daily intake.

Bobos: a.k.a. bourgeois bohemians. Taken from *Bobos in Paradise* (Simon and Schuster) by David Brooks and used to describe organic-food eating, Land Rover–driving, wealthy free spirits.

ANATOMY LESSONS

Welcome to *Body Knots* (Rizzoli), a collection of photographs designed and shot by Howard Schatz. It is a celebration of the malleability of the human form. We see bodies twisted and turned and bent and smashed together. The effect is eerie and colorful. After a while, these forms seem only vaguely human and more like sculpture made from skin. We loaned the book to one of our colleagues who pointed to one photo and said, "Hey, this guy looks like he stuck his head up his ass!" You can't beat that for enthusiasm—or pliability.

Biosteel: Latest biotechnology breakthrough has woven a silk spider gene into a goat's DNA. The next generation of goats will be able to provide a bullet-proof pashmina shawl.

Ball balm: Testosterone in a tube is a topical gel that gives men energy, stamina and involuntary swelling of the ego.

Fuckedcompany.com: An online interactive deathwatch for dot-coms. Place your debts.

CREATIVE WHIZ

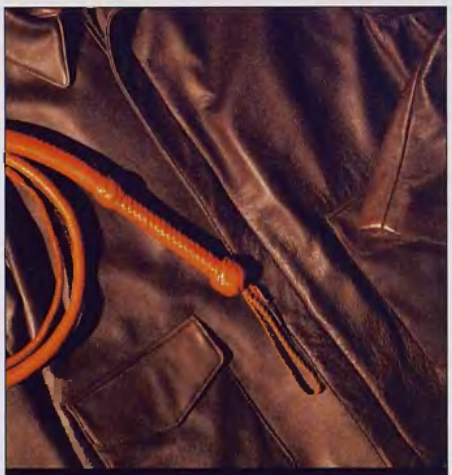
One of Marcel Duchamp's most famous works is now at London's new Tate Museum. *Fountain*, you may recall, consists mostly of a urinal. Recently two lesser-known artists, in what they insisted was a purposeful questioning of the definition of art, walked up to *Fountain* and pissed on it. A sizable group of art lovers witnessed the act. And, apparently thinking it was part of the artwork, gave it a round of applause.

CUCKOO CUCARACHA

A woman threw a motorcycle helmet through her TV screen and wants a pest control company to pay for a new TV. It all started with a pesky advertising campaign. The Orkin Co. put a J. Walter Thompson commercial on the air that features a large, realistic roach. The woman who KO'd her TV might not have to sue: On its website the company is sponsoring a "most bizarre story" contest related to the spot.

BLOW IT OUT YOUR ART!

"Water-soluble, nontoxic paint: $32.95. Blank canvas: $60. Watching your talent shoot rainbows out of her ass: priceless." That's the way director Chimera Chase describes her latest work, *Ass Artist #3 (Seduction)*. Number three? Where were we? We had no idea this was the third in a series. We apologize to our readers for not catching it the first time around. "*Ass Artist* may be my most visible work," says Chase, "but it's certainly not my best." As for the paintings, Chase says, "They're not for sale. Unless I get a huge offer." We'll start the bidding at $92.95.



LEATHER OF THE LOST ARK

A leather jacket is a staple of a man's wardrobe, and who's a better judge of leather jackets than Indiana Jones? Indy wore this U.S. Wings jacket as he battled the forces of evil in his various adventures. The company (uswings.com) supplies authentic military and motorcycle jackets in a variety of leathers and skins. Of particular note are the kangaroo jackets—which are one third the weight of and stronger than goat, lambskin or cowhide. The bullwhip is extra.

BORED STRAIGHT

If you're looking for a class in business ethics that doesn't mince words, try the one required for a master's in business administration from the University of Maryland. It includes instructional field trips to the federal pens at Cumberland and Allenwood, Pennsylvania for lectures by the experts: capitalists doing time for white-collar crimes.

COPZ

Police departments in Oakland, Dallas, Kansas City, Mo. and Phoenix have hit upon a new method of looking cool and impressing kids—low-rider patrol cars. The cops are bent on having the cars done right. The Maricopa County Sheriff's office's new low rider will have a sidewalk-thumping stereo and, best of all, a hydraulic suspension that can bounce the body. Add some sirens to these squad cars and you have the perfect soundtrack for cops out clubbing.

BRAIN CURD

A study by the National Institute on Aging has tied high midlife tofu consumption to brain atrophy. The findings were based on extensive case studies and involved testing brains of people whose midlife dietary habits had been tracked in the Sixties and Seventies for other purposes. The Institute determined that bean curd fans scored lower on cognitive tests and had lower brain weight than people who ate less tofu. If they're anything like the vegetarians we know, they also use a lot more air freshener.

ZIP YOUR LIPS

The Vagina Monologues are no longer soliloquies. New York's Blue Heron Arts Center is staging *The Penis Responds*, billed as "the envy of all shows." The Response is made up of 12 short but energetic plays that organizers predict "you'll wish were a lot longer."

MICRO MANAGING

Former Microsoft exec Chris Larson was having so much renovation work done on his 32-room Shoreline mansion overlooking Puget Sound that a neighbor sued him for creating excessive noise and dust. Rather than endure the annoyance of a civil action, Larson simply paid the neighbor $2.1 million to sign over his house and go away.

UNCLEAR CUTTING

According to the *Earth Island Journal*, the following euphemisms are used by the timber industry when it doesn't want

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QUOTE

"As far as fame and fortune go, I generally believe one should understand that none of it is deserved."—BEN AFFLECK

RED INK PLANET

Success rate of all U.S. and Russian missions to Mars—in percentage—during the Sixties and Seventies: 48. Percentage of successful missions in the Eighties and Nineties: 20.

A QUICK BALL

The time it takes a major-league fastball to go from a pitcher's hand to home plate: 0.4 seconds. The time it takes the batter to spot the ball, gauge it and decide whether to swing: 0.2 seconds. Time it takes him to choose where to swing: 0.025 seconds. Hesitation time that will produce a foul ball: 0.007 seconds.

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to *Los Angeles* magazine, Palestinian leader Yasir Arafat's favorite film is *Pretty Woman*. Aides to Arafat say he's seen it 20 times.

TRINIDAD, TRINIMOM

Population of Trinidad, Colorado: 9500. Number of sex-reassignment surgeries performed to date in Trinidad: 4500.

DEFLOWER POWER

According to *YM*, percentage of female teens who cited curiosity as a reason to have sex for the first time: 58. Percentage who cited love: 47. Percentage who cited physical attraction: 40. Percentage who mentioned boredom with being a virgin: 24.

DOLLAR BELLES

According to a study by the University of California at Davis, average percentage return earned by women-only investment clubs: 21. Percentage return of men-only clubs: 15.

RANKNESS

According to the Movie Index, number of obscenities in the 154 minutes of *Pulp Fiction*, the film with the most curses: 411. Crudities per minute in *Pulp Fiction*: 2.67. Number of obscenities in the 80-minute-long *South Park: Bigger, Longer and Uncut*: 399. CPM of *South Park*: 5.

WE ARE NOT AMUSED

The percentage increase in attendance at amusement parks in the U.S. from 1994 to 1999: 16. Percentage increase in the amount of money spent by visitors to U.S. amusement parks in that time: 30. Percentage increase in amusement park accidents: 88.

SHAMELESS SHELTERS

Annual cost to the U.S. Treasury of unpaid taxes by major corporations that use improper tax shelters: $10 billion.

INTERNATIONAL PASTIME

Based on opening day rosters, percentage of major-league baseball players born in other countries: 24. Number of foreign countries represented by major leaguers: 17. Number of ballplayers from Canada: 12. Number from Mexico: 14. From the Dominican Republic: 71.

FOLLOW THE MONEY

In 1995, number of articles in major newspapers worldwide that referred to the information superhighway: 4562. Number that mentioned e-commerce or electronic commerce: 915. In 1999, number of articles with information superhighway mentions: 842. Number of e-commerce articles: 20,641.

GLOBAL GOLD AWARDS

Percentage of American film revenue derived from foreign markets: 55. Percentage 20 years ago: 33.

STILL ON SCHEDULE

Percentage of Americans who say a cancer cure will be found within 50 years: 84. Percentage who said the same in 1949: 88. —ROBERT S. WIEDER

to use the term clear-cutting: forest utilization, landscape management, gap-phased dynamics, horizontal landscaping, tree density reduction, light forest retention, shade intolerant tree regeneration, enhancing landscape diversity and, our favorite, temporary meadow.

THE FULL MONTY PYTHON

A doctor known as the Merry Medicine Man started the first laughter club five years ago in India. There are now 150 of them and hundreds of people can be seen in parks any morning stretching and warming up with chants of "ho ho ho, ha ha ha." Now the trend has gained a ticklish toehold in the UK. The south Asian funnyman, who was invited to stay in England to run a four-day seminar, claims he started the clubs after noticing immune system improvements in his patients after bouts of laughter. He even has labels for different types of laughs: hearty, silent, lion, swinging and cocktail. We'll stick with the laugh called hey-look-at-those-assholes-in-the-park!

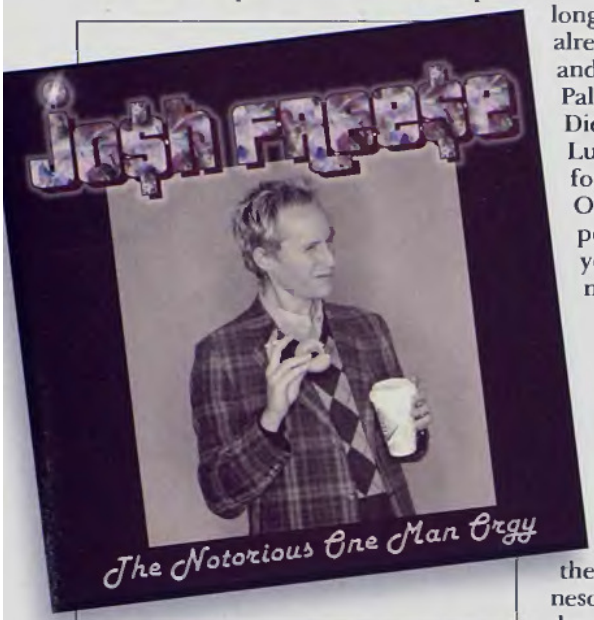
HUGGY BEARS

Chinese merchants aren't the only ones benefiting from most-favored-nation status. Pandas are getting an immediate boost, too—in the form of Viagra. (What is it about pandas and sex? See last month's *After Hours*.) The shy creatures are down to about 1000 in number, due in part to the fact that males can mate for only 10 to 20 seconds a go. The

DRINK OF THE MONTH

If you don't know what a Jitney is, you can't order one. Leave it to the Hamptons—that extravagant summer playground of the overcompensated—to have its own vodka. Peconika (named after Great Peconic Boy, the body of water that separates the North Fork from the South Fork) is made from potatoes harvested in Bridgehampton and is sure to make a splosh in the glosses at the Maidstone Club this season. Even the folks who live on Gin Lane are sure to have a sip.

Beijing Youth Journal reports that Viagra, unlike traditional herbal remedies, allows them to split the bamboo for up to 20 minutes. Now they might even have time for the Chinese basket trick.



JOSH, WE BELIEVE YOU

Josh Freese, one of rock's busiest drummers, has a new CD that contains an adorable song called *Playboy Mansion*: "We all went to the Playboy Mansion/Partied with the Marilyn Manson/I think my time's arrived at last/I was doing cocaine off Miss October's ass/You don't believe me but it's true/You don't believe me and you don't have to/It's not the kind of shit I'd make up." We think he's angling for an invite, don't you?

WHAT SORT OF MAN?

Some of the findings in an FCB New York study of readership data make perfect sense. For example, *Road and Track* readers are most likely to dine at Hooters and *Redbook* readers are most inclined to own more than three cats. Yet we were surprised to see that *Bicycling* has the highest concentration of doughnut eaters (naturally, Twinkies consumers read *WWF Magazine*) and that *Soap Opera Digest* fans are second to none in their consumption of instant mashed potatoes (we would have guessed Kleenex). *Town and Country* subscribers are most given to anxiety and depression, which presumably breaks down to anxiety in town and depression in the country. Finally, we report without comment that *New York* readers are also your leading buyers of rubber gloves.

UP TELESCOPE

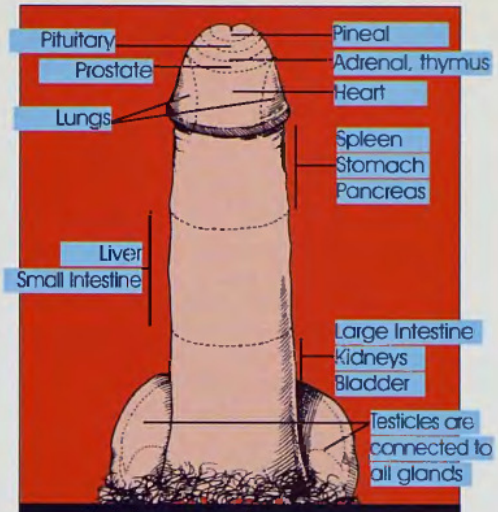
Baby, it's so big you'll see stars. That's the essence of the pitch that major educational institutions are using to attract the best scientific talent in the field of astronomy. We're talking, of course, about the current race to construct the world's longest telescope. Harvard and MIT are already at work on a 21-footer in Chile, and Caltech is considering a 98-footer at Palomar Observatory in northern San Diego County. Meanwhile, Sweden's Lund University is mulling over a 164-footer and the European Southern Observatory is blueprinting a pulse-pounding 328-foot scope. It's what you could call an epidemic of Venus envy.

THE BODY ON BROADWAY

From the producer who brought to Broadway such uplifting musical fare as *The Will Rogers Follies* comes the *Jesse Ventura Story*. Pierre Cossette, who put the ghost of Rogers on the planks for several years, has bought the rights to turn the life of the erstwhile wrestler and current Minnesota governor into a musical. Cossette described his vision of the musical as a cross between *Rocky* and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, "a family type of show, a funny musical comedy." The governor's only request was that it be done with rock and roll.

THAI STINK

A chemical engineer in Thailand believes he has the answer to the earth's dwindling supply of fossil fuels: human waste. According to the *Bangkok Post*, the associate dean of Mahanakorn University of Technology has developed a method of treating feces with hot nitrogen gas. The treated waste then becomes a product they call bio-oil. However, even with the current rise in prices at the gas pump, bio-oil still costs twice as much as petrol. And then there's the nasty backfire problem.



ASS, ELBOW, DICK

We were having a fun time leafing through *The MultiOrgasmic Man* (Harper Collins) by Mantak Chia and Douglas Abrams Arava when we came upon the illustration shown above. In a paragraph that encourages men to stimulate "their entire penis," the authors remind us that in Chinese medicine, various parts of your johnson correspond to different parts of your body. And you don't want to overstimulate one part of your body, they argue. We agree. We would like Katherine Heigl to overstimulate it.

BABE OF THE MONTH

Although a survey by *Focus* magazine voted her one of the five least intelligent personalities in Britain, tenacious 29-year-old **Melinda Messenger** must be laughing all the way to the bank. After she put her 34DD-22-34 self in a bra and scanties and posed for a titillating window-company poster, the *Sun* promptly dubbed the blue-eyed beauty the "Page Three Girl for the Thrillennium." The former flight attendant and accounts manager proved there is indeed a brain behind the blonde by parlaying her topless stints as a Page Three girl into a career as a British television presenter (on the game show *Fort Boyard*) and budding actress. Earlier this year, one very pregnant Messenger filmed her debut movie role as the damsel-in-distress Princess Vanilla in the low-budget British fantasy film *Mumbo Jumbo*. Not to us.

movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

THERE'S SCARCELY a believable ingredient in ***Mad About Mambo*** (USA Films), from Keri Russell's light Irish accent to the connect-the-dots storyline. But it's such a cheerful movie, and its star is so radiant, that it's hard to dislike. William Ash plays a working-class Belfast teenager whose one ambition is to play professional football, though his skills aren't as strong as his enthusiasm. Then he hears a Brazilian pro credit his natural rhythm for his great success in the sport. So our young hero decides to take Latin dancing lessons; that's how he comes to meet rich girl Russell, who's determined to win the local dance competition with her dutiful boyfriend. You can probably fill in the rest without much effort, but director John Forte's script has no pretensions and seemingly no illusions about what it is: pure escapism, with a dollop of social commentary. Incidentally, the title refers to a completely different dance from the one featured throughout the movie, but I guess *Screwy About Samba* doesn't have the right ring. ¥¥½

•

Donal Logue is a supporting actor we've seen in countless films, from *Jerry Maguire* to *The Patriot*; now he's showcased in the leading role of a disarming romantic comedy. ***The Tao of Steve*** (Sony Pictures Classics) is based on the life—and persona—of its co-writer, Duncan North. Set in his hometown of Santa Fe, the film introduces us to Dex, a onetime high school whiz who in ten years has turned into a potbellied slacker. He still quotes Lao-tzu, Heidegger and other philosophers, but his true belief is in the self-developed (and self-perpetuated) Tao of Steve, Steve being his name for the quintessential Cool Guy. Dex is no Brad Pitt, but he beds more women than any other guy in town because of his gift of gab and his uncanny ability to make them think he isn't pursuing them. Then he falls head over heels for a beautiful woman named Syd (Greer Goodman) and finds himself unable to implement his own game plan. For a small film from a first-time feature director, Jenniphr Goodman, *The Tao of Steve* is remarkably self-assured and thoroughly entertaining, a contemporary romantic comedy that delivers where so many Hollywood efforts fail. ¥¥¥

Keri Russell: Dancing queen.

Dancing for success,
scoring to excess,
drowning in silliness.

•

French star Daniel Auteuil, like his countryman Gérard Depardieu, isn't what you'd call handsome, but when he's on-screen you can't take your eyes off him. The same can now be said, in a somewhat different light, for his co-star in ***The Girl on the Bridge*** (Paramount Classics), pop star Vanessa Paradis. Patrice Leconte's fable, shot in black and white and wide-screen, spins a fanciful tale about a professional knife thrower who saves women who are on the brink of suicide and recruits them for his act. In Paradis—fresh, naive, but already beaten down by life—he finds a kindred spirit, a soul mate in fact, but he is reluctant to express his feelings for her. She, meanwhile, continues on her lifelong path of following her sexual urges and making bad choices. Paradis wins us over in her opening monolog, wherein she frankly describes her screwed-up life to date, and Leconte spotlights her to great effect opposite the charismatic Auteuil. ¥¥¥

NEW AND IMPROVED, OR NOT?

Where movies are concerned, revisionism takes many forms: on video, on CDs derived from films and in books about movies. Michael Mann feels his reedited version of *The Last of the Mohicans* for DVD is a definite improvement over the version released to theaters. Veteran Hollywood correspondent Bob Thomas is happy to restore a chapter to his classic biography *King Cohn* that his publisher made him cut back in 1967.

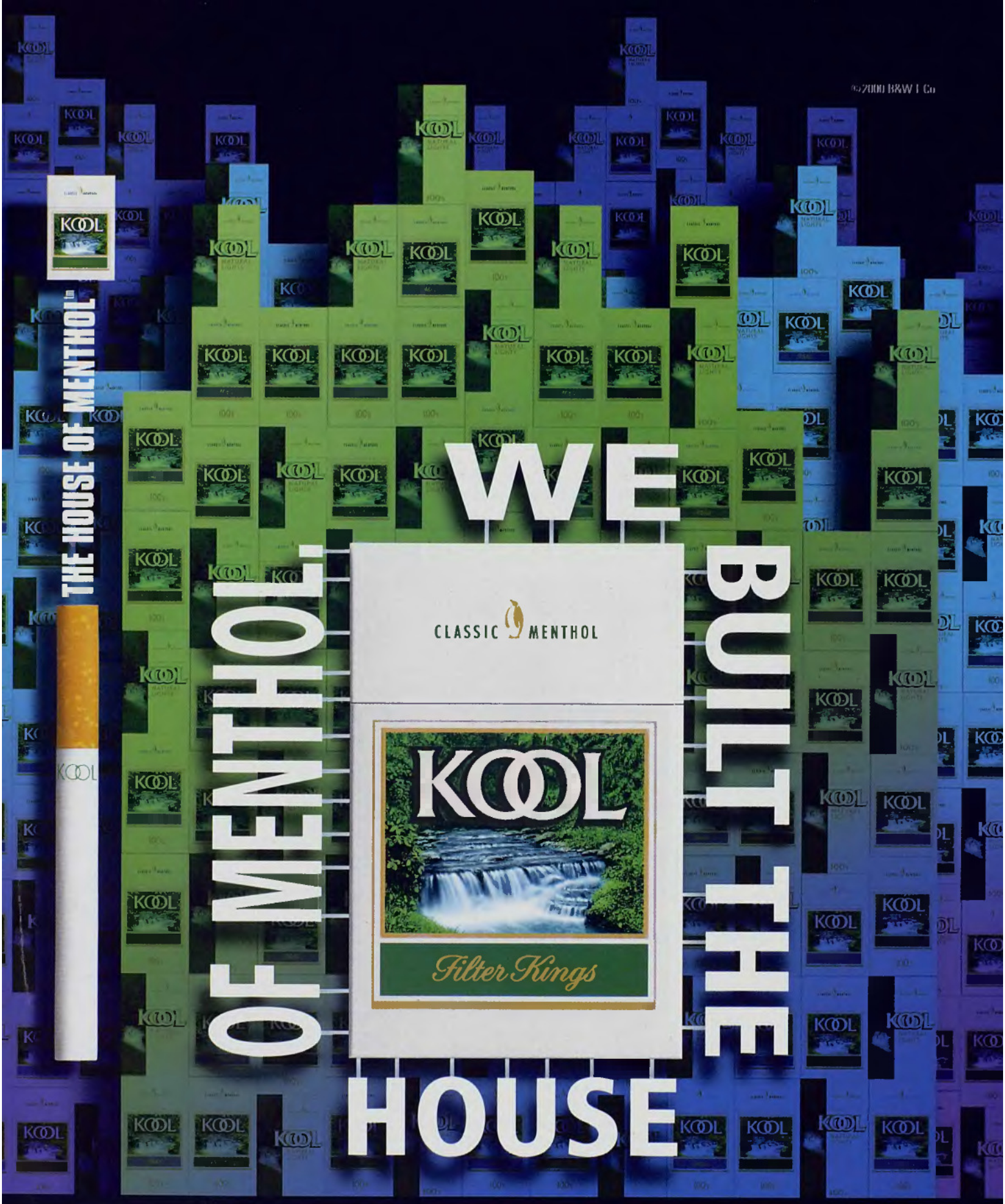
But does new always mean improved? Richard Donner has reedited the first three *Lethal Weapon* movies for DVD. Did these entertaining action yarns really need a new coat of paint? In the field of movie books, a new wave of biographers has produced huge, dense and generally downbeat tomes on such well-trod subjects as Judy Garland and Groucho Marx. Do these satisfy a demand that the many existing books don't?

I prefer the joy of discovery to the retread of the familiar. David Stenn broke new ground with his excellent biography *Clara Bow: Running Wild*. Now it's back in print as a quality paperback with new information, and a status list of Bow's films. (Several have been located in recent years; one early title, *Poisoned Paradise*, has been restored by the UCLA Film and Television Archive.)

Movie soundtracks now reach a growing audience—and that includes retrospective CDs. Producer George Feltenstein continues to mine nuggets in the vaults at Warner Bros. (which includes the MGM and RKO libraries). Not only has he found previously unheard material recorded for movies by everyone from the Mills Brothers to Harry James for the two-CD collection *Hollywood Swing and Jazz* (Rhino), one cut actually solves an age-old mystery. For years, Duke Ellington scholars have debated if the Duke recorded material for the Marx Brothers comedy *A Day at the Races*. The answer is now available for all to hear, in an extended rendition of *All God's Chillun Got Rhythm* that was severely truncated in the final film.

But if you've never seen a classic film, heard its famous soundtrack or read an acclaimed movie book, then a reissue isn't a matter of rediscovery; it's more like remedial study. Martin Scorsese has lent his name and prestige to a series of quality paperbacks for Modern Library that restore to circulation a number of film books that deserve to live forever, including Rudy Behlmer's *Memo From David O. Selznick*, Vachel Lindsay's *The Art of the Moving Picture* and James Agee's *Agee on Film*.

In these instances, revisions were deemed unnecessary. Scorsese knows that it's foolish to try to improve on perfection. —L.M.



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D'Onofrio: Playing for real.

OFF CAMERA

He's not a household name, but anyone who appreciates great acting knows **Vincent D'Onofrio,** from his unforgettable portrayal of a pudgy Marine in Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket* to this year's *The Cell* and *Steal This Movie*.

Never one to back off from playing a difficult or challenging role, D'Onofrio isn't always able to shed his character's skin at the end of the workday. "There are certain things you can't stop," he admits. "As I get older, I rely much more on technique and research, and I don't carry things home. Having said that, every once in a while, you come across a character that will not be denied, that will attach himself to you."

Such a character was the political activist Abbie Hoffman, whom D'Onofrio portrays in *Steal This Movie*. "It hurt playing him," the actor says. "My portrayal of his life was not something I wore well emotionally."

Shooting *The Whole Wide World*, in which he played fabled pulp writer Robert E. Howard (creator of *Conan the Barbarian*), was not nearly as draining emotionally. But it was physically taxing, because he was wearing Thirties woolen clothing during a hurried, 24-day shoot in Texas heat. This unsung gem—well worth seeking out on video—features one of the actor's finest performances, opposite Renée Zellweger. Even D'Onofrio, who's highly critical of himself, likes this one.

Happy to be known as a character actor, D'Onofrio isn't besieged by fans. But on a recent trip to Walt Disney World in Florida with his young daughter, he was surprised by how many people recognized him as the rubber-skinned farmer-turned-alien from *Men in Black*. "It's shocking that they did," he admits with a laugh. "It makes me contemplate my looks." —L.M.

•

Saving Grace (Fine Line) is yet another of those quirky, funny British comedies trying to take its place alongside *The Full Monty* and *Waking Ned Devine*. It's a worthy successor, which makes it especially disappointing when the picture ultimately drops the ball. The glorious Brenda Blethyn stars as a well-liked matron in the seaside community of Cornwall—her husband dies in a mysterious incident and leaves her penniless. Craig Ferguson (from *The Drew Carey Show*) is her devoted gardener, who is equally devoted to smoking pot with his pal, the town doctor (Martin Clunes). When their supply grows scarce, Ferguson calls on Grace for help, and she nurtures the hemp plant in her sophisticated greenhouse. That's where the plot thickens. Ferguson co-wrote and co-produced this engaging comedy, which is directed with a light touch by Nigel Cole. Everything clicks until the finale, when silliness erases the credibility the film worked so hard to achieve. Still, two thirds of a good comedy is better than nothing. ¥¥½

•

It's hard to believe that 17 years have passed since the release of Gregory Nava's ***El Norte*** (Artisan), but its theatrical reissue is both welcome and timely. Nava and his writing-producing partner Anna Thomas created this extraordinary tale, which chronicles two young people making their way from Guatemala through Mexico across the border to California, then trying to survive in the alien subculture of Los Angeles. Rich, emotional, empathic, *El Norte* is one of the best films of the Eighties; it deserves to be revisited, or discovered, at the dawn of the new century. Nava has gone on to write and direct such worthy films as *My Family/Mi Familia* and *Selena*, but this remains his supreme achievement as a filmmaker. ¥¥¥¥

•

There's low-key and there's quiet, and then there's barely there. ***The Opportunists*** (First Look), a film so laid-back it almost disappears, fits into the last category. The always-watchable Christopher Walken stars as a chronic screw-up who barely ekes out a living repairing cars in Queens. A distant relative (Peter McDonald) shows up one day, urging him to engage in a robbery that can't miss. But Walken, who's already spent too much time in prison, wants none of it—at first. This is the kind of caper in which the characters are so dumb they don't know how dumb they really are. *The Opportunists* gets its juice from Walken and Cyndi Lauper, who is impressive in a character part as his independent-minded girlfriend. Still, their combined presence isn't enough to give *The Opportunists* the boost it needs. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

The Eyes of Tammy Faye (Listed only) A candid and surprisingly interesting documentary about the rise and fall of Tammy Faye Bakker that was a hit at this year's Sundance Festival. ¥¥¥

The Girl on the Bridge (See review) A striking and sensual fable about a knife thrower and a lifelong loser he saves from suicide and makes his partner. Daniel Auteuil and the magnetic French pop star Vanessa Paradis make a good team. ¥¥¥

Gone in 60 Seconds (Listed only) Nicolas Cage stars in this anemic car-theft yarn that actually gets dumber as it goes along. Even for a no-brainer, this is pretty poor. ¥

Mad About Mambo (See review) Keri Russell plays a rich Irish girl who reluctantly teams up with a working-class Belfast boy so she can win a Latin dance competition. Utterly formulaic but fun to watch. ¥¥½

Mission Impossible 2 (Listed only) Tom Cruise looks great and has all the right moves, John Woo gets to send doves flying again, but shouldn't there be a story, or characters we care about—in a movie with this much money and talent behind it? ¥¥

El Norte (See review) One of the great films of the Eighties is back in theaters: Gregory Nava's incredible saga of two young people traveling from Guatemala across the U.S. border to seek a new life in California. ¥¥¥¥

The Opportunists (See review) Christopher Walken is always worth watching, but this low-key caper film is too predictable to make the grade. ¥¥

The Patriot (Listed only) Mel Gibson shows once again why he's a movie star of the old school in this corny but entertaining Colonial War saga. ¥¥¥

Saving Grace (See review) Brenda Blethyn plays a widowed matron who comes to the aid of her loyal gardener (Craig Ferguson) to help him grow marijuana in her high-tech greenhouse. A funny British comedy that turns silly toward the end. ¥¥½

Shaft (Listed only) Samuel L. Jackson dons Armani leather to play the coolest cop in New York City. John Singleton directed this entertaining remake, which also features the original Shaft, Richard Roundtree. ¥¥¥

The Tao of Steve (See review) Donal Logue plays a beer-bellied slacker with a game plan for bedding every woman he meets—until he meets the one who gets inside his heart. A refreshing romantic comedy. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

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video

GUEST SHOT

"My favorite film is *Mamma Roma*," says **Michael Imperioli** of HBO's hit show *The Sopranos*, "followed by John Cassavetes' *Husbands* and *A Woman Under the Influence*. Any of Fellini's movies. Also *Grand Illusion* and *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*. I have no preference for comedies or dramas—whatever is good and touches me. I have to be in a certain mood to watch a movie. I need to know that I can give it my undivided attention, that I don't have to do something and the phone's not going to ring. I like to watch from beginning to end without interruption." —SUSAN KARLIN

WHO IS JOHN MALKOVICH BEING?

In ***Being John Malkovich,*** John Malkovich spends half the film playing John Cusack playing John Malkovich, then he plays Orson Bean as Malkovich. Got that? Soon he stars in *Shadow of the Vampire* as F.W. Murnau, the German director of the 1922 horror classic *Nosferatu*. If his past is any indication, you'll be lucky to recognize the versatile actor.

True West (1983): A portent of things to come: Malkovich's movie debut calls for him to trade his reckless derangement—and, in fact, trade personalities—with his even-keeled brother (Gary Sinise) in Sam Shepard's play. Critics ask, Who is this guy?

Places in the Heart (1984): In just his second time out of the box the boy gets an Oscar nomination, playing the blind, self-centered—and gradually transformed—Mr. Will in Robert Benton's dignified drama.

Empire of the Sun (1987): Steven Spielberg required Malkovich to be cynical and cunning as well as the sensitive father-protector of young POW Christian Bale. (Maybe that's why Bale grew up to star in *American Psycho*.)

Dangerous Liaisons (1988): In a powdered wig no less, his dandy cocksman, Valmont, seduces Michelle Pfeiffer, Glenn Close and Uma Thurman. How do you get a job like that?

Of Mice and Men (1992): "And will there be rabbits, George, will there be rabbits?" Malkovich suddenly looms large as the oversize dimwit Lennie Small in John Steinbeck's classic.

In the Line of Fire (1993): It takes a mighty odious villain to give Clint Eastwood the creeps, but Malkovich's psychotic chameleon Mitch Leary did it nicely, and earned him a second Oscar nomination.

Mary Reilly (1996): Malkovich bravely eschewed special effects for a bit of facial hair to distinguish Jekyll from Hyde. But no one wanted to hear Julia Roberts with an Irish accent—it made just $5.6 million on a $47 million budget.

Con Air (1997): His droll, intellectual serial killer, Cyrus the Virus, "a poster child for the criminally insane," managed to have all the good lines in this underrated action yarn.

The Man in the Iron Mask (1998): Leonardo DiCaprio was the draw for this oft-told Dumas tale, but brooding Musketeer-of-action Athos was a highlight.

Rounders (1998): Malkovich seems to be acting in a different movie—one we'd rather see—from Matt Damon and the rest of the cast, as the over-the-top Russian-American mobster cleverly named Teddy KGB. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Speak Frank(enheimer)ly: Watching a DVD with a director's audio commentary means watching the movie at least twice, so having an informative raconteur behind the microphone legitimizes the tout "bonus materials." John Frankenheimer, whose drum-tight 1964 thriller ***Seven Days in May*** recently made its DVD debut (Warner, $25), ranks among the best. He ambles without rambling, offering insights and just enough gossip—nothing tawdry, just tasty—to keep the viewer glued to the screen. For instance, during a transitional scene set at the Pentagon in *Seven Days*, Frankenheimer describes the visual trickery needed to simulate the building's seemingly endless corridors on a small set. In addition to an optically illusive paint scheme, says Frankenheimer, "We employed all the midget actors in Hollywood." Check out his *Seven Days* follow-up, *The Train* (1964, MGM, $25)—which he took on as director after Arthur Penn was fired—or his black-and-white masterpiece, *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962, MGM, $25). —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

O.J. Simpson's finest filmic hours are now available on DVD. *The Naked Gun: From the Files of Police Squad, The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear* and *The Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult* ($29.99 each from Paramount Home Entertainment) are also where Leslie Nielsen has given some of his most inspired and loopy performances. This is sophomoric humor for freshmen—and probably the last time O.J. felt comfortable in a squad car.

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
SUSPENSE	***Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai*** (oddball mob hit man Whitaker tries to live it; Jim Jarmusch dots the Zen with boho zip), ***Pups*** (13-year-old with mom's gun takes hostages, Burt Reynolds negotiates; more bite than *Dog Day Afternoon*).
COMEDY	***The Whole Nine Yards*** (hit man–in-hiding Willis is suburban dentist Perry's new toothache; formulaic, but fun), ***What Planet Are You From?*** (Shandling's a mild and crazy alien guy on a mission to mate—works better on a TV screen).
ACTION	***Pitch Black*** (crashed-spaceship survivors await predatory doom that comes out only at night; decent, dopey matinee), ***Reindeer Games*** (Sinise ensnares ex-con con man Affleck in his heist plan; so idiotically bad that it's good).
DRAMA	***Eye of the Beholder*** (British surveillance expert trails smoking-hot suspect. Ashley Judd kills as a serial killer), ***The Beach*** (DiCaprio discovers a secret South Pacific paradise; gorgeously empty spin on *Lord of the Flies*).
SLEEPER	***Holy Smoke!*** (cult victim Winslet counters Keitel's deprogramming efforts with a direct hit to his libido; a delicious turnabout), ***Wonder Boys*** (pot-sotted prof Douglas mentors morose prodigy Maguire; a bit shaggy, but no dog).

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music

BLUES

CHRIS WHITLEY moans, growls, breaks into falsetto, howls, declaims and screams with such conviction that he could make the telephone directory sound deep. He can even do a song about a model that isn't stupid or clichéd. And he plays bottleneck slide guitar like Johnny Winter. There aren't a lot of other elements to ***Live at Martyrs'*** (Messenger), Whitley's fifth album. It's one guy with a guitar playing 15 songs in front of an enthusiastic audience at a Chicago club. There are no backup musicians, no production tricks and no weenie synthesizers. Just his best songs in the stripped-down form they always deserve. If you're a Whitley fan and think he was overproduced on his early CDs, you'll be thrilled with the revelatory energy he brings to *Living With the Law, Poison Girl, Big Sky Country* and everything else on this album.

Hard to believe, but there's one more brilliant folk blues album this month by another guy named Chris. ***Live as I'll Ever Be*** (Hightone Records) by Chris Smither kicks some serious ass, though in a slightly different style. His fingerpicking is cleaner and his voice more relaxed than Whitley's, but the energy is equally infectious and joyous. His imitation of the fruit and vegetable hawker from his childhood is worth the price of admission. His songs are worth a lot more.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

R&B

Deep-voiced male R&B singers have been a rarity since the commercial peak of Teddy Pendergrass. In the wake of Michael Jackson and Prince, high tenors, falsettos and guys with sweet intonations have dominated the charts. Luther Vandross, the preeminent balladeer of the past 20 years, played with the baritone register, but never suggested the macho weight of Otis Redding, David Ruffin and other true soul men. Even D'Angelo and Maxwell, the two most exciting young male singers of the last few years, are in the Jackson–Prince tradition. Which is why Carl Thomas' debut, ***Emotional*** (Bad Boy), is so exciting. Thomas has brought a gutsy old-school delivery to the hip-hop generation. He has a dark, sexy low tenor that sounds remarkably adult in ways most contemporary urban music avoids. *I Wish*, a soul lament about frustrated love, doesn't have a juvenile bone in its strong spine. His controlled passion will make you think of Tyrone Davis and Jerry Butler. Another of the disc's gems, *Cold, Cold World*, is a performance of thrilling maturity. And Thomas' voice is sure to get richer with time. —NELSON GEORGE

Whitley's *Martyrs'*.

Singing the blues, Pearl Jam and Pink power.

ROCK

After a decade, Pearl Jam has made a postgrunge musical statement that's both compelling and coherent. For years, Eddie Vedder and company have tried to reconcile their punk instincts with their ethereal side. Most of their songs swing from one extreme or the other. As the title suggests, they've managed to fuse both sides of their split musical personality on ***Binaural*** (Epic). These brutally majestic songs are heavy, roaring rockers with unexpected twists in melody, texture and structure. As a singer, Vedder is a force of nature. On these tales of shattered personalities yearning for redemption his vocals are his most moving ever.

With ***Wasp Star (Apple Venus Volume 2)*** (TVT/Idea), the godfathers of Brit-pop, Andy Partridge and Colin Moulding of XTC, are back with their most lyrical and focused work in a long time. At its best, XTC combines the tart social commentary of the Kinks with the exotic tonalities of the Beatles. Here Partridge and Moulding strip down to the basics after a couple of albums of psychedelic overindulgence. Bristling guitars and gorgeous vocals highlight the joyful melodies and wry lyrics. Their tongues are in their cheeks on *Stupidly Happy* and *We're All Light*, but their hearts are just as plainly on their sleeves.

Don't give up on the current English pop scene. Supergrass, a cheeky Oxford trio, are gods of Brit-pop and their third album, ***Supergrass*** (Island), features the irresistible hit *Pumping on Your Stereo*. With its hypnotic chorus, it's the catchiest English export in years. And the touching *Mama and Papa* sounds like something Brian Wilson left off of *Pet Sounds*. —VIC GARBARINI

Five years after Elastica was an instant hit, ***The Menace*** (Atlantic) busts out of the box as if it's 1996. Justine Frischmann and company have launched a noisy mess of guitar-driven pop by hooking together synthesizer barks, a faux hurdy-gurdy and some gunshots. Locked into the punky music she loves, Frischmann sounds livelier than ever. Even when she tries electronica, she stays within herself. Except for Lou Reed's *Ecstasy*, this is the most confident rock record of the year, and the best.

Pink is a 20-year-old go-getter from Philadelphia who's not only a white artist on the reigning R&B label LaFace, but an aspiring teen pop idol who writes some of her own material as well. She's told interviewers that for a year she believed Madonna was her birth mother, and on ***Can't Take Me Home*** she shows why. Lovey-dovey's not her way. Her inspiration for the title tune: a dark-skinned boyfriend who wouldn't let her meet his mama. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The next great link in the Motor City rock-and-roll chain is ***Noise Monkeys*** (J-Bird) by Cub Koda and the Points. That means Koda and his boys don't let up for a minute of this 13-song rumble. The guitars slash like the MC5, except when they're screaming like Ted Nugent. Koda's rasp approaches the ecstasies of Iggy Pop. Not that Cub, the auteur of *Smokin' in the Boys Room*, lacks his own signature. A great humorist, he turns heart attacks into comedy with Clarence Brewer's *Fast Food–Slow Death*. Among the originals, *He Couldn't Say No* offers a cautionary tale built around *Louie Louie*, and *Yommo Yommo Yow* does something similar with *Word Up*. *Pusherman of Love* tackles satyriasis and *Spit It on the Floor* deals with its complications. Consequences of another sort are represented by the final track, Koda's version of Link Wray's *Fire and Brimstone*.

—DAVE MARSH

JAZZ

James Carter remains the most prolific and ambitious young jazzman, so much so that he's just put out two new albums. Both are destined to piss off traditionalists. ***Chasin' the Gypsy*** (Atlantic) features nine songs associated with Django Reinhardt. But rather than doll up gypsy jazz standards such as *Nuages*, Carter adds Brazilian accents and plays

fast tracks

MARGARITA AND KRISPY KREME DEPARTMENT: **Jimmy Buffett,** who knows a thing or two about food and drink (and T-shirts and parrot hats), is opening several of the famed doughnut shops in Palm Beach. There will be more than cheeseburgers in paradise.

REELING AND ROCKING: Metal stars of the Eighties (including **Great White** and **W.A.S.P.**) filmed a scene for the **Mark Wahlberg–Jennifer Aniston** movie about a young musician who becomes the lead singer in his favorite band. . . . In November, NBC plans to air a TV movie based on **Natalie Cole's** life. . . . **Dave Stewart's** first feature film, *Honest*, had a screening at Cannes this past spring. . . . VH1's next biopic, *To Hell and Back: The Meat Loaf Story*, will star **W. Earl Brown** as **Meat** and **Zachary Thorne** as **Jim Steinman.** . . . The creators of *Stomp* are making a film about percussionists around the world for IMAX. . . . **Ricky Martin** is being talked about for the sequel to *Dirty Dancing*. . . . Look for **LL Cool J** to star with **Whoopi Goldberg** and **Jada Pinkett** in *Kingdom Come*. . . . Former Spice Girl **Geri Halliwell** is slated for therapy in a movie by the same name.

NEWSBREAKS: Two new music shows may be on the fall TV schedule. **Bonnie Raitt's** *Gambit* would feature American stars who write and perform new songs with musicians from other cultures, and **Marty Diamond** (one of the Lilith Fair organizers) wants *The Living Room* to bring together musicians from different generations and genres. **Beth Orton** has expressed interest in hosting. . . . **Russell Simmons** and his website, 360hiphop.com, have joined forces with Rock the Vote to get thousands of young people across the country to the polls in November. LL Cool J, **Mary J. Blige** and **Puffy** will be among the musicians doing public-service announcements. . . A **Beatles** greatest-hits album will be out about the same time that **Paul, George** and **Ringo's** joint autobiography arrives in bookstores. . . . **Tony Bennett** and **Diana Krall's** U.S. tour will end on September 16 at New York's Radio City. . . . Speaking of Meat Loaf and Jim Steinman: The *Bat Out of Hell* songs will be rerecorded as a country album. Steinman's artist wish list includes **Johnny Cash, Garth, George Jones,** the **Dixie Chicks** and **Shania Twain,** among others. . . . The international **Jimi Hendrix** magazine, *Univibes*, has booked Temple Theater in Dublin for September 17 to commemorate the 30th anniversary of his death. **Noel Redding, Arthur Brown** and others will participate. . . . This year the annual Noise Pop Festival, a weeklong series of independent rock, jazz and avant-garde shows, ventured outside San Francisco. Noise Pop in Chicago included such headliners as **Sleater-Kinney** and **Uri Caine.** The festival's standout unsigned band: **OK GO,** who renewed our faith in pure power pop. . . . **Ron Silver** starred in the LA production of *Bill Graham Presents*, a one-man play about the concert promoter. A New York opening is planned for next year. . . . A musical about the early years of hip-hop is playing at the Apollo Theater in New York. *Echo Park* takes place in the late Seventies, when kids took turntables, sound systems and records to city parks, tapped into a streetlight and put on a show. It ends with the first commercial rap record, *Rapper's Delight*, and is narrated by pioneers **DJ Hollywood** and **Kurtis Blow.** The producers plan other musicals to pick up the rap story. . . . Lastly, in the *Born to Be Wild* department: The first of two sequels to the classic biker movie *Easy Rider* will begin shooting this fall. —BARBARA NELLIS

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Elastica *The Menace*	9	7	7	5	7
Cub Koda *Noise Monkeys*	7	6	6	9	8
Pearl Jam *Binaural*	7	9	8	8	7
Carl Thomas *Emotional*	4	6	8	7	7
Chris Whitley *Live at Martyrs'*	6	6	7	5	9

bass and F mezzo saxophones. ***Layin' in the Cut*** (Atlantic) will really perturb the purists. This set, which stars Carter with an electric band, modernizes jazz-rock fusion. The music owes equal debts to Ornette Coleman and George Clinton, and offers one thing almost no serious music dares—a ton of fun. They won't be playing these arrangements at Lincoln Center, but put them on at your house and the party will take off. —DAVE MARSH

Like Latin music but find it cheesy? Try Marc Ribot y Los Cubanos Postizos, whose ***Muy Divertido! (Very Entertaining!)*** (Atlantic) blends classic Cuban tunes and rhythms to the irreverent sonorities of small-group jazz. When Ribot adds the self-penned *Las Lomas de New Jersey*, it fits right in. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

FOLK

It's taken better than three years, but Ani DiFranco has at last finished producing the album from the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame's tribute to Woody Guthrie. ***Till We Outnumber 'Em*** (Righteous Babe) was worth the wait. Besides outstanding performances by Bruce Springsteen, the Indigo Girls, Soul Asylum's Dave Pirner and DiFranco herself (on a stark *Do Re Me*), there are a number of spoken-word tracks, including a hilarious finale by Arlo Guthrie. —DAVE MARSH

HIP-HOP

Los Angeles hip-hop has been defined by gangsta rap. But there has been an underground resistance to that. Los Angeles trio Dilated Peoples' major-label debut, ***The Platform*** (Capitol), is a rich palette of sharp beats and smart rhymes. Many of the tracks, including the classic *Work the Angles*, have previously been released as indie 12-inchers, but the CD doesn't sound like patchwork. There's a strong, unified vision here that's as artistically sound as anything coming out of New York City's more celebrated underground. —NELSON GEORGE

COUNTRY

The strength of Randy Weeks' solo debut, ***Madeline*** (High Tone), is its simplicity. A founding member of the Lonesome Strangers, Weeks applies three chords and a cloud of dust to originals such as *Don't Step Away* and *Can't Let Go* (recently covered by Lucinda Williams). On *Motor City*, Weeks manages to create a roots-rock song that meshes the urban spirit of Mitch Ryder with the swamp solos of Tony Joe White. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

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wired

FAST FORWARD

Now that AMD and Intel have both pushed out one-gigahertz processors (that's 1000 MHz for those of you struggling with yet another hertz measurement), it's time for an upgrade—again. What do you get out of going that much faster? Smoother games for one thing, plus better graphics and quicker response in image-heavy programs that make complex calculations. You'll also get much quicker response for music mixing and editing, as well as old-fashioned bragging rights, according to Intel. But those bragging rights come at a steep price. Depending on what else you

BUC ROGERS

stick inside, a one-gigahertz system from Compaq and Gateway (which use the AMD Athlon) or Dell, Hewlett-Packard and IBM (which use the Intel Pentium III) can cost between $2500 and $4000. Of course, as more one-gigahertz PCs hit the market, prices will fall. And Intel is already testing its 1.5 GHz chip, codenamed Willamette. When that next set of superchips is unveiled, prices on a one-gigahertz processor will no doubt drop dramatically. Then you won't be able to give away your old 800 MHz Pentium III. Think we're joking? On eBay, a three-year-old 486 MHz processor system was priced at a buck. —JOEL ENOS

CHEAP LABOR

Dual-line office phone, fax machine, digital cell phone, DSL account—you're as wired as a guy can get. But juggling these gadgets, and the multitude of messages that each receives, is enough to make even the most technologically astute professional crave the simplicity of stone tablets. Fortunately, there's a more efficient solution: You can hire a digital assistant. Unlike the human variety, which requires salary, benefits and an occasional kick in the behind, virtual help can be yours for as little as $15 a month. Webley is the most advanced of these services. To callers, it'll sound as though you've hired a British robot butler who answers your phone. Webley then announces to you the name of the person on the line and asks you (in private) if you'd like to take the call. Voice technology enables Webley to follow your orders to read aloud faxes and e-mail messages, dial phone numbers from your address book and recite your appointment calendar. Webley also allows you to respond to e-mail via the phone by recording your voice message and sending it to the recipient as an audio attachment. A toll-free number, which you get as part of your subscription, acts as a clearinghouse for various forms of communication. There's also a website where you can retrieve faxes and e-mail, as well as access your contacts and schedule and set up conference calls (for an extra 15 cents per minute). If Webley's British accent isn't your style, General Magic uses a female voice for its service, Portico. The system's many features are nearly identical to Webley's, and the reasonable monthly charges start at $10. —BETH TOMKIW

WILD THING

CD copycats should check out Philips' new minisystem with a CD recorder. The FW-R8 (above) can select CD compilations from its three-CD carousel or through the digital radio tuner. The system's digital clock can be set to record a radio broadcast while you're away, and aspiring DJs and singers can add their own voices to a recording via the microphone input ($600). For multi-CD recording in a home stereo, Pioneer's PDR-W739 will quickly convert your three favorite Beastie Boys CDs into one killer compilation. Just stuff the three CDs into the system's cartridge and program the tracks you want to play at your next party ($725). —JASON BUHRMESTER

dvd audio vs superaudio

While DVD works to eliminate VHS on the video front, two new audio formats are eyeing the spot held by CD. Although high hardware prices have limited these new forms to only the well-heeled extreme audiophile, it doesn't hurt to preview yet another expensive format change.

FORMAT	SCOOP
DVD-AUDIO	*Fans of DVD movies will love DVD-A, which not only adds multichannel digital surround sound to music recordings but reportedly offers sound quality that's 200 times better than a compact disc's. Like the DVD video format, DVD-A can feature elements including video, still images, web links and other artist information. DVD-A has wide support from record companies. (Even Sony, the major backer of superaudio CD, has signed on.) The discs start at about $25; the hardware, priced upwards of $1000 from Panasonic, Pioneer and others, also spins DVD movies and compact discs. FYI: Most future DVD players are supposed to accept DVD-A discs. Too bad current DVD gear doesn't.*
SUPERAUDIO COMPACT DISC	*The superaudio compact disc is a stereo format that was created for people who can afford the $3500 hardware. Critics say SACD has Betamax written all over it, but backers Sony, Marantz, Philips, Pioneer and Sharp claim the format has niche appeal. Unlike DVD-A, only a limited range of record labels (including Sony, Columbia, Telarc and a few others) currently have any plans for SACD releases. Discs, predominantly classical and jazz titles right now (with Meat Loaf and Celine Dion thrown in for good measure), cost about $25. The hardware also plays regular compact discs, but unlike DVD-Audio players, it won't play DVD movies.* —B.T.

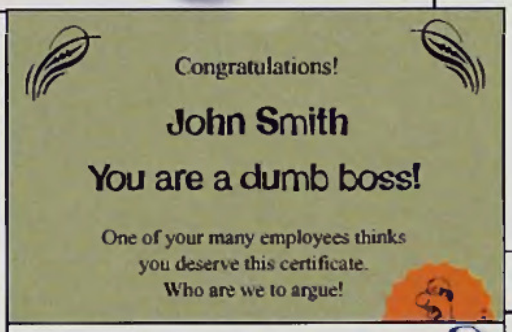
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

GAGA FOR GOOGLE

Google—my favorite search engine—has become even better. A new directory feature lets you browse web pages by category. If you're looking for a good restaurant guide, just click on "food," then "dining guides." Unlike other directories that list sites alphabetically, Google ranks them by quality. That's why the *Zagat Survey* is at the top of the list. Google's directory beats the competition in two places: First, it uses the Open Directory Project, a huge, user-maintained database of sites

that grows by leaps and bounds. And it uses a ranking algorithm created by Google's young co-founders (from Stanford). By applying the algorithm to the Open Directory Project, Google has created the world's best general guide to the web.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John Smith
You are a dumb boss!
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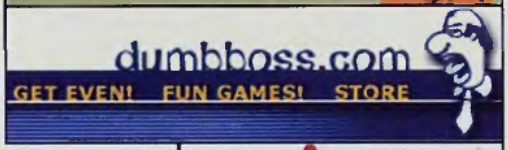
Who are we to argue!



DEAL WITH YOUR DATA

Deepleap helps you manage information as you surf the web. First go to **deepleap.com** to learn how to add it to your favorites bar. Then, when you find a CD or book you want to buy, click the Deepleap button and a small window will appear. You'll be asked if you want to add the item to your wish list, compare prices at online shops, read reviews or search auction sites. You can also use Deepleap to reformat web pages so they'll print better, or convert web pages to a document you can read on your PalmPilot. If you highlight a section of a page, you can save it to your Deepleap notepad, or highlight a single word and get a dictionary definition. The options window on Deepleap takes too long to pop up. But Deepleap is still being tested, and the company promises it'll be faster in the final version, which ought to be ready by the time you read this.

E-CRANK CALLER

Think of all the fun you can have with **www.imbot.com**, a service that delivers your text messages in robot-like speech over the phone. Just type in a note and the phone number of your friend (or enemy), along with the time you want the call to be made, and IMbot does the rest. "Hey . . . you . . . still . . . owe . . . me . . . 50 . . . bucks." Laughs galore! Just remember to limit your messages to a sentence or two, because the service truncates longer ones (without letting you know).

MORONIC MANAGERS ON PARADE

Is your boss stupid? Does his or her behavior amuse you? Share the fun at **dumbboss.com**, where workers anonymously post anecdotes about higher-up high jinks. Each week the site asks a new question such as: "What's the dumbest thing your boss has done with his or her computer?" My favorite answer: "My boss took 'laptop' literally and kept it on her lap all day. 'Otherwise,' she said, 'why not just get one of those big ones?'" Many employees who visit Dumbboss claim the site is best enjoyed on company time. Just make sure your boss is dumb enough to let you get away with it.

EUROVACATION 101

Travel writer Rick Steves' opinionated guides have earned him a following among travelers. Instead of loading his books with everything under the Tuscan sun, for instance, Steves limits his selection to what he deems the best of Florence and surrounding areas. His no-nonsense tips

for getting around read like advice from an old friend. It's not surprising that **ricksteves.com** is as good as his guidebooks. In the Italy section of the site, there's a picture of a dizzyingly long line of tourists waiting to get into Florence's Uffizi Galleries. Sure, it's worth the wait to get in, but Steves gives you a reservation number to call that will put you at the head of the two-hour line. The site is full of equally valuable information for nearly every country in Europe and features a bulletin board where people post discoveries and mishaps. (Pay special attention to the Scams postings.) If you've missed Steves' PBS series, you can order the videos online, or download the scripts for free.

VIDEO PICKER

El Día de la Bestia. I had never even heard of this one. Yet, that's what MovieLens (**movielens.umn.edu**) was recommending as a movie I would love. *(concluded on page 156)*

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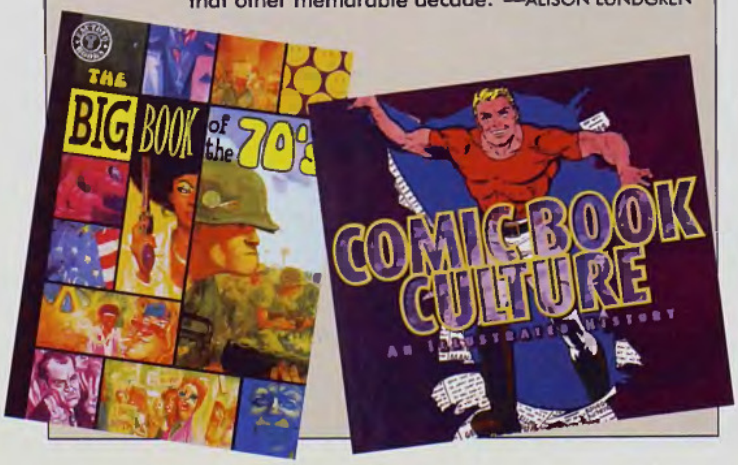
books

HOT HISTORY

In ***Nymphomania: A History*** (Norton), Carol Groneman sets out to record the evolution of women's sexuality through a single lens. Woman in her natural state was often described as a "sexless angel" devoid of desire, even though Eve's knowledge of sex earned her the title of temptress. Second century Greek physician Galen tried to locate the source of overabundant desire by considering the effect of "uterine fury" on widows deprived of sex. Along the way, others have tried to blame culture. Physicians in the nineteenth century pondered the influence of nude statuary on susceptible minds. Groneman unearths an expert from 1885 who declared that "except for the artists who were taught that nudity was not lewd and the one percent of the population who never experienced sexual excitement," the rest of society was at risk. Unfortunately, the idea that female lust is the result of external events still exists in our courts and in our culture. Groneman recounts the case of a 29-year-old San Francisco woman who sued a cable car company for $500,000 after a crash left her with a "demonic sex urge." Drawing from science, law and pop culture, *Nymphomania* is a fascinating, readable history of hot women. —JAMES R. PETERSEN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Comic Book Culture: An Illustrated History (Collectors Press) tokes you back to the Thirties and Forties, when the best way to escape the reolity of hard times was by indulging in Amazing Man's battle with the giont green Nazi gorillo or Coptain Marvel's victory over the evil turbine of death. Ron Goulart's energetic coffee-toble tome begins with *Hawkshaw*, a 1917 book created by Gus Mager, and ends with *Justice Traps the Guilty*, a 1954 work by Marv Stein. In between, you'll find Supermon, Batmon, Plastic Man, Mutt and Jeff and Sheena, Queen af the Jungle, among others. In ***The Big Book of the Seventies*** (Paradox), authar Jonathan Vankin ventures inta that inexplicably popular, culturally bereft era knawn as the Me Decade. In this collection of satiric comic strips, nothing—streaking, smiley faces, Studio 54 ar *Stars Wars*—is spared. We'll try to hold our breath for *The Big Book af the Eighties*, that other memarable decade. —ALISON LUNDGREN



FILM BUFF'S BUFFET

At first glance, Patrick McGilligan's ***Film Crazy: Interviews With Hollywood Legends*** (St. Martin's) appears to be a successful attempt to recycle old material. Most of the dozen interviews in the book were originally published in *The Boston Globe*, and only one is less than 20 years old. On closer inspection, the interviews—with directors Raoul Walsh, Ida Lupino, William Wellman and Alfred Hitchcock—richly merit a second run. The book is a rare and wonderful opportunity to learn about the history of the industry, when movies were motion pictures. One filmmaker who earned legendary status among moviegoers early in his career for movies such as *Dr. Strangelove* and *Lolita* was Stanley Kubrick. Such distinction (as is often the case) also earned him a ravenous cast of critics, who delighted in picking apart his last film, *Eyes Wide Shut*, released after he died. In ***Kubrick*** (Grove), Michael Herr offers a brief but substantial portrait of the brilliant director, with whom he collaborated on *Full Metal Jacket*. Herr writes with such economy that he can provide big-ticket insight with the offhanded noting of small detail. As Kubrick's friend, he feels compelled to respond to the director's detractors. But he silences them most effectively when he simply presents Kubrick as he came to know him. "It is not possible for a good movie to exist without a good story," says Francis Coppola in the introduction to ***Zoetrope: All Story*** (Harcourt), edited by Adrienne Brodeur and Samantha Schnee. Writers were glamorized in the Forties, then lost their luster. Puzzled that no major studio makes the cultivation of writing its focus now, Coppola decided to revive the tradition of commissioning stories. The result is an excellent collection, including Sara Powers' ironic *The Baker's Wife*, Peter Lefcourt's darkly comic *Thinning the Herd* and a nice little essay by David Mamet on the summer season. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

ABBE SENNETT

SAY WHAT?

If you get taxed in Hawaii, you've just been mugged, but getting taxed in New York means one mare thing ta kvetch abaut. Ask a Brit for a rubber, and he'll hand yau a pencil eraser. Ask for a pop in Manhattan, and you may get a punch in the face. Confused? You wan't be with ***Slanguage: A Cool, Fresh, Phat and Shagadelic Guide to All Kinds of Slang*** (Hyperion) by Mike Ellis, America's expert slangologist. Whether your travels take yau overseas ar interstate, pack this worldwide guide in your duffel bag and let the good times roll—aff your tongue, that is. —HELEN FRANGOULIS

THE PAUL MASSON BRANDY MOMENT.

WHEN THE NIGHT COMES TOGETHER.

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BRANDY

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VERT, DIRT AND BETTIES

Ask anyone 18 to 34 years old to name an athlete in the forthcoming Summer Olympics and odds are he'll come up mum. Ask the same dude who will be competing in the Summer X Games and he will rattle off a long list of extreme sports stars, including Mat Hoffman and Andy Macdonald. In certain circles, the Summer X Games, which take place in San Francisco August 17 to 22, have usurped the Olympics as the coolest, most anticipated sports event of the year. In 1999, more than 270,000 spectators attended the X Games. Millions of Americans watched the coverage on television.

The X Games are successful TV because the stunts are insane. Athletes are always one misstep from an ambulance ride. It's like watching the Miss America pageant and hoping a contestant trips over her train while gliding down the stairs. Lucky for fans around the globe, X Games athletes have no fear of the crash and burn. Bodily harm be damned—they will do whatever it takes to soar higher, spin faster, huck bigger or tweak sicker. "I've broken most of my bones," says Mat Hoffman, an X Games monolith who runs Hoffman Bikes and competes in and organizes bike stunt competitions. "But I love biking. It's what I do. It's who I am." Hoffman has undergone 14 operations, mostly for knee injuries. Recently he endured a procedure banned in the U.S.: He had tendons in his knees replaced with synthetic material. Now that's extreme.

X Gamers make it look easy (clockwise from right): Ryon Nyquist gets mad air. Kelly Matthews won silver in 1999. Tony Hawk and Andy Macdonald work the half pipe. In August, catch Playboy X-Treme Team captain Danelle Folta's coverage of the X Games.

While the tricks have whimsical names such as nac-nacs, pancake whips and rodeo flips, it takes more than balls to get out there and land them. Thousands of athletes try out for the X Games, but only the top 20 athletes in each sport make it. Like Olympians, X Gamers vying for top spots spend years obsessively preparing for competition. For skateboarder Tony Hawk that meant 12 hours a day in the half pipe. Hawk made news during the 1999 Summer X Games when he landed the 900, a hazardous stunt that involves launching out of a half pipe and rotating two and a half times before landing. It was a trick he had attempted for seven years. "Everything was coming together, so I decided to go for it," Hawk says. "I was either going to get taken away on a stretcher or make it." Hawk's risk paid off. His 900 showed up on *Sportscenter* and the cover of *USA Today* and helped him land some of the biggest endorsement deals in extreme sports. Today, he co-owns Birdhouse Projects and Hawk clothing. His video game, Tony Hawk's Pro Skater, is one of the best-selling titles for Sony PlayStation, and a sequel for PlayStation 2 is in the works. Hawk has appeared in commercials for Mountain Dew, AT&T and Coca-Cola. He has chalked up several cameos on MTV's *Tom Green Show*. Though he's now retired from competition, Hawk breezed through his career with merely a broken elbow and a few concussions.

Barrett Christy, a tough chick who has won three gold medals at the Winter X Games in snowboarding, is no stranger to hospitals. In fact, Christy broke her tailbone the first time she went snowboarding. "People love to see girls huck off of big jumps," she says. "They love to see the girls go for it." Adds inline skater Kelly Matthews: "I've had stitches and a broken wrist. You can easily hit a crack and land on your face."

Shaun Palmer, dubbed "the world's greatest athlete" by *USA Today*, competes in biker-cross, skier-cross, boarder-cross and snowmobile sno-cross at the Winter X Games. He counts torn cartilage and broken collarbones among his injuries. Palmer is known as a riotous daredevil on and off the course. When he's not participating in extreme sports, he has been known to throw on a big, furry yellow chicken suit and party his tattoo-covered ass off. It's hard to imagine an Olympian doing the same.

—ANDREW VONTZ

By ASA BABER

THE CHARLIE BROWN SYNDROME

MY FAVORITE *Peanuts* comic strip shows Charlie Brown sitting in a schoolyard, watching the cute redheaded girl across the way. He tries to gather the courage to talk to her. "I'm standing up," he says to himself. Then timidity hits. "No, I'm sitting down," he says. And that is how we last see him, slumped in defeat and depression. Curses! Poor Charlie Brown, foiled again by his insecurities—and most of us know exactly how the guy feels.

You've heard of the Stockholm syndrome? I maintain that most men suffer from the Charlie Brown syndrome, which includes the following physical and mental manifestations: sweating, trembling, shaking, confusion and uncertainty, the urge to urinate frequently, the inability to speak complete sentences and the strong belief that whatever you do or say is bound to fail, making you the laughing stock of the universe.

Truth to tell, God was not equitable when she passed out social obligations for the human race. "Men," God said from inside a tornado that was hovering over what would eventually become Trenton, New Jersey, "must make the first move when it comes to meeting women. Men have to overcome their shyness and face the prospect of embarrassment. Let's see how those jerks deal with this curveball." Then God laughed like a roaring Cajun Queen, and the oceans formed.

Let's face it: Life is not fair. It is usually our job as men to strike up the first conversation with any woman who interests us. In so doing, we run the risk of rejection. It is also our job to increase the momentum of the communication when it seems appropriate. If we judge things correctly, we might score. If we misread the situation, we will face a loss of confidence, as well as (in the worst-case scenario) a potential sexual harassment lawsuit.

When it comes to shyness around women, your supposedly macho *Men* columnist pleads guilty. I have never been a smooth-talking lothario who could approach any wench to start a dialogue that might lead to seduction. But, having admitted that, let me also claim expertise in dealing with the malady. If I've wrestled with it all my life, I must know something about it, right? Here then are Bashful Baber's Helpful Hints on How to Overcome Shyness:

(1) *Loneliness is the human condition.* This may sound basic, but think about it: Women get lonely, too. As you sit in the schoolyard trying to get up the gumption to talk to that cute little redhead, your own sense of loneliness can overwhelm you. But the odds are that she would welcome some warmth and friendship in her life. So what's stopping you? The thought that she doesn't want to be bothered. But, like any riverboat gambler, you should calculate the odds—which are at least 50-50 in most cases.

(2) *She cannot read your mind.* This cuts two ways. First, if you never approach her and introduce yourself, she will never know you wanted to meet her, and that could qualify as a lost opportunity for both of you. Second, the fact that she is not clairvoyant is to your advantage. Remember: No matter how lustful your thoughts as you strike up a conversation with her, she cannot see the X-rated movie in your mind. (I think this is the thing that stops most guys. We ask ourselves: "If we have already undressed her mentally, can't she tell how rude and crude we are?" The answer, thankfully, is no. So proceed at your own risk, stud muffin.)

(3) *No one bats .1000.* Even Casanova struck out from time to time. This, too, is something the shy guy forgets. Rejection is hard to take, but it should not be paralyzing or fatal. As you walk back from an encounter that did not go well, remind yourself that you are not running for mayor. You need only one woman's vote to have fun. You were stiffed by a fateful femme who was looking for Mr. Goodbutt? So what? Color her gone and keep on trucking. Be a mensch, not a mouse.

(4) *Location, location, location.* This tip is worth the price of the magazine, I promise you. If you want to meet a woman who might respond positively to you, choose your venue carefully. This is the most important element for socially retarded guys like me. Nothing would be more wasteful or dissatisfying than Bashful Baber trying to meet a woman in luxurious surroundings like a high-priced bar or a fancy restaurant. Rejection would be guaranteed in those locales, since I am basically a low-rent guttersnipe who never dresses up and doesn't care much about money. Better that I should troll the beer halls and blues bars than the cafes deluxe. I'll take an honest country girl over a city slickerette any day, so I should go where the hunting is good.

(5) *Let your fingers do the walking.* Call me crazy, call me Ray, but this suggestion could change your life. Please consider mutual interests when you think about meeting and wooing the women who appeal to you. The most natural communication always occurs when people discuss subjects that genuinely interest them. So, first, wherever you are, start your research by studying the local Yellow Pages, as well as local newspapers and newsletters and magazines. Go to nearby colleges and universities and check out the bulletin boards that advertise clubs and interest groups. Visit bookstores and see which authors are coming through town to give readings. Make a schedule of all the events that hold some interest for you, whether it is a lecture on dinosaurs or a meeting of the runner's club or a discussion of politics in the 21st century. And guess what? You will frequently find women at those forums who share your interests. Conversation will spring up smoothly, and life will seem simpler and easier.

(6) *Shyness is essentially a product of your self-image, and that might not be so hot right now.* It isn't discussed much, but men have had to take a deeper look at themselves recently, and what they have seen has sometimes rattled them. The feminist revolution of the past several decades might have been necessary, but like all revolutions, it cut a wide swath. Masculinity has been under examination and attack as never before in history, so it is not surprising that the contemporary male has self-doubt—even self-loathing in some cases. Are we really oppressors by nature? Do we make all of the money? Are we in favor of subjugating women? We have been brought up on those kinds of charges, and they have affected many of us. But the end product of prolonged introspection can be the Charlie Brown syndrome, so I say to you: Choose to get over it today. Enjoy your life and meet the people you want to meet. Because shyness sucks the big one!

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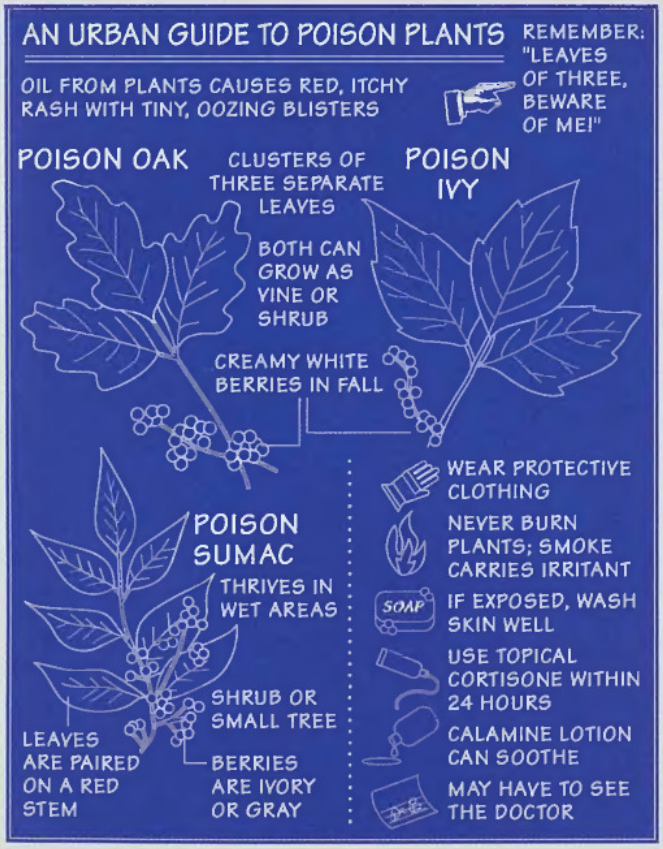
says the Aztek is a "sport recreational vehicle," rather than an SUV, and not meant for serious off-roading. We did get plenty of thumbs-up from outdoor types while driving in the mountains near Lake Tahoe. The Aztek's six cylinders and 185 horses pulled just fine. A basic Aztek costs $21,995. The GT model with bells and whistles starts at $24,995. An AWD version is coming in January that will add about $2000 to the price.

Return of the Azteks

Pontiac should have named its new Aztek the MacGyver. The car is full of slick tricks, including a rollout rear tray with multiple compartments, cargo nets that can be configured 22 ways and a center consale that doubles as a removable ice chest. There are also stereo controls adjacent to the tailgate (top) and a tent and air mattress for camping (above). Styling is sa in-your-face and un-GM that we like it. Pontiac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IF EXPOSED, WASH SKIN WELL
USE TOPICAL CORTISONE WITHIN 24 HOURS
CALAMINE LOTION CAN SOOTHE
MAY HAVE TO SEE THE DOCTOR

Liar, Liar, Pants on Fire

Think your girlfriend spent last Saturday night with a sick aunt? We don't either. If you follow the advice of mentalist the Amazing Kreskin you can discaver if she's being less than truthful. He claims it's impossible ta lie withaut telegraphing one's thoughts physically. To catch somebody telling a big fat lie, be sly and ask a few warm-up questians before zeroing in far the kill. Nate the mannerisms of the person in the hat seat—such as breathing deeply, crossing legs or glancing in the same directian. Then ask your real questions and see if the person does something different, such as glance in a new direction. Smell a rat? Ask your real questions again. If the same new behavior is repeated, you're probably being lied to. Other signs that someone is lying: a change in pupil size, gulps, pauses or falling on the flaor and begging forgiveness for yaur sin. People often lie quickly and casually, responding with a flip, off-the-cuff remark, says Kreskin. "The trick is to notice that a liar's body language contradicts the person's false sense of ease." When it does—gotcha!

MANTRACK

Bluepoint Oyster Cult

They're slimy, briny and delicious. A good fresh one will transport you to culinary heaven; a bad one will send you to the bathroom. Oysters are seen as a dangerous delicacy, but with prudence and knowledge you can indulge with impunity. Joan Reardon's *Oysters: A Culinary Celebration* (Lyons Press) is a recipe book that offers 185 ways to serve the bivalves as appetizers, soups, salads and entrees. We like ours with vinegar and chive.

Clothesline: James Woods and David Brenner

Actor James Woods (top right) likes mainstream menswear designers such as Armani and Cerruti, but his favorite is Ralph Lauren because "he's so traditional and I'm kind of a traditional guy. I always thought that if I got too fruited up I'd look ridiculous." But Woods isn't traditional enough to give up his favorite hanging-out jacket—a denim model from the Rolling Stones' Steel Wheels tour. Comedian David Brenner (right) wears Kenneth Cole suits, shirts, ties and shoes, "but Cole's just introduced ladieswear, and I'm not going to be seen in that." Brenner also says that when going casual he usually wears jeans, often by Diesel. "I also work out a bit, so my wife thinks I look sexy in a tank top. That and nothing else—that's why she likes it."

Bourbon King

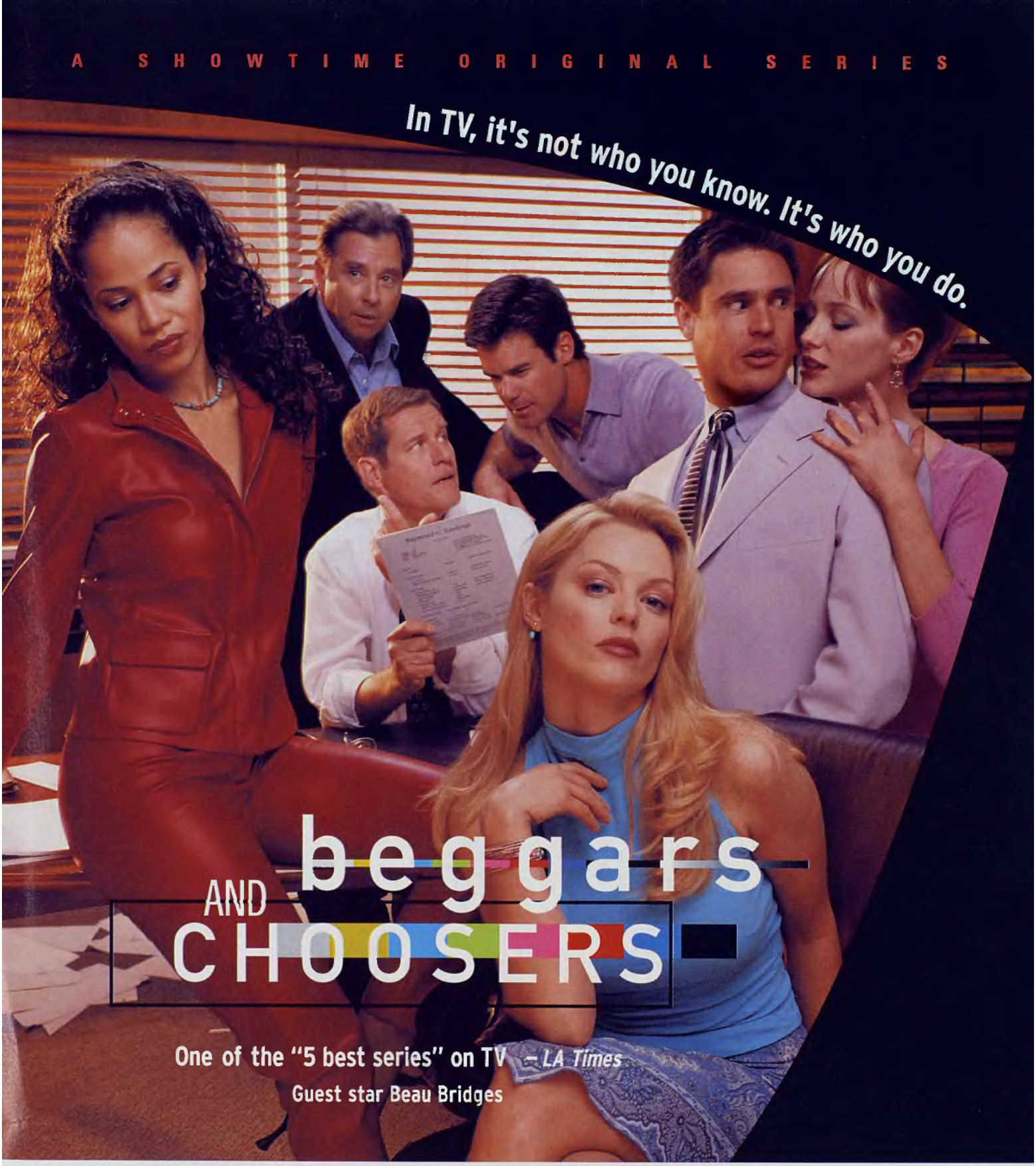
Tired of gin and tonics and all those claying cocktails that hide under paper umbrellas? If it's time to get your drink choices back to basics, there's nothing more solid than good bourbon on the rocks. One of the best is Evan Williams Single Barrel 1990 Vintage. A vintage year on a bourbon battle? The Evan Williams Single Barrel brand, a product from Heaven Hill Distilleries, has been doing it for the past five years. In fact, the 1990 battling (86.6 proof) was named Whiskey of the Year in the prestigious *Spirit Journal* newsletter. Price: $23.

Guys Are Talking About . . .

U.S. Grand Prix. It's being held at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway in September, and to cammemorate the event, TAG Heuer, the official timekeeper for FIA Formula I World Championship races, has created the Kirium Ti5 quartz watch pictured here. The lightweight Ti5 is the first watch made of polished titanium, the same material Formula I cars are made of, and its strap is made of Formula I tire rubber. Price: $2000. ● *Melanin sunglasses.* The lenses of Code's new Melanin-XP shades offer maximum protection from ultraviolet rays and high-energy visible light—both of which can contribute to premature aging and even blindness. A wide variety of frames are available. Prices range from $70 to $80; an eyeglass case is included. ● *Morning-after relief.* Hangover Helper caplets contain a mix of hybrid artichoke and sarsaparilla that, according to the manufacturer, stimulates the flow of digestive substances to detoxify the body. Take two caplets with your first drink, two before bed and two in the morning. Price: $17.95 for five packets. The website hangover helper.net has more info. ● *Bistra to Go.* Tasty continental fare from soups to entrees from thehome bistro.com.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

A SHOWTIME ORIGINAL SERIES



One of the "5 best series" on TV – *LA Times*

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TUESDAYS 10 SHARP (ET/PT)

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The Playboy Advisor

Have any studies found a connection between the foods we eat and the dreams we have? If so, what foods create the sexiest dreams?—T.G., Seattle, Washington

There's no surefire way to determine if a person is having an erotic dream other than waking him to ask, and no sleep scientist has felt the need to do that and also record what the subject had for dinner. Even an erection isn't a reliable gauge, since they occur whenever a healthy male is dreaming about anything. Many people believe that heavy or spicy meals induce vivid dreams, but it may be that certain foods simply cause more frequent awakenings, which increase recall. In an earlier time—i.e., the Fifties—authorities speculated on diets that could prevent "pollutions," or wet dreams. Our dusty copy of The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex, published in 1950, asserts that "erotic dreams mainly come to persons who during the day too frequently nurse erotic desires." To prevent sexual intrusions, the authors recommend an anti-erotic vegetarian diet rich in vitamins and salts. "Whole wheat bread, potatoes, vegetables, salads, fruit, etc., also prevent constipation," they noted, while "stimulating foods" such as game, fish, eggs, cheese, mushrooms and alcohol only cause trouble. Whatever your diet, you're more likely to have pleasant dreams when you're relaxed. Anxiety can produce landscapes you may not want to visit: running into your mother at an orgy, discovering strange plants growing from your genitals or realizing at a crucial moment that you left your penis in your other pants—but that your girlfriend brought hers.

I sent an e-mail to my local newspaper and an editor wrote back to scold me for "shouting." I wasn't sure what he meant but couldn't get an explanation. Am I missing something here?—D.S., Highland Park, Illinois

You wrote your message using only capital letters. That's the online equivalent of shouting, and it's considered poor netiquette. Here are a few tips for sending and replying to e-mail: (1) Don't send messages without filling in the subject line. And be specific. Don't write "Important News" when you mean "Today's meeting canceled." (2) When replying to a long message, delete the parts of the original that aren't applicable. (3) Don't send large attachments without asking the recipient first. (4) Don't expect an instant reply. If a few days have passed, write, "I'm not sure if my e-mail is working properly. Did you receive my earlier message?" (5) If you're angry, queue your message for a day. As one online site suggests, ask yourself, Would I want a jury to read this? (6) Include http:// on webpage addresses so the recipient can point and click. (7) Never send indiscreet notes to friends at work, or from

work. Many employers monitor e-mail. (8) Don't spam your friends with jokes, chain letters or incredible offers for free phones and computers. Visit scambusters.org before hitting the send button. (9) If you must forward something, use the blind carbon copy feature and delete previous forwarding information that clutters the top of the message. Also, heed the tale of the adulterous couple who met at work. She sent a business-related message with a steamy postscript. He didn't read to the end before forwarding it to the boss.

Which is the best car for sex?—D.B., Cleveland, Ohio

The one you're in. Or, more important, the one she's in. Short of a limousine, a van or a vintage Nash Airflyte (in which the interior seats can be folded down into a bed), having sex in an automobile isn't the most comfortable experience. And yet almost everyone you ask has fond memories. That's because car sex is risky and typically rushed, which makes it exciting. It also forces you to be creative. Technically, the best cars for sex are those with the most interior room. But that's too easy. A station wagon or Crown Victoria can't compete with the seduction value of a Porsche convertible. The British sex columnist Grub Smith once made the keen observation that "the sexier a car appears, the harder it will be to actually have sex in it." He also made note of an exercise known in the UK as the hot bonnet, in which the woman leans back or forward over the warm, vibrating hood. Parking brakes on, everyone.

In May a woman wrote to say that she was tired of hearing people in long-term relationships complain about their sex lives. She asked, "Why do people lose sight of the fact that you have to make an effort?" I can relate. My husband is a great guy, but in bed he seems to forget the meaning of the phrase "two-way street." For example, the other morning we were both horny. He was late for work, so we only had time for a blow job. He promised to make it up to me over the weekend. Naturally the weekend was hectic and nothing occurred. This happens often. I love giving him head, but it's a lot less fun when he shows so little interest in pleasuring me. I've talked to him about this and he's always sympathetic, but nothing changes for long. I feel like I'm not important enough for him to take the time. My husband used to give frequent head, pursue sex more, even take me dancing! I doubt I'll ever dance again. I won't be unfaithful; I love him too much and know from past relationships how it feels to be betrayed. I'm also not claiming to be perfect, but it would be nice to know (not just wonder) if I'm special. He reads your column; perhaps if you print this he'll realize how important this is to me, or at least other men will stop neglecting their wives in bed.—R.C., Las Vegas, Nevada

Thanks for writing. The next time your husband "only has time for a blow job," remind him of that position called 69. Despite the Hollywood ideal of couples falling into spontaneous, passionate sex, the real thing almost always involves negotiation, particularly in long-term relationships. You give, you shall receive. If you want your husband to go down on you, don't ask. Tweak his ear: "I'm so horny I could weep. Touch me here. And there. Lick me. Now." Make him obey, as only a loving wife can. This game isn't a catchall solution for your lackluster sex life, but it might knock your husband out of his fat, happy slumber. Buddy, the rent is due.

A few months ago the chief executive of my company died. He had worked his way from the mail room to the top. In the process, he stepped on plenty of toes and ruined more than one career. One woman lost her job when the executive promoted her boss but wouldn't allow her a transfer. She was bitter, to say the least. Most folks assumed she would do something outrageous at his funeral. There was even speculation that she'd dance on the coffin as it was lowered into the ground. Nothing like that happened, but she wore a red dress louder than any fire engine. She is not a small woman, so you couldn't help but notice. Some people thought it was tacky, but I thought it was great. I didn't like the guy, either. Should she have worn a traditional dress and not expressed her

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

feelings? And what should a man wear to a funeral to express his loathing?—D.G., New York, New York

Tacky, tacky. We don't approve of making a spectacle of anyone's grief. A simple man who loathed the dead would skip the memorial. A gentleman would attend, dressed appropriately, and keep his mouth shut out of respect for the widow and family who had to live with the deceased.

I am a 52-year-old single father. About a week ago, I walked into my teenage daughter's room; she was lying on her bed masturbating. I was shocked. Is this normal behavior for a 16-year-old girl? Should I talk to her or ignore it?—J.H., Plymouth, New Hampshire

Yes, it's normal. Next time, knock.

Can the Advisor explain why the release of classic movies on DVD seems so arbitrary? You would think the films that take full advantage of digital effects and sound would have been available immediately, but we have yet to see *Jurassic Park*, *Indiana Jones*, *Back to the Future* or any of the *Star Wars* episodes. Nobody I've asked knows what's going on.—S.G., Calgary, Alberta

You should see more blockbusters on the market now that the number of DVD players has reached critical mass. The studios are churning out reissues, but consumers have come to expect careful remasters that include commentary tracks, deleted scenes and other supplements. That takes time to produce. Assuming the current rate of about 20 major catalog releases a week, it will take years to process the thousands of films now in the vaults. Some movies have been delayed because Hollywood power brokers wanted more assurances that the format is here to stay—at least for a while—before they devoted time and money to production. Steven Spielberg's first blockbuster film, Jaws, hit stores this summer, and Jurassic Park is expected this fall. George Lucas initially said he wanted to complete all six Star Wars episodes before producing DVDs. But he had a change of heart, and preliminary work has begun on Phantom Menace. For a list of forthcoming titles, visit the industry site DVDFile.com.

Whenever I go out with my friends, I always masturbate before I leave the house so I won't be tempted to cheat on my girlfriend. Last week my friends showed up early and I didn't have time to take care of business. Sure enough, I met a girl at a club and we fucked in my buddy's car. Why do I need to come before I go out? Is this normal?—D.D., Boca Raton, Florida

Are you testing this on us before you try it on your girlfriend? She won't buy it, either.

My husband and I are in our early 30s. We often go camping with a male friend who's 25. We usually share a tent, and it's never been a big deal. One weekend, after watching the sun go down and climbing into the tent, we started joking around. One thing led to another. Eventually my husband untied and removed my bikini top. The three of us drew closer. We shared this gentle mood for about an hour. Our friend was a virgin—we knew that. My husband encouraged us to become more intimate, said he wanted to watch and to rub my back. It was ecstasy, sex with another man with my husband lying next to me. Our friend apologized for not bringing a condom, but my husband said he'd rather watch me enjoy the real thing. After an hour of foreplay, I was in no mood to quibble. I took our friend in my mouth to get him hard and wet, then climbed over him and introduced him to the joys of a woman's body. I had one fast orgasm, then a longer one. I helped him roll on top of me and let my husband watch his wife spread out in full heat, taking another man completely, pulling him up with my heels, coaxing him to orgasm while I held my husband's hand. We all awoke happy the next morning, but nothing more has been said about it. I'd like for this to happen again, soon. Our friend sometimes spends the night at our home, and I want to give my husband the pleasure of seeing anything he enjoys watching. How do I tell him this without sounding like I'm asking for myself, or breaking his heart?—A.P., Pryor, Oklahoma

What's wrong with asking for yourself? You aren't campaigning for sexual saintHood, and you aren't asking for sexual freedom outside your marriage. As long as your husband understands that, he won't be upset. If you haven't already noticed, his pleasure is your pleasure. You're forgetting someone, however. Your friend probably wants more from his newly christened sex life than to play third wheel to a committed couple. Or maybe not. You'll have to ask. If it happens that you've become his only desire, the situation could get messy.

In *Sex, Drugs and the Antichrist*, a comedy album by Paul Krassner, he mentions the Mounds of Montgomery, those tiny bumps on a woman's areola. He says they were discovered by a guy named Ed Montgomery as he felt up his girlfriend at the movies. Krassner says that Montgomery wrote to the American Medical Association, which named the bumps after him. I'm pretty sure Krassner was kidding, but sometimes you can't tell. Can you actually discover something like that and have the AMA name it after you?—G.C., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Sure. You've never heard of the Advisor's Rash? The Mounds of Montgomery, more commonly known as Montgomery's glands, become more prominent when a woman nurses a baby. They protect and lubricate the breasts as the baby suckles. In fact, they were named after William Fetherston Montgomery, a British obstetrician who described them in 1837. Krassner also floats the idea that Bartholin's glands, which are on either side of the vagina and secrete a lubricating mucus during intercourse, were named after Marvin Bartholin, "who took Ed Montgomery's girlfriend to the movies." In this case, Caspar Thomèson Bartholin deserves credit. He first described the glands in 1675.

When serving drinks at a party, should you give a guest new ice with each drink or top the ice off?—G.P., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Always provide fresh ice. How much will you need? About one pound per person for every three hours.

There is a woman I'm crazy about. She is perfection. She has been dating the same guy for seven years. From what I can gather, there's a chance their relationship could end soon. When and if this breakup occurs, how do I comfort her and at the same time let her know I'd like to take his place immediately? My first, typically male, instinct is to say, "Now that he's history, how about being my girlfriend?" I realize that's not what she'll want to hear. My other instinct is to shoot myself in the foot by helping her repair the relationship—after all, that's what a friend would do. I want to be with this woman so much it hurts, and I hate leaving everything to fate. What should I do?—G.W., Lexington, Kentucky

If she breaks up with her boyfriend, fade into the background for a while, or at least don't dump any heavy confessions on her. You risk being her rebound guy—the one she uses for comfort, then leaves behind when she's recovered emotionally. You don't want to replace anyone—you want your own place. As you note, a friend would help her repair the broken relationship. But a better friend might counsel her to move on, if indeed she's not happy. If the leading candidate for her next serious relationship happens to be the friend doing the counseling, so be it. It's a delicate play, but there's no conflict of interest in love—or if there is, it's always forgiven if things work out. Your strategy should be to put yourself in the right place at the right time. You're in the right place; now be patient.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail via playboyadvisor.com, which includes a database of past columns. The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, is available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

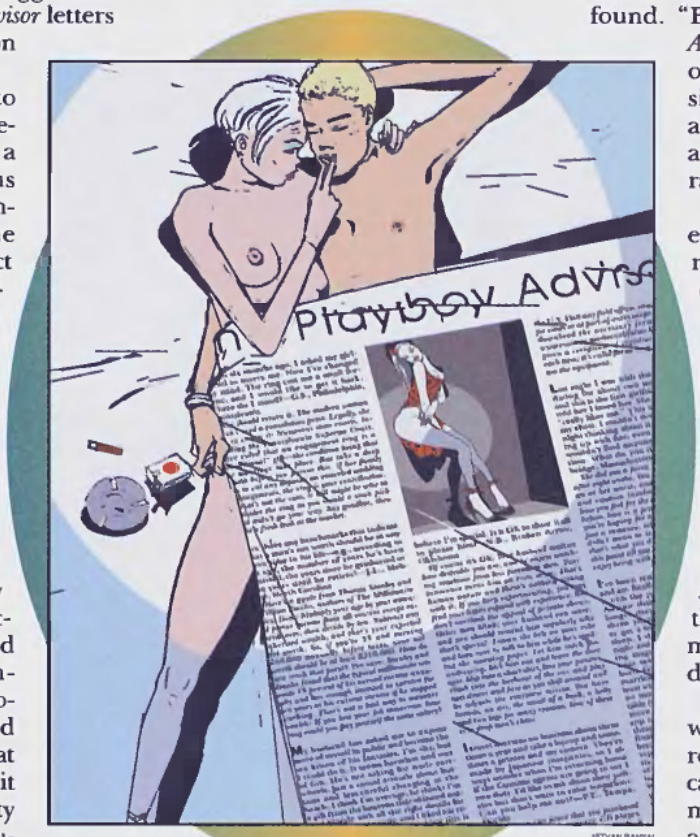
THE ADVISOR HYPOTHESIS

a new study examines 40 years of playboy advice

Earlier this year, James Beggan, a psychologist at the University of Louisville, sent us a copy of a study called *The Noncontact Hypothesis: A Qualitative Analysis of Stereotype Refutation in the Absence of Social Interaction*. The topic grabbed our attention because the paper was about PLAYBOY—specifically, the *Playboy Advisor*.

Together with sociologist Patricia Gagné of the University of Louisville and psychologist Scott Allison of the University of Richmond, Beggan examined four decades of *Advisor* letters and answers that focused on sex and relationships.

The researchers chose to study the *Playboy Advisor* because they wanted to test a hypothesis of how various groups learn about one another. According to some psychologists, direct contact between members of different groups works to reduce tension, prejudices and stereotypes. While such a theory might explain interactions between races, cultures or religions, Beggan and his colleagues wondered if the same hypothesis could be applied to the so-called battle of the sexes. They wondered: Can reliable secondhand information and observations reduce tensions, prejudices and stereotypes between men and women in the same way that direct contact seems to? Is it direct contact or third-party information that most influences the way men and women view each other?



ISTVAN BANYAI

To address this issue, the researchers came up with "the *Advisor* hypothesis," the notion that "a respected third party can exercise authority and promote information exchange to prevent individuals from relying on stereotypes."

Beggan noted that PLAYBOY readers form a fraternity that many critics would expect to reinforce negative stereotypes about women. Feminists accuse the magazine of fostering a specific standard—that of the young, beautiful, perfectly proportioned Centerfold with airbrushed skin. But the team concluded that "despite PLAYBOY's highly sexualized context and its role as a cultural icon in conveying images of female beauty, our analysis suggests a more complex picture of the publication."

A close examination of the column revealed that the *Advisor* "tended toward tolerance, promoted equality between the sexes and broke down, rather than reaffirmed, stereotypes." The *Advisor* advocated positions or attitudes that were "beneficial toward women and encouraged that they be perceived as complex individuals rather than category members."

Specifically, "the *Advisor* promoted a dialogue between men." Long before there was an Internet, the column created "a kind of virtual reality for both writers and readers, a paper-and-ink ancestor of a chat room."

The Advisor is "an active authority figure," "a gatekeeper who controlled the flow of information," and "as much a mentor as a big brother." Readers find the column credible because the Advisor is male, has masculine interests (e.g., stereos and sports cars) and approaches problems from a typically male, solution-oriented point of view.

"In the pages of the *Advisor*, men were permitted to disclose ignorance about their own sexuality and about the sexuality of women," the team found. "By facilitating candor, the *Advisor* created a relatively open forum for the discussion of liberated sexuality and the redefinition of the appropriateness of a wide range of sexual behaviors."

The researchers discovered what millions of our readers already know. The column "granted legitimacy to men's expression of vulnerability," "discouraged prevarication," criticized bravado and conveyed the idea that "information exchange is useful only if it's honest."

The authors noted that "the more open portrait of men provided in the *Advisor* may have encouraged the male readers to take a more progressive view of the definition of masculinity."

They credited the *Advisor* with refereeing the sexual revolution: "In his role as a calm and rational mentor on most topics, the Advisor was asked to mediate debates about whether a variety of desires, actions or beliefs were abnormal. These included bisexuality (December 1975), a woman who enjoyed sex standing up (July 1976), a man whose sexual fantasies included imagining that a woman was shrinking (October 1976), a man whose penis leaked a bit of semen after ejaculation (November 1976) and a woman whose nipples did not get hard at the same time (February 1984)." *(See page 117 for a collection of greatest hits from 40 years of Advisor columns.)*

The team noted that the *Advisor*

had long resisted the sexual double standard. "As early as 1963," they wrote, "the *Advisor* argued against the belief that a woman's lack of virginity should be an issue in a relationship or marriage."

The researchers seemed surprised that a men's magazine would publish so many letters from women. "One of the most important things the column ever did was to allow women to take part in the dialogue. Their participation in what many have alleged is a sexist, exploitative and misogynist setting, together with the respect given them by the Advisor and his advice to readers that they treat the women in their lives in a similar manner, appears to have been central in subverting fraternal bonding and the subsequent reliance on stereotypes."

Ours has been a coed locker room. The team kept a tally. In March 1966, 14 percent of the letters came from women. In September 1983, it was 40 percent. Why did women write to PLAYBOY? "Especially in the early years of the magazine, there were few sources available to women of accurate and nonjudgmental information about sex," the team noted. "Women's magazines did not develop advice columns until relatively late in their histories. Thus, the contents of the *Advisor* column may have helped women to develop richer conceptions of the sexuality of other women."

The authors seemed to suggest that PLAYBOY was a better women's magazine than most women's magazines, at least when it came to sex and relationships. "As their voices became a fixture in the column, women used the *Advisor* to address their own identity issues. In some instances, women admitted to stronger sex drives than their partners and asked how to restore a man's interest. There were also letters from women who admitted to extramarital affairs. Some women expressed concern over their difficulty in reaching orgasm, while others were troubled by the ease by which they could climax."

The study revealed some basic changes in PLAYBOY readers, always for the better. "Whether because they took the column's message to heart, or simply because views of women changed with the times, in later years more men displayed greater concern for the opinions and desires of their partners, particularly in their satisfaction with sex."

The Advisor Hypothesis will appear in the fall issue of *The Journal of Men's Studies* (mensstudies.com).

ADVISOR TIMELINE

September 1960: The first column includes questions solicited by PLAYBOY editors from friends.

December 1960: First stereo question.

October 1961: A reader asks how to get his girlfriend to that "moment of truth."

January 1963: First letter from a female reader, who complains that a male friend drives too fast.

April 1965: First letter from a man whose girlfriend won't let him read PLAYBOY.

August 1965: A reader asks about computer dating services.

December 1965: B.M. from Brooklyn wonders if he should quit his corporate job to pursue a career in music. The Advisor says go for it. Twenty years later, Barry Manilow says he is glad he took the advice.

1966: The Advisor decides to publish more sex questions. The mail jumps from some 300 letters a month to 1000.

April 1966: A woman complains that her fiancé plays Sousa marches during sex.

February 1967: The Advisor reassures a reader that masturbation is "as harmless as whistling."

May 1967: A black student falls for a white girl, but she won't be seen with him.

June 1969: A male reader wonders if it's possible for him to witness the birth of his child.

September 1969: A virgin asks how to convince her boyfriend that premarital sex is not "the ultimate proof of love." The Advisor cautions that "a gift-wrapped hymen is often valued more highly by the giver than by the gifted."

June 1970: The Advisor says the fad of men piercing their ears is "going nowhere."

June 1971: A reader asks about penis enlargement techniques.

July 1972: A dieting housewife wonders about the caloric content of semen.

August 1972: A male reader confesses to the Advisor, "I need love more than sex."

September 1972: Replying to a letter from a gay man who plans to come out of the closet, the Advisor lists the five states in which homosexuality isn't illegal.

January 1973: A reader wonders if oral sex can be considered adultery.

August 1973: A woman says she's too tired for sex. The Advisor suggests she ask her husband to help with the housework.

November 1973: A reader asks about "anal eroticism."

June 1974: A reader refers to his water bed as a "liquid love pad."

August 1974: A letter begins, "Having an 11-inch penis can be a problem. . . ."

November 1974: A reader writes to the Advisor because her boyfriend bought her a vibrator, then got mad when he caught her masturbating.

April 1975: A couple asks about the logistics of an open marriage.

September 1975: A reader reports that his girlfriend hummed *The Star-Spangled Banner* while giving him a blow job.

November 1976: The Advisor answers the question, "Who should sleep on the wet spot?"

March 1977: A smart aleck wonders if speed-reading pornography leads to premature ejaculation.

July 1979: The Advisor reports that home computers can do "everything from balancing your checkbook to playing games."

December 1979: A reader asks, "What do you think of a woman who keeps a supply of condoms in her bedside table?"

December 1980: A reader wonders if celibacy will be "the sex of the Eighties."

November 1983: First AIDS-related question.

March 1987: A reader asks about the Venus Butterfly, a sex trick mentioned but not described on the television drama *LA Law*.

May 1994: A reader is perplexed because a female friend wants him to donate sperm so she can have a baby.

July 1996: A reader asks if it's cheating to have sex online.

December 1996: First mention of Viagra.

October 1997: For the first time, the Advisor receives most questions via e-mail.

March 2000: The launch of PlayboyAdvisor.com.

POMPEII PORN

A marble statue of Pan copulating with a goat. Fantastic phallic tiles inscribed with the legend HERE LIES HAPPINESS. Subtle frescoes of lovemaking. Hilarious images of Priapus weighing his genitals. Such lust-inspired talismans were hidden from sight first by nature (the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 A.D.) and then, after being unearthed in the 1700s, by man. A priest who saw the objects condemned Pompeii, saying "the entire city was given to the most sordid impropriety, and so from God, it deserved, like Sodom, the calamity of fire." Kings kept the collection locked away. In 1819, a priest complained that the artifacts were "a hell which corrupts the morals of the chastest, most religious and holiest people." The modern word pornography stems from 19th century catalogs of items found in Pompeii brothels. This year the Museum of Naples put the erotic treasures on display for the first time in three decades. Once again, the Vatican protested: "Whatever these things meant to ancient Romans, today they're obscene." Some things never change.

READER

DIVORCING DADS

Jed H. Abraham's description of the inquisition routinely conducted against fathers in family court was chilling ("The Interrogation," *The Playboy Forum*, May). With the exception of convicted criminals, no one today has fewer rights than fathers. A mother can decide one day to move out with the kids, or to change the locks after helping her boyfriend move in, leaving the father deprived of his children and his home. In defending himself he risks his life savings and, depending on the often reckless charges she levels against him, his freedom. Under the guise of pursuing deadbeat parents, we are seeing mass incarcerations without trial or counsel while the media and civil libertarians look the other way. A father can be forced by a court to undergo a "mental examination," ordered to pay the fees of lawyers and psychotherapists he did not hire, and be jailed without trial, charge or counsel. His home can be entered and his children can be used as informers. In some cases, fathers who contact their confiscated children or separated spouses have been arrested for harassment or stalking, an offense that has been defined as narrowly as an unwelcome conversation. Others have been arrested for attending public events such as musical recitals or sports competitions. We've even seen "lifetime" restraining orders.

As spokesman for Men, Fathers and Children International, a coalition of 12 fatherhood organizations from nine countries, I have seen family courts in action. I believe they're the most dangerous institution posing a threat to constitutional rights in our society. They will probably follow the High Commission, the Star Chamber, Chancery and other infamous "prerogative" and "equity" courts into the dustbin of history.

Stephen Baskerville
Professor of Political Science
Howard University
Washington, D.C.

FOR THE RECORD

Quote Island

"The base of the Democratic party consists of a number of special interest groups, including the-sky-is-falling environmentalists, abortion industry workers, bilingualists, illegal immigrants, ideologically homeless ex-communists, communists, convicted felons, unconvicted felons, pornographers posing as artists, propagandists posing as journalists, network anchors posing, food stamp junkies, anti-American multiculturalists, hard-core feminists, abused and abusable women, the venereally diseased, antitobacco fascists, antireligious bigots, latent antireligious clerics, pro-gay clergy, gay clergy, government employees, union bosses, government contractors, the sexually disoriented, educrats, trial lawyers, the willing poor, drug addicts, old sin New Age enthusiasts, race hustlers, members of the black caucus, professional victims, punk musicians, condom manufacturers, proud and practicing members of the North American Man-Boy Love Association and dead people buried near Chicago."

—From a syndicated newspaper column by Linda Bowles that was recently quoted in a conservative fund-raising letter

Jed Abraham is right on the money. Been there, done that. A man has to be crazy to get married these days. Unfortunately, most are.

Fred Reed
Arlington, Virginia

Abraham eloquently shows how discovery abuse, which is rampant in all areas of the law, is especially pernicious when it comes to family matters. Unethical divorce lawyers can easily manipulate discovery motions to obtain financial and custody agreements that are neither just nor in the best interests of children.

Abusive discovery motions and responses are easily addressed by courts, if only they have the gumption to sanction the unethical lawyers who write them. Let's hope that articles like "The Interrogation" encourage brave judges to do the right thing, and brave legislators to appoint judges who will do the right thing.

Michael Krauss
Professor of Law and Legal Ethics
George Mason University School of Law
Arlington, Virginia

"The Interrogation" provides an excellent glimpse of what the law thinks is important in a marriage. But if you think those questions are revealing, you should hear the questions asked during a typical custody hearing. Consider the following, culled from a family lawyer's list of questions a judge might ask in court to determine who should have the kids: Who gets the child up in the morning? Who dresses the child? Who fixes the child's breakfast? Who makes lunches? Who knows the sizes of clothing and shoes? Who takes the child to the doctor? Who prepares dinners? Who helps with homework? Who signs the report cards? Who plays games with the child? What games? Who coaches? Who drives for the car pools? Who bathes the child? Who puts the child to bed? To whom does the child turn when he wakes up sick in the middle of the night? Who takes the child for haircuts? Who stays home when the child is sick? Who supervises television viewing? Who drives the child to day care or school? Who shops for the child? Who attends school conferences and field trips? Who reads to the child? Who takes the child to church? That's the state's formula for what makes an attentive parent, and in most cases, the same name comes up.

Larry Simmons
Chicago, Illinois

RESPONSE

SPEED LIMITS

Joshua Green's "Pulling a Fast One" (*The Playboy Forum*, May) did a fine job exposing some of the fallacies concerning highway speed limits. However, he failed to cite the main reason for the public deception—namely, insurance company profits. Artificially low speed limits ensure low levels of driver compliance, thereby maximizing the opportunity for profit via insurance surcharges. Insurance companies have deep pockets when it comes to paying lobbyists and doling out campaign contributions through political action committees. Most lawmakers have much to gain and little to lose; the more important the lawmaker, the greater his immunity to speeding tickets is.

Let's also not forget the roles state and local law enforcement agencies play in this charade. The pickings are pretty easy when the majority of the public is technically breaking the law. Speeding tickets are an effective means of pumping up state and local coffers.

Robert Angeli
Portsmouth, Rhode Island

AUCTION THE ELDERLY

I enjoyed Ted Fishman's tongue-in-cheek suggestion that each retiree be assigned to three wage earners ("Immodest Proposal," *The Playboy Forum*, April). Like any pyramid scheme, Social Security is unfair. But the system isn't likely to collapse. My guess is that at some point the antidrug warriors will force retirees to take drug tests before they can receive benefits. At that age, tinkling into a bottle can be the equivalent of a circus feat. If the twentysomethings are smart, they'll figure out another way to finance their retirement, such as stock options or an ambitious product liability suit. Whatever happens, whenever you young working stiffs receive a paycheck, take a look at the box marked FICA and think of me. It shows the money you're paying into the Social Security Trust Fund to pay for my retirement.

Irwin Kaufman
West Hills, California

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.*

UNITED STATES VS. PLAYBOY

On May 22, the U.S. Supreme Court overturned section 505 of the Telecommunications Act of 1996 by a vote of five to four. The law addressed the menace of cable television signal bleed. It seems a handful of parents were afraid their children might see scrambled images of sexually explicit programming on the Playboy Channel, or hear the audio track. Congress had a howitzer of a solution: Cable channels devoted to sexually oriented programming had to install blocking filters in every subscriber's house, regardless of whether children lived or stayed in the home, or limit broadcasting to the hours between 10 P.M. and six A.M. Another part of the law—section 504—required cable providers to install filters at a subscriber's request at no charge. Fewer than 0.5 percent of subscribers asked for such a device, suggesting that the public had already decided on the seriousness of signal bleed. (In the words of the Supreme Court, the public responded with a "collective yawn.")

When PLAYBOY challenged Section 505 as unconstitutional, the Clinton administration played on parental concern over possible harm to children. This strategy worked—for a while. Neither Congress nor the District Court that heard the case bothered to ask the government for proof of its assertions that signal bleed rots young minds. But when the case reached the High Court, the Justices wanted something more than hysteria before it disassembled the First Amendment. Justice Anthony Kennedy, writing for the majority, observed that, "there is little hard evidence of how widespread or how serious the problem of signal bleed is. Indeed there is no proof as to how likely any child is to view a discernible explicit image, and no proof of the duration of the bleed or the quality of the pictures or sound. To say that millions of children are subject to a risk of viewing signal bleed is one thing; to avoid articulating the true nature and extent of the risk is another. The First Amendment requires a more careful assessment and characterization of an evil in order to justify a regulation as sweeping as this." Justice Clarence Thomas noted that if material was obscene, it could be prosecuted under existing law. Congress had tried to create a new category of unprotected speech, the "indecent," to justify intrusion. Thomas wrote, "I am unwilling to corrupt the First Amendment."

The court's conservative minority (which, if George W. Bush takes office in January, may soon become a formidable majority) seemed poised to allow Congress to protect children not from pornography so much as inattentive parenting. The wards of the state included "children whose parents may be unaware of what they are watching, whose parents cannot easily supervise television viewing habits, whose parents are simply unavailable at critical times." A federal appeals court had worried about parents who "out of inertia, indifference or distraction, simply would take no action to block signal bleed, even if fully informed of the problem." In his dissent, Justice Antonin Scalia went further. "It is not only children who can be protected from occasional uninvited exposure to 'adult-oriented programming'; we can all be."

Thankfully, Justice Kennedy had the last word. He delivered an uplifting defense of the First Amendment: "What the Constitution says is that these judgments are for the individual to make, not for the government to decree, even with the mandate or approval of a majority. Technology expands the capacity to choose, and it denies the potential of this revolution if we assume the government is best positioned to make these choices for us."

Is it Violence? Is it Sex?

why do men rape?

By TED C. FISHMAN

More than 25 years ago, Susan Brownmiller made rape the centerpiece of the feminist movement. In *Against Our Will* she argued that rape was the primal act of a patriarchal society: "Man's discovery that his genitalia could serve as a weapon to generate fear must rank as one of the most important discoveries of prehistoric times, along with the use of fire and the first crude stone ax. From prehistoric times to the present, rape has played a critical function. It is nothing more, or less, than a conscious process of intimidation by which *all* men keep *all* women in a state of fear." Rape was the real-life deployment of the penis as weapon.

According to Brownmiller, rape was a simpleminded, obvious act made possible by anatomy: "When men discovered that they could rape, they proceeded to do it. Later, much later, under certain circumstances, they even came to consider rape a crime."

As much slander as social science, the 472-page book and the subsequent quarter century of antirape activism nevertheless changed laws. The first rape-crisis center opened in 1972; by 1976 there were 400; by 2000 more than 800 rape/incest/abuse centers stood connected by hotlines. In her biography, Brownmiller notes that in 1975 alone, 30 states overhauled their rape laws. "By 1979, every state in the union went through a serious reevalution of its rape codes and made significant adjustments. Hospital procedures and police attitudes were transformed as well. The revolution in thinking about rape was profound."

We heard less about boys-will-be-boys and about provocatively dressed women inciting helpless males, about rape being the product of uncontrollable urges, about sexual assault as the inevitable by-product of too much lust. Most of us saw some truth in the argument that rape was a crime of violence, not of sex. We resisted the notion that all men were potential rapists, or that rapists served our goals.

Brownmiller and other radical feminists had catchy slogans ("porn is the theory, rape is the practice") that did little to explain why men rape. Explanation became excuse: The devil made me do it.

Last year, the feminist beliefs that rape is a crime of violence, an act of propaganda and a process of intimidation received a jolt. Randy Thornhill and Craig Palmer's *Natural History of Rape: Biological Bases of Sexual Coercion* argues that rape is just incidentally violent, that in evolutionary terms it is as natural as it is effective. Rape, they say, is a reproductive strategy that men have inherited from millions of years of a process called selection.

A.J. GARCES

Many animals—from insects to drakes to baboons—rape without any agenda other than propagation. Male animals, the evolutionary argument goes, couldn't care less about the political status of females.

Thornhill and Palmer turn the rhetoric on its head. Rape, they argue, is sexual. It is a breeding strategy that has the ultimate approval of nature—it exists because it works. The sins of the father beget the son. Less-dominant males—those left out of the sexual selection process by females—have found a way to pass on their genes. It is not about power or the pursuit of pleasure; rather, it's the blind drive to procreate.

Rape, they say, is a "natural biological phenomenon." But it is not "in any way justified or even inevitable."

The two scientists loft a grab bag of sociobiological arguments that support rape as a reproductive strategy. Among them: that most rape victims are women of childbearing age, that in many cultures rape is treated more as a crime against the victim's husband (cheating him of his role in procreation), that rape takes place not only among human beings but among a variety of other animal species as well.

To dismiss the idea that rape is a crime of violence, the authors point to the odd statistic that in the vast majority of rapes, only enough force is used to accomplish the rape. (Researchers have found "additional" violence in only 22 percent of rapes, and that rape leads to murder in only one 100th of one percent of the cases.)

The problem with Thornhill and Palmer, as with Brownmiller, is reductionism: Both books attempt to attribute the possibility of rape to all men—one from a constructed, patriarchal culture, the other from a blind biological drive. But once aired, rape, like other atrocities, looks to be too complex for easy theories. Humankind

has poured much ink and intellectual energy into understanding street crimes, domestic crimes, war crimes and corporate crimes. Why are we so willing to accept that the root causes of those crimes are myriad and diverse, and still find ourselves vulnerable to the Brownmillers, Thornhills and Palmers who thrust narrow causes for rape at us?

The overwhelming majority of men do not rape. Where is the theory that explains that fact?

RAPE IN THE NEWS

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

The conspiracy of silence that once surrounded rape has long been shattered. In the space of a few months, we encountered articles on rape almost daily, each different, each horrific. But each story asked us to respond, to take new action.

Legislators in Illinois circulated a letter from a college student. Two men had trapped her in an alley and had taken turns raping her. They'd beaten her and thrust a gun inside her, threatening to pull the trigger if she reported the incident. The next day a teacher and a classmate took her to a hospital. A nurse explained that they could not give her a morning-after pill because it was a Catholic hospital. Weeks later she discovered she was pregnant.

Rape, a worst-case scenario, has long been used as a political fulcrum. Rape was used to prick the consciences of lawmakers who banned abortion, and contributed to the logic of *Roe vs. Wade*, a decision that benefited all women. Now, women were using the worst-case scenario to ensure the easy availability of morning-after pills. And, just as happened in the crusade for legal abortion, they ran into the church. The *Chicago Tribune* ran Cardinal Francis George's response: "Catholic institutions cannot agree to facilitate abortions and remain Catholic. The church believes in the dignity of each and every human life; the handicapped, the elderly, the victims of crime and the newly conceived human being. Each one of these is made in the image and likeness of God and we are not permitted to take any intentional action that would harm or kill any of these."

The church acknowledges that rape has a lasting consequence—life. But other stories convey a recognition of lives ruined.

A woman fights to keep adoption records private: She never wants to see the daughter, "the product of a violent rape," that she gave up 20 years earlier. In Mexico, a 14-year-old who was denied an abortion after a rape, asks who will support the child she was forced to bear. In one form or another, rape is a crime that lives on.

In 1992 a Los Angeles woman was tied up and raped. The crime remained unsolved. In 1999 police found that a man in jail on a different charge matched the DNA sample of the rapist. The statute of limitations had run out. He could not be charged.

To get around the statute of limitations, prosecutors in Milwaukee took the DNA sample recovered from a seven-year-old rape victim more than half a decade ago and indicted "John Doe, unknown male."

The same story noted that New York City still keeps 16,000 evidence kits containing samples of semen, saliva, tissue and blood belonging to rapists who have so far escaped arrest. A male columnist called for abolishing the statute of limitations for rape.

Rape has been one of the prime organizing issues of the feminist movement.

Some stories addressed relics of the conspiracy of silence that used to surround rape. Vinson Champ, a standup comedian and former *Star Search* contestant, was convicted recently for one in what police reportedly believe was a series of rapes. He had gone from college to college doing performances, and after shows, he prowled the campuses looking for vulnerable coeds—an estimated nine victims at last count. The lack of cooperation between colleges and law enforcement agencies was blamed for the failure to connect the crimes. Newspapers demanded that colleges release crime report statistics so that potential students could judge both SAT scores and their chances of being raped. Could we grow accustomed to signs that boast U. MISS. RAPE-FREE FOR 791 DAYS?

A student at Virginia Polytechnic Institute accused two college athletes of raping her; when the college judicial committee rejected her claim and a Virginia grand jury failed to indict the two, she filed a civil rights suit against her alleged attackers under the Violence Against Women Act. On May 15 the Supreme Court ruled that the law allowing such suits was unconstitutional. Rape was not a federal matter, but rather one that should be left to local authorities.

A woman identified simply as victim number 50 told the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia she was raped by Bosnian Serbs, so many that she lost count. By one estimate, more than 20,000 women were raped in the former Yugoslavia in 1992. What should be the response when an entire army uses rape as a weapon of war?

There are some who think rape can be stopped by a lecture. Three boys served a girl a deadly GHB cocktail. A witness claimed one of the boys had wanted to turn the party "lively." An editorial bemoaned a culture that seemed to teach that "the best woman is an unconscious woman." A concerned mom wrote *Dear Abby*, noting that there had been at least 58 GHB-related deaths and 5700 overdoses nationwide, and that it's imperative that parents let their sons know this kind of thing is much more harmful than they realize. "This is not a boys-will-be-boys thing. This is rape, this is murder."

Rape has been one of the prime organizing issues of the feminist movement, more compelling than abortion rights, wage inequities, glass ceilings or porn wars. Most of the stories about Thornhill and Palmer's *Natural History of Rape* sought the feminist reaction. A similar fate met Jamie Kalven's *Working With Available Light*, a brutally honest look at the destructive impact of his wife's rape. Feminists complained that he had usurped a woman's experience, that his wife should have written the book because she was the victim. A story on the debate raised the question: How do men fit into the antirape movement? Should they be allowed in rape crisis centers? (The underlying assumption is that because all rapists are men, all men are rapists—or at least reminders of the rapist.) One counselor declared simply that men should talk to other men about rape, not to women. A newsworthy idea? Rape is not just a women's issue.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PANTY CHALLENGE

NEW YORK—*How's this for a story line? A lingerie catalog ends up in a mailbox on a distant planet. When the alien recipient and two buddies have "worn out" the pho-*

tos, they recruit a hapless earthling to photograph more supermodels. If he can't persuade the women to pose in their bras and panties, the aliens will destroy the planet. Simon & Schuster Interactive thought the plot funny, so it created an adult computer game called Panty Raider: From Here to Immaturity. The player entices the models with cheesy pickup lines, credit cards and tiny mints, which double as lunch. A variety of horrified activists asked the publisher to drop the game. "It clearly objectifies women," said the director of a group called Dads and Daughters. "The female characters have no agency and are completely passive. They exist only to be stripped to their underwear."

VIDEO COMPANION

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA—*Twice-convicted burglar Andrew Lesky has filed more than 20 complaints and lawsuits against the Orange County Sheriff's Department for mistreatment, so the guards fought back—with a video camera. Three deputies with a camcorder record Lesky whenever the prisoner comes in contact with staff. That means he's tailed when he's taken to and from the shower (though not inside), during visits to the recreation yard, in meetings with his attorney and family and on trips to the doctor. "They're trying to break me," says Lesky, who is awaiting trial for yet another burglary charge. In March he filed a civil rights lawsuit alleging that deputies harassed him when the camera was turned off.*

STATE OF THE UNION

MONTPELIER, VERMONT—*A new state law allows gay couples to legalize their relationships as civil unions. The statute, which took effect on July 1, allows committed gay couples in Vermont to claim the same rights as a husband and wife in areas such as property ownership, divorce, inheritance, adoption, taxes, health care and family leave. In France, meanwhile, lawmakers created a similar pacte civil de solidarité that allows gay as well as straight couples to form a legal bond that falls just short of marriage.*

NOT POSSIBLE

CLEVELAND—*A federal appeals court ruled that the Ohio state motto—With God, All Things Are Possible—violates the constitutional separation of church and state. Ohio adopted the motto, which is taken from Matthew 19:26, in 1959. The state had argued that despite its origin, the motto represented a generic religious sentiment, much like In God We Trust. A lower court agreed, ruling that Ohio can use the motto as long as it doesn't say it comes from the bible. The appeals court reversed that decision. Soon after, readers of the Plain Dealer suggested revisions such as With Money, All Things Are Possible.*

PAY THE PIPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Members of Congress and their staffs owe about $10.5 million in back taxes, according to IRS data. As of October 1999, the nonpayment rate topped eight percent in the House and seven percent in the Senate. The balance owed by all federal employees is estimated at $2.4 billion. Though IRS employees who don't pay their taxes can be dismissed, no such regulation exists for politicians—at least not in the U.S. In Newfoundland, 21 mayors and 116 other officials lost their jobs on January 1 when a provincial law went into effect requiring town councils to dismiss any officeholder who owes back taxes.*

POT STICKERS

KITCHENER, ONTARIO—*Catherine Devries, who suffers from a degenerative nerve disorder, is one of 34 Canadians who last year received government permission to smoke marijuana to relieve their pain. This past April, two local police officers showed up at Devries' door to inform her that they had seized a package with 21 grams of marijuana mailed to her by a compassion club in Vancouver. She showed her Health Canada exemption, which they also seized. The next day, police acknowledged the certificate and said Devries wouldn't be charged. However, they insisted they could not return the marijuana because that would make them "traffickers." Weeks later, a judge ordered the cops to knock it off and return the pot.*

SUCTION ME

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The FDA has approved a device designed to help women who suffer from female sexual arousal disorder. The Eros-CTD consists of a tiny suction cup that's placed over the clitoris prior to sex. A palm-size, battery-operated pump draws blood to the clitoris, which increases sexual sensation and lubrication. Developed by a Minnesota company, the $359*

device is available by prescription in the U.S., the UK, Australia and France. Researchers state that about 40 million women in the U.S.—most of whom have gone through menopause—are affected to some degree by sexual dysfunctions.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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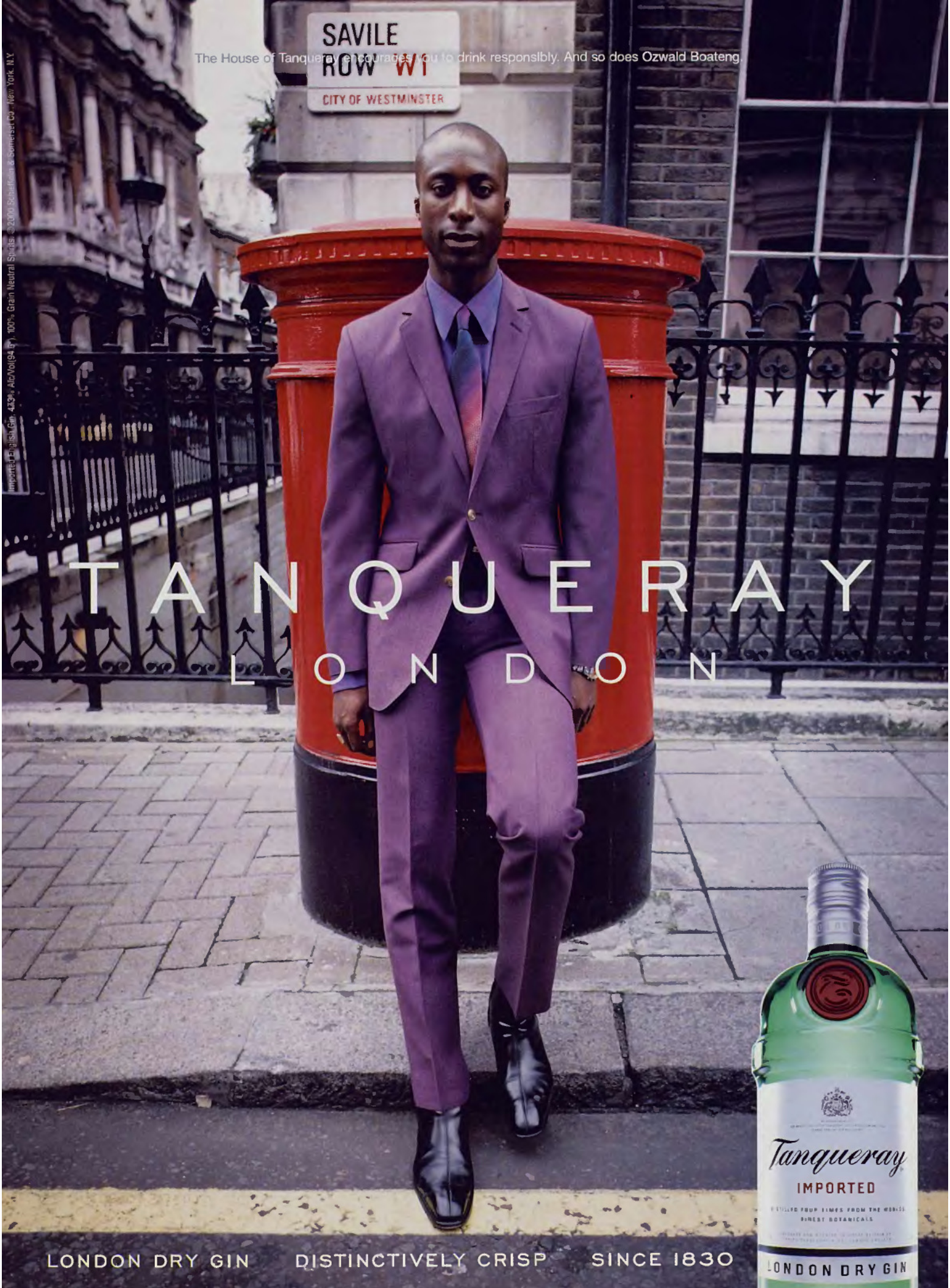
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JENNIFER LOPEZ

a candid conversation with the multitalented bombshell about her quick rise, having the body everyone talks about and her controversial romance with puff daddy

Just as Jennifer Lopez is telling an interviewer about her much-talked-about romance with Sean "Puffy" Combs, her assistant interrupts to hand her a cell phone. "We were just talking about you," she tells her boyfriend. She listens a moment, then smiles broadly. "He wants to know if you're going to ask how he is in bed," she says, laughing, and returns to her conversation with him. When they're through, Lopez is, of course, asked how Puffy is in the sack. "He said to say he's da bomb," she says with a giggle.

In the media, Da Bomb and his relationship with the Puerto Rican bombshell have nearly overshadowed Lopez' remarkable rise from Fly Girl to It Girl. She began her ascent in an unlikely fashion, as a dancer in Keenen Ivory Wayans' comedy show In Living Color. Within five years, she had become the second most successful alumnus from that show (after Jim Carrey). Combs, the flashy-dressing rap impresario with the bad-boy image, ascended just as quickly in his world. Their paths crossed and they fell in love. While they initially denied romantic involvement, they finally fessed up late last year. Their honeymoon with the press was a short one, ending last December 27. That was when an evening of nightclubbing concluded with the arrests of Combs and Lopez. There had been a shooting, allegedly by a member of Combs' entourage. Insisting she was an innocent bystander, Lopez nevertheless spent an unglamorous 14 hours being interrogated and handcuffed to a Manhattan precinct bench. In a case still playing out in the courts, Lopez and Combs were arrested along with his chauffeur and bodyguard after police chased their SUV through at least 11 red lights and then confiscated a loaded nine-millimeter pistol later determined to have been stolen. The chase reportedly came after an unidentified man threw a wad of cash at Combs, allegedly prompting a pal of Combs' named Jamal "Shyne" Barrow to fire several shots with a semiautomatic. Three people were injured. Both Combs and Lopez said they had no knowledge of the gun, and Lopez was exonerated. The nightclub incident followed another one in which Combs and cohorts allegedly assaulted a record exec after a dispute over the release of a video Combs had appeared in. Still, the incident drew a public outcry and raised eyebrows in Hollywood, with gossip columnists wondering why Lopez—whose work ethic and talent allowed her to shatter ethnic barriers and become the world's most famous Latina actor, singing star and sex symbol—would become involved with such a trouble-plagued beau.

The rise of 30-year-old Lopez has been a rapid one, though she has been laying the groundwork since she was four. Raised in the Bronx by her father David (a computer specialist) and mother Guadalupe (a schoolteacher), Lopez grew up in a strict Catholic household, dreaming of a dancing and singing career. After dancing in a number of stage shows, Lopez got her first break when she was chosen (from a group of 2000) by choreographer Rosie Perez to join the Fly Girls dance troupe on In Living Color.

The TV exposure landed her a part in Janet Jackson's video That's the Way Love Goes, but once Lopez began making the rounds in Hollywood, her striking face, sultry voice and voluptuous proportions looked even more enticing to another medium. Lopez acted in two short-lived series, Second Chances and Hotel Malibu, and a TV film, Nurses on the Line: The Crash of Flight 7. Her big break came when Gregory Nava cast her for a pivotal role in Mi Familia, the 1995 film in which she played a young woman who survives deportation and near drowning to return to her husband and family. Lopez demonstrated an inner strength, charm and an effortless sexual appeal that would become her trademark.

Studios noticed, and film roles followed quickly. Lopez played the transit cop whose charms come between Wesley Snipes and Woody Harrelson in Money Train and Robin

"People want to blame Puff Daddy for everything, but if I didn't want to go out that night, I didn't have to go. I would never blame him for anything I chose to do. I'm not a pawn of anyone. I do what I want."

"A big deal was always made about my physical appearance, even when I was young. My mom would slap me on the butt. It was a joke. It was never anything negative. All the women I grew up with are the same shape I am."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAFY

"I'm not a looks person. Looks don't really matter to me. I'm drawn to a guy's strength, his strong presence. The outside stuff—looks, fame, success—isn't what attracts me. I like a strong guy with a soft heart."

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Williams' teacher in the Francis Ford Coppola–directed Jack. While both films were panned, Lopez' work stood out. Her portrayal of Jack Nicholson's Cuban mistress in Blood and Wine upped the ante.

Lopez' breakout role came when Nava tapped her to star in Selena, the Warner Bros. film about the slain tejano singer. Lopez, who became the first Latin actress to make more than $1 million for a film, made the most of the showcase. While Lopez lip-synched to Selena's vocals, her portrayal put her in contention for roles that weren't ethnicity specific.

A fun turn in the surprise hit Anaconda, in which she plays a documentary filmmaker who tries to avoid becoming a snake snack in the jungle, was followed by Oliver Stone's U Turn. Next she paired with George Clooney in Out of Sight. In the latter role she demonstrated her range and proved she could play a strong heroine and hold her own with a major male star. Lopez followed by lending her voice to the animated film Antz and became the face for L'Oréal, convincingly delivering the product's signature line: "I'm worth it."

While her reputation as an actor was booming, Lopez quietly began making preparations for a singing career. She recorded a demo tape that soon had several labels ready to sign her. She made a deal with Sony Music Entertainment chairman Tommy Mottola and the result was On the Six, a mix of ballads and dance tunes with a Latin flavor. Lopez co-wrote five songs, and the record was a hit. Fueled by her sexy performances in the accompanying videos, songs like Waiting for Tonight and If You Had My Love became chart toppers, the latter displacing Ricky Martin's Livin' La Vida Loca from the top of the charts. She is working on a follow-up to be released this Christmas and is planning her first concert tour.

She'll soon be seen starring in The Cell, a thriller in which she plays a scientist who gets transported into the mind of a serial killer in an attempt to locate a woman he imprisoned before he lapsed into a coma. That will be followed by The Wedding Planner, a romantic comedy in which Lopez plays a type-A career wedding planner who lacks a love life until she meets a doctor played by Matthew McConaughey, and then Angel Eyes, currently filming. Lopez is poised to emerge as the rare singing star and bankable movie star, an achievement that has eluded Madonna and is limited to the likes of Barbra Streisand, Cher and Bette Midler.

To get a handle on how Lopez is handling her success and recent controversy, PLAYBOY *called Daily Variety columnist* ***Michael Fleming,*** *who interviewed Kevin Spacey for our October 1999 issue. Here's Fleming's report: "We met in Lopez' suite at the Four Seasons Hotel in Toronto, where she had just begun work on Angel Eyes, a drama about a female cop (Lopez) drawn to a mysterious and troubled man (played by Jim Caviezel) who saved her life in a shootout. The shoot has been plagued by intermittent rain, and Lopez is forced to give up a day off to make up for lost time. We meet late in the afternoon. She's barefoot, dressed in jeans with a white cotton top that doesn't quite cover her famous taut midriff. With honey-colored hair and light makeup, she projects her charm effortlessly. She's everything you'd imagine a movie goddess to be.*

"It's clear after just a few minutes with Lopez that her commitment is to her career. In fact, it was her career that caused the breakup of her marriage to Ojani Noa. In a phone conversation with Combs during the interview, they quickly reviewed each other's schedules for the coming two weeks. As Combs detailed his jet-setting plans to produce songs and videos and run his various businesses, she interrupted in that sultry tone of hers, 'You could come and visit me.' While that simple plea would be enough to make most men drop everything, it's clear from Combs' reply that he's as busy as she is.

"Lopez is obviously smitten with him. But wary of the media, she measures her words and their impact carefully. Her replies to questions about the events of December 27 are tempered by the legal restrictions of an ongoing case. Still, she is delightful and engaging, and tries her best to define where her relationship with Puff is going, even if she herself doesn't really know yet."

PLAYBOY: Despite a string of new movies and recordings, the press you've gotten recently has focused not on your work but on your relationship with Puff Daddy. The tone of the coverage seems to be, "Why's this otherwise squeaky-clean actress and singer dating a guy who takes her to a place where guns are being fired?" How do you view it?

LOPEZ: It's crazy. People want to blame him for everything, but if I didn't want to go out that night, I didn't have to go. It was my decision.

PLAYBOY: But are you angry with Combs for putting you in that position?

LOPEZ: Absolutely not. Every night things go on at clubs. I can't blame him for something that happened in that particular club on that particular night. In fact, I would never blame him for anything I chose to do. I do what I want.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you were handcuffed to a bench for 14 hours, crying, as the cops interrogated you?

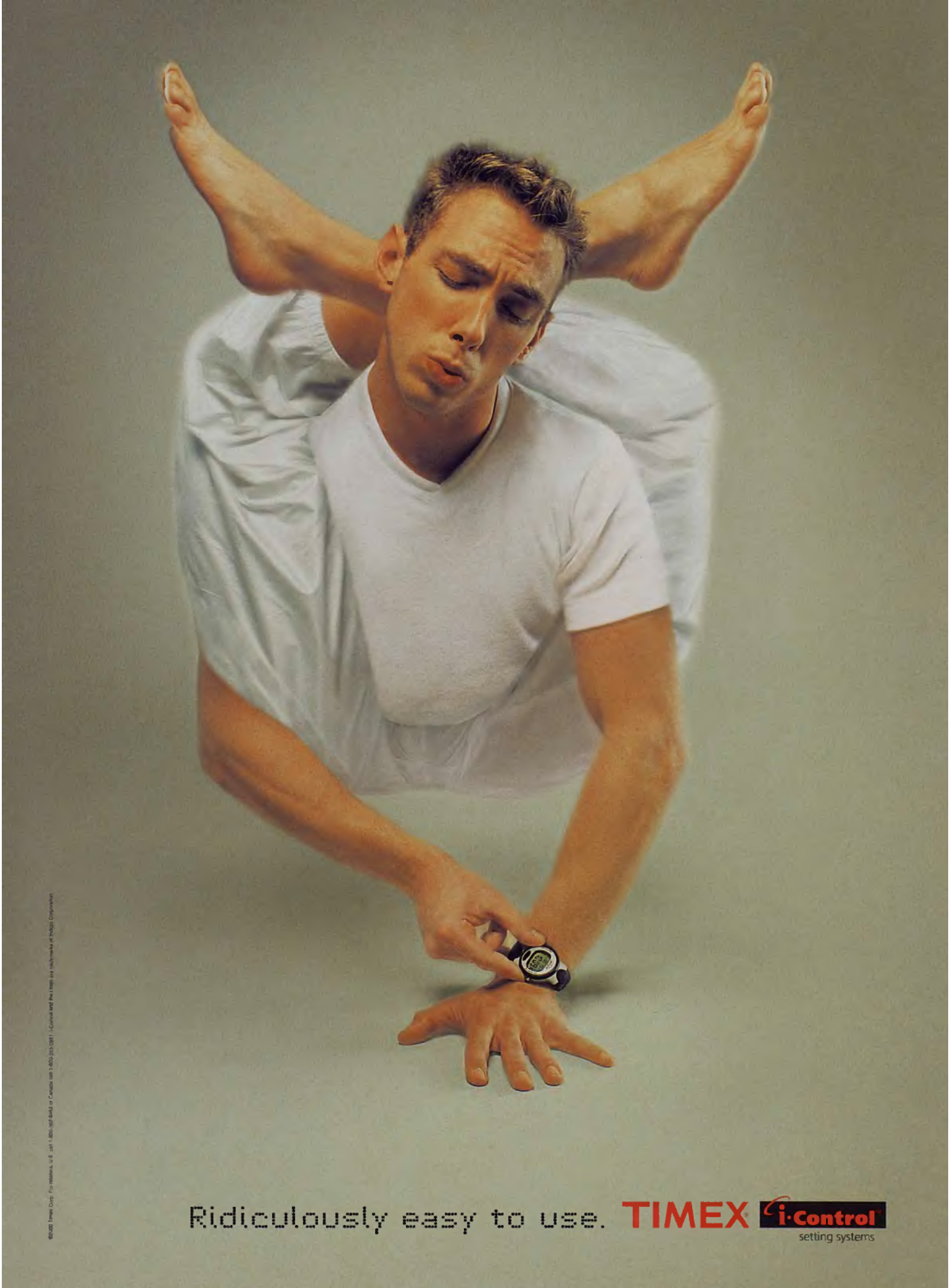
LOPEZ: Since the case is still pending, I'm not allowed to talk about a lot of this. But yes, I was handcuffed to a bench. I—I did cry. I was upset. I hadn't done anything and I wanted out of there.

PLAYBOY: If you weren't famous—Jennifer Lopez arrested with Puff Daddy—would it have been handled the same?

LOPEZ: Heck no. One cop told me that they'd normally let everyone go who wasn't directly involved. But they held us all night.

PLAYBOY: In the aftermath, the press collectively decided you should break up with Combs. How did you feel about the reaction?

LOPEZ: The bottom line for me is that I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am exactly where I want to be. I'm not a pawn of anyone. If I had to describe myself, I would say I'm a hardworking, focused person who loves what she does. I'm passionate about what I do, passionate about my family and the people I love. It's irrelevant what the press says.

PLAYBOY: Was the coverage by the tabloids the worst?

LOPEZ: The New York tabloids had three or four pages at a time just on whether Puff and I should break up. It was blown out of proportion. I don't wish an experience like this on my worst enemy. I know I'm fortunate to be in this business and I shouldn't complain—I'm not complaining. I love what I do. I try to take whatever difficult things come along with a grain of salt. Thank God I have this career and I'm not doing something I would be less happy doing. At the same time, this business can be unfair. Just because our names and faces are in magazines doesn't mean we're not people. We have feelings. Sometimes people forget that; we become two-dimensional.

PLAYBOY: With few exceptions, prior to the shooting, you'd received mostly glowing press. How was it to have the tables turned?

LOPEZ: It was scary. But you have to weather the storm. Because of the crazy publicity, I didn't even have time to deal with what happened that night, with being that close to gunfire. There was no time: We were taken to the station house. It was followed by grand juries and all kinds of crazy things. Throughout, I felt, why is this happening? We didn't do anything. We went out and someone else did something and yet we were caught in the middle of a storm. It was completely unfair. But when a celebrity is involved, people see an opportunity.

PLAYBOY: Has it made it difficult to carry on your relationship?

LOPEZ: It's difficult, but we're fine. All the stories ultimately are meaningless. The people who are writing them don't know me. They don't know him. They don't know my family. They don't know anybody. They said my parents didn't want me to be with Sean, but my parents would never talk to a reporter.

PLAYBOY: There were indeed reports that your parents object to the relationship, particularly after the incident. Do they?

LOPEZ: My parents were upset. How could they not have been? That morning my father turned on the TV and heard, "Sean Combs and Jennifer Lopez in nightclub shooting!" He thought I was dead. He didn't care who I was with or why I was there. He just wanted to know that I was OK.

PLAYBOY: Did you call to assure them that you were all right?

LOPEZ: I got to make a call at four o'clock in the morning from the police station. I didn't want to wake them up, so I called my manager and asked him to call my parents and tell them what happened and that I was all right. I knew they would be hearing about it in the press any second. He left messages for them before they even woke up. But they saw the news reports anyway and by the time I talked to them, they were a wreck.

PLAYBOY: Did the incident prompt you to insulate yourself more from the public?

LOPEZ: As guarded as I am when I have to be, I'm still very open. I'll go out by myself shopping or to a restaurant. I'll work out on my own. You never know who's following you or watching you, but it's like that for any woman and worse for somebody who is in the public eye. I view the shooting as an unfortunate incident and I try not to let it affect my life.

PLAYBOY: Did the incident change your relationship?

LOPEZ: Any extenuating circumstance like that is going to have an impact. It definitely tests your boundaries, but it also brings you closer. It does a lot of things to a relationship. All I can say is that we're OK. Right now we're OK.

PLAYBOY: For a long time, the two of you denied you were dating. Why?

LOPEZ: We were just friends for a long time. We'd done a video together and we'd hang out. He was always saying, "If you ever need anything, let me know." We hit it off, but as friends. Nothing more than that. People would be, "Oh, they're together!" But it wasn't like that for a long time. Then the dynamic changed.

PLAYBOY: Was there a specific moment?

LOPEZ: I always liked him as a person and I think he was always attracted to me. He always let me know that. But I just got to know him. I thought he was a sweet guy with a vulnerable side who really cared about me. I guess I just fell for him that way.

PLAYBOY: You have things in common. You're both from New York and both became successful very quickly. Is that part of why you related to each other?

LOPEZ: We respected and understood each other. We each understood where the other was coming from. But more important than the things that are similar are the differences, which balance us out. He loves to hang out, to go to parties and to be the center of attention. He's a really dynamic personality. People love being around him.

PLAYBOY: And you?

LOPEZ: I'd much rather go to work and come home at night. My life is quieter. That's me. We balance each other out. He gets me out and we enjoy ourselves. Sometimes I make him stay home. So the differences are complementary. We do have other things in common, like ambition, wanting to do different things with our work, having and realizing dreams. We both worked hard for what we got. We respect each other's business know-how.

PLAYBOY: Who's the more ambitious of the two?

LOPEZ: We're ambitious in different ways. He loves being a performer, but he's ambitious in business—his clothing business, record and publishing companies, his studio and restaurant. I'm ambitious when it comes to wanting to find that next good movie. I want to be the best actress, the best singer and the best dancer I can be. That's where my ambition lies, and I am relentless.

PLAYBOY: At Combs' birthday party, he told the world that he hopes you'll marry him. Will you?

LOPEZ: I don't know. You just never know how things are going to turn out. I've been married and I know how hard that is. I know what it takes for it to last. My experience also made me realize that you never know what's going to happen. If you had asked me when I was married, I would have said I'd be married forever to Ojani. I would have liked that. We divorced, but it wasn't for lack of love. But what you find out when you get married is that it's not only love that makes you stick together. It's circumstances, too.

PLAYBOY: What led to your divorce?

LOPEZ: I think wealth got in the way. The success.

PLAYBOY: When you met Noa, he was a waiter and aspiring model, while you were just getting started as an actor. That all changed with *Selena*.

LOPEZ: I think that kind of success can get in the way of a relationship. You can love somebody to death, but he's not willing to compromise and you're not willing to compromise on certain things. The world just gets in the way. Sometimes the timing is bad.

PLAYBOY: Given your current schedule, do you think you could handle both a career and a marriage?

LOPEZ: I'm not sure, but I'm better at dealing with it now than I have been in the past.

PLAYBOY: But whether it's with Combs or someone else, do you see yourself getting married and having children?

LOPEZ: Eventually. Those things are priorities. I want a family. I want to have kids. But I want it the right way.

PLAYBOY: Would it be difficult to have children and continue to make movies?

LOPEZ: It can be done. I think we could both have careers, but both people have to be totally committed to the family. That's the most important thing. Your career has to come second.

PLAYBOY: Is that possible with two people as famous as you and Combs?

LOPEZ: The things that were less attractive to me about Puff were his fame and all that. Those are the things I don't like. I'm drawn to a guy's strength, his strong presence. I like a strong guy with a soft heart. I'm not a looks person. Looks don't really matter to me. I'm very much a "you're beautiful to me" type of person. It doesn't matter what anybody else

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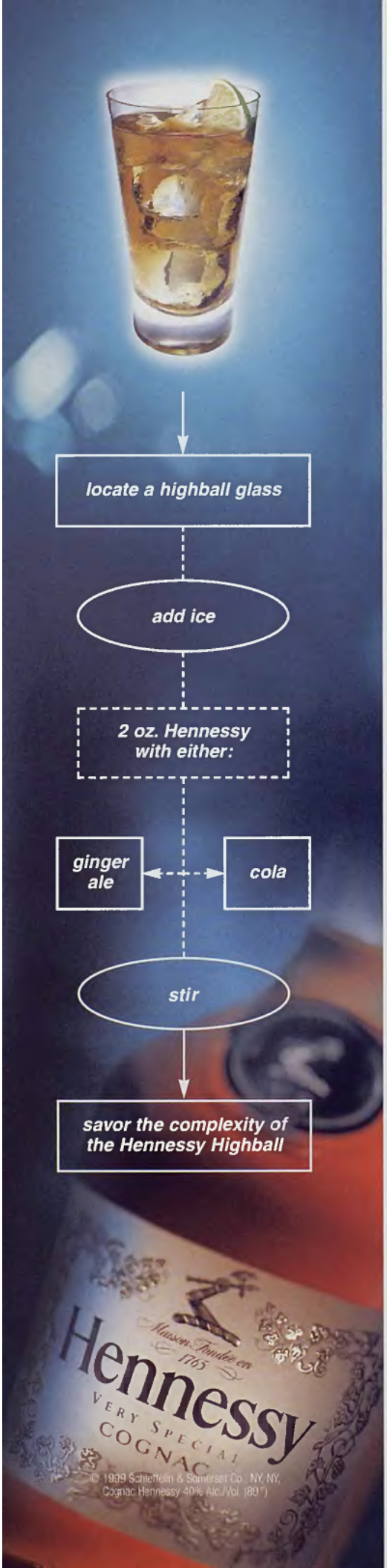

thinks. The outside stuff—looks, fame, success—isn't what attracts me.

PLAYBOY: In each of your latest movies, *The Cell*, *The Wedding Planner* and *Angel Eyes*, you play a career-obsessed woman without much time for a personal life. While playing those women, did you ever consider how much you are like them?

LOPEZ: I never thought about the fact that they had no life beyond work. But yeah, I relate to that. I work constantly. That's my life now: work, work, work. But I've been lucky in that I've always been in a relationship. In that way I'm different from the characters.

PLAYBOY: How have you chosen your recent movies—from a thriller to a comedy to a drama?

LOPEZ: I was reading scripts while doing my album. I picked the three with great characters. They're very different projects I had been tracking for a while. Actually, I read *The Cell* four or five years ago. It had a *Silence of the Lambs* feel. I knew it could be exciting with the right director. But at that time, I wasn't a bankable star. No one would take a chance on a movie like that with me.

PLAYBOY: When did that change?

LOPEZ: Things changed after *Out of Sight*. I had a meeting with Mike De Luca, the head of New Line Cinema. I told him I liked *The Cell* and he said, "Let's hire a director and do it." I liked the script because I could relate to my character and her tremendous capacity for empathy. She feels things, which is why she was chosen for a creepy science project—she goes into people's minds. She's willing to sacrifice herself by going into the mind of a serial killer.

PLAYBOY: Your prior foray into the horror genre was *Anaconda*, but it was much more an over-the-top, tongue-in-cheek movie about a giant snake's desire to eat you.

LOPEZ: *The Cell* is definitely different from *Anaconda*, which was more fun. This is scarier.

PLAYBOY: After a thriller like *The Cell*, what led you to your first comedy, *The Wedding Planner*?

LOPEZ: I read it and thought it was charming. I'd always wanted to do a romantic comedy. Since I'd never done one, it was pretty scary territory. My character is a focused, driven woman who puts her life on the back burner. At first, you don't know why. Her career is going well, but she has no life except for Scrabble games with her father on weekends. I could relate to someone being very focused on her career. She's a total romantic but sees what marriages can be, because of her job as a wedding planner. She puts on these fabulous weddings for people and makes it a beautiful day, but that doesn't mean the marriage is going to work. She becomes cynical. Of course, she then meets somebody she doesn't expect to meet and her life is turned upside down.

PLAYBOY: First you were supposed to play opposite Brendan Fraser, but he backed out at the last minute.

LOPEZ: I believe that God has a plan for everything. Matthew McConaughey signed on and everything worked out perfectly. I think it was supposed to be Matthew all along. The chemistry between us was great. He's a charming Southern gentleman.

PLAYBOY: Generally, are you now able to get the movie roles you want?

LOPEZ: I read *Gladiator* and wanted the part of the sister so bad. I thought it was a really interesting role. Now everybody's saying it's a great movie and I'm like, I knew it. I've always wanted to do a costume epic—get dressed up and make believe you're from another time. I met Ridley [Scott] and he was great, but I could tell he didn't see me in the role. I didn't know what his vision was, and I don't know who they cast, but I could tell I wasn't it the minute I went in.

PLAYBOY: Has being Puerto Rican ever affected your ability to land a role?

LOPEZ: I've always wanted to be perceived as an actress who can do a lot of different things—I can change my look, my hair color, do whatever is required. From the beginning, I wanted to prove I could do anything. It's why I've never taken the same kind of role twice, though a lot of it has been luck. I've had some remarkable opportunities. I got the Coppola movie, *Jack*, with Robin Williams, and that part could have gone to anybody. For the part in *Money Train*, a lot of actresses of different ethnicities—from African American to me—tested.

PLAYBOY: In *Out of Sight*, you played an Italian.

LOPEZ: Steven Soderbergh and I talked about the character and he asked me what I wanted to do. I didn't think it should be race specific. It wasn't important to the story. I thought, Let's just not say anything. He cast Dennis Farina as my father, so I guess I was part Italian. We never said what my mother was.

PLAYBOY: In that movie you participate in one of the sexiest love scenes we've seen in some time. It's unusual because of its lack of nudity. No clothes were torn off.

LOPEZ: I found it very classy. I give a lot of the credit to Steven, who decided to do the scene at a table, the two of us sitting opposite each other, talking through the whole thing. It was so cool.

PLAYBOY: Were you disappointed that the movie wasn't more successful?

LOPEZ: I wish more people would have seen it. After *Anaconda*, *Selena* and *Out of Sight*, Puff said, "You are big on cable and video, baby, big!" Still, *Out of Sight* was important for me. It put me past that ingenue status. People could see me opposite a big male star in an equally powerful role.

PLAYBOY: But *Selena* was your first star

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appropriately complex

turn. How did that movie change your life?

LOPEZ: After *Selena*, I realized, Oh, my God! This is happening to me. I can't walk down the street anymore. People know my name. They know who I'm dating. I had a lot of anxiety about it. Finally I was able to say, I'm the same person I was yesterday. I'm the same little girl I was in the Bronx. I'm just doing good—getting breaks, getting lucky. I thought, This is what I wanted, so I have to learn to deal with it. But it's weird. You have to be emotionally prepared to handle the changes. My manager at the time was also managing Jim Carrey, and Jim had just exploded. I asked, "Did Jim go through this?" His manager said, "Of course. Everybody goes through it." It made me feel better knowing that I wasn't alone. It was good to know the scary feelings were normal.

PLAYBOY: What was the toughest part of sudden fame?

LOPEZ: Realizing that people think they know you when they don't. People latch on to one thing and think they know you. They have said, "She's really ambitious," as if it's a character flaw [*laughs*]. I'm like, Wait a minute, I thought that was one of my best qualities! So you quickly realize that people want things to be negative. The press isn't about to say, "She works hard. She is really focused." That was the hardest thing to adjust to.

PLAYBOY: Early in your career, you gave a famous interview in *Movieline* in which you trashed Gwyneth Paltrow, Madonna and Winona Ryder. You also said that Wesley Snipes resented you because you didn't succumb to his passes. What actually happened?

LOPEZ: That was another really big lesson for me. When I look back, I realize I needed that lesson. I learned that you have to be careful how you state things, particularly for a print interview. It's different from TV, because the audience doesn't see you speaking. They don't see the context. But in black and white, it can be misinterpreted. It just made me more careful. It was a learning experience, a real hard knock over the head. In the end, the thing that bothered me was that somebody might have been hurt by what I said. Also, it gave people a false picture of me. I'm not a catty person. I've never been that way. Finally, I realized, over time, people will get to know me and that perception will go away. Thank God it has. Now when I do interviews, I say exactly what I mean. I don't leave anything open to interpretation.

PLAYBOY: Did you call all of the actors to apologize?

LOPEZ: I tried to. You do the best you can. Then the press blew it out of proportion. But I did the best I could to let people know. All I could say, wherever I could say it, was, sorry, it wasn't what I meant to say and it was taken the wrong way.

PLAYBOY: You've been on the receiving end of some catty commentary directed specifically at your physical proportions. Does it bother you?

LOPEZ: A big deal was always made about my physical appearance, even when I was young. It's because I was shaped a certain way. It was never anything negative, though. It was a joke. It was laughed about. You know, my mom or whoever would say, "Jennifer is——" and slap me on the butt or something. It was always loving and endearing. They never made me feel uncomfortable about it. Anyway, all the women I grew up with are exactly the same shape I am. So to me it was a beautiful thing.

PLAYBOY: But is it tough in Hollywood, where anorexia and breast implants are de rigueur?

LOPEZ: Yeah, there is this idea that thinner is better. Well, you don't want to be fat, but I'm comfortable the way I am. I'm not fat by any means. I'm healthy. I work out. I watch what I eat, like any woman does. You don't want to look unattractive in a bathing suit. But I don't believe skinnier is more beautiful than having some meat on your bones. Last year, a big magazine in Europe had women vote on who they thought was the sexiest woman. They chose me. I thought it was incredible. They could have chosen anybody. But they chose somebody with my body type. I think women feel heartened: "She's confident about the way she is. Why can't we be?"

PLAYBOY: Was your self-confidence tested when Chris Rock, hosting the MTV Video Music Awards, announced on national television that you had arrived in two limousines, one for you and one for your ass?

LOPEZ: Comments like that can be funny, though sometimes they're overboard. At every single awards show for the past year everyone has made the same joke. It's tired, you know? Get some new material. It does sometimes go over the line; it can be a little disrespectful.

PLAYBOY: Did you say anything to Rock?

LOPEZ: Chris sent flowers to me and said something like, "I love that type of body" or whatever. So why don't you say something nice? If you love it, then voice that. Don't say something negative.

PLAYBOY: In Rock's *Playboy Interview*, this topic came up——

LOPEZ: He talked about me?

PLAYBOY: He talked about how much he liked women with——

LOPEZ: A full figure?

PLAYBOY: Rock was a bit more direct than that. [*Hands her the interview*]

LOPEZ: [*She reads*] "What do you love physically about black women? Probably the black ass. I hate women who hide the big ass. Don't hide the big ass. It's for all of us. Share this gift. Share your big ass with all of us." [*She stops, looks up*] He's sick! [*Reading again*] "We don't have to touch it or anything, but don't hide the big ass. Let us see it. Let us worship it. Let us pay it compliments. Let us tip our hats to the big ass. Love the big ass. And I'm not alone. Brothers love ass. There was an episode of *Real Sex* on HBO. They went from a black strip club to a white strip club. It was so funny. The white strip club was all about tits. The black strip club, ass. It was all about ass." [*Shudders*] In truth, I could have done without his comment. I consider myself a normal person. I think it works better for my acting. You want to be real.

PLAYBOY: Do you turn your sexiness on and off? Are you even aware of how you project it?

LOPEZ: I think sexiness is comfortableness with yourself. If you think about who it is guys look at on the street, it's the girls with confidence. A girl might be walking around in a thong, and she might have cellulite. It doesn't matter. She's walking with real confidence. Guys just love her because she's comfortable with her body. Then you look at the girl who is thin but feels a little weird and doesn't know if she looks fat or not. She's pulling on her suit. Not sexy. Whether you've got a little meat on you or you're heavy or skinny, be comfortable with it. It's so funny that people try to change themselves into one thing. They get plastic surgery. They do all kinds of things to their bodies to look the same as everyone else. But the beauty is in diversity, so revel in the way you're different. I made up my mind early about that. I never felt weird about going to Hollywood knowing I didn't have the same body type as other people. My body made me different. It made people turn their heads.

PLAYBOY: You obviously felt comfortable in your body when you chose the awesome, revealing dress you wore at this year's Grammy Awards. Were you surprised by the incredible reaction?

LOPEZ: Totally. I thought it was great. I was totally flattered. Classy, sexy, feminine—those are the things I look for in clothes. I don't like anything that looks cheap. I don't go for overtly sexual things. I like things that leave something to the imagination—provocative but classy. I can wear the dress from Versace, or a Calvin Klein boatneck with no sleeves, or the Audrey Hepburn–type dress with a pair of low pumps and feel just as comfortable.

PLAYBOY: So how did you end up in that slashed-down-the-middle dress?

LOPEZ: I was working, so my stylist collected stuff for me to look at. She knows what I like. We try on different things and we take Polaroids to see how they photograph, since it's for TV and there will be paparazzi. Then I have to decide what I feel best in. I loved that dress. I'd seen it on Donatella Versace, who wore it to the Met one night. Two days before

(continued on page 152)

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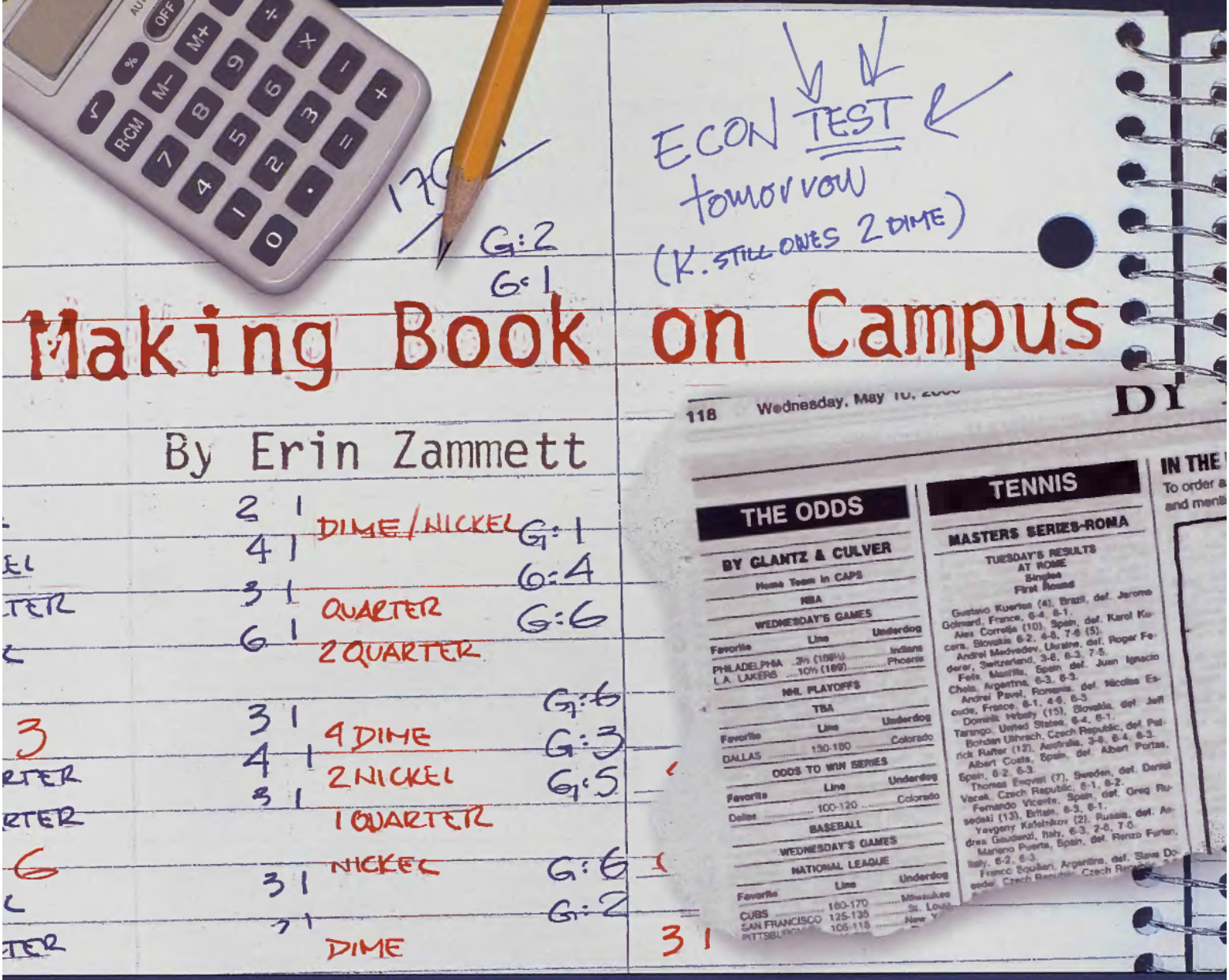


Making Book on Campus

By Erin Zammett

College students love to bet. How much? PLAYBOY talked to students at more than 50 colleges and universities across the country about their wagering ways. Odds are, you won't believe what we found.

A Big Winner:

"You see so much money in sports," said John, a gambler turned bookie at the University of Arizona, "you feel entitled to get in on the action yourself." John began placing bets with a campus bookie within a week of arriving at school, and when his bookie graduated, he inherited the operation. In his two years of taking bets, he made more than $150,000 from about 75 regular gamblers, mostly fellow college students.

He used the system favored by most college bookies. Each client got a number and maintained a running account, or "book." Nearly all communication was done by cell phone. The less everybody knew about one another, the better. He paid his tuition and his girlfriend's tuition, funded big parties, traveled and lived large. "Being at the top was definitely worth it," he said.

To limit his liability, John never accepted bets over $1000 and never let anyone's debt exceed $500. In a typical week he would do $50,000 in business and usually came out on top. In a busy week, he worked three or four hours a day and, in the last eight months of his operation, he netted around $80,000.

John's employees included a bookkeeper, a collector and several lower-tier "runners" (all students), who took the bets. Clients often called begging for credit, but John stuck to his rules. If a student could not pay him cash, John accepted bicycles, television sets and VCRs.

"And I never wanted to know who they were," he said, echoing other campus bookies who often draw a sharp line between friends and clients.

"It's a dangerous business. If I'd been caught I would have been expelled and probably prosecuted," he said. "We were always the winner in the end. Collecting bets is so much better than placing them, because the house always wins in the end." When John graduated last year, he left his operation to one of his runners who "showed promise." John himself still bets, but he has abandoned bookmaking for the risks of the stock market.

(text concluded on page 177)

guys in college bet millions of dollars a year on everything from the big game to whether or not they can nail that sexy teacher (and whether her boobs are real or fake)

Sex Bets:

How many girls can you have sex with in a semester? In this wager, guys usually put $50 in a pot and use a point system that assigns different values to different sexual conquests. Details vary from campus to campus, but it usually goes something like this:

Girlfriend: one point (You get one point for having a girlfriend to have sex with, not a point every time you sleep with her.)
Ex-girlfriend: one and a half points
Teacher: five points
Blow job: half a point
Blow job from a teacher: four points
Fat girl: half a point
Gorgeous girl: two points (must be certified gorgeous by every guy in the pool)
Follow-up with same gorgeous girl: one point
Anal sex: one and a half points
Pierced tongue: half a point

Most diverse list of sexual partners:

In this contest, conquests are categorized for diversity: redhead, blonde, brunette, athlete, cheerleader, Asian, Indian, African American, Swedish (and so on) each worth one point. At the end of the semester the top scorer takes the pot.

How many girls can you have sex with in one night?

How many girls in the new pledge class of a certain sorority can you sleep with?

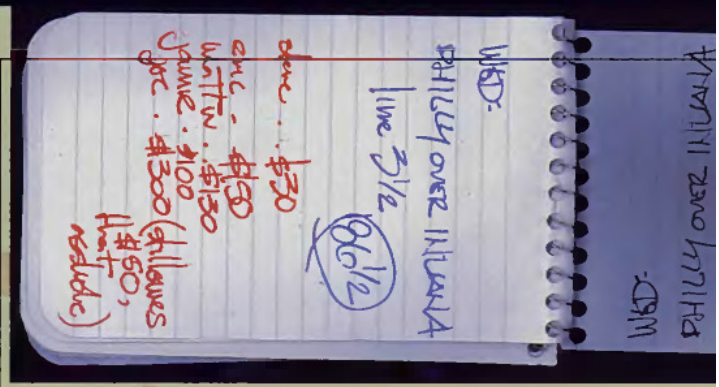
In many fraternities, the first new member who has sex on the fraternity seal gets $100, collected from other members of the pledge class.

Are her boobs real or fake?

Will she spit or swallow?

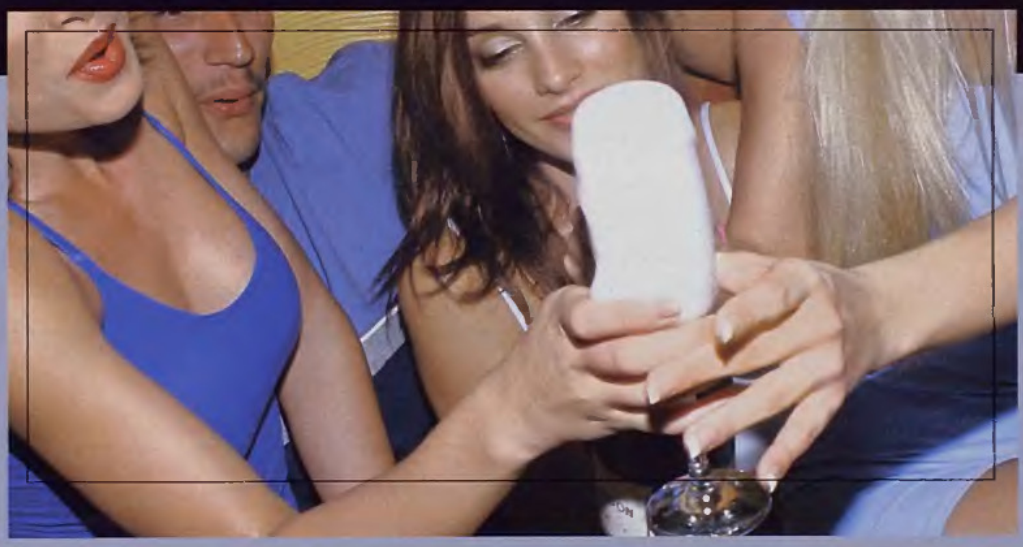
I'm Drunker Than You Are:

In this wager, popular at Ohio State, the University of Connecticut, Harvard, East Carolina, Penn State and Michigan State, the prop is a Breathalyzer of the sort police use to measure the level of alcohol in a person's blood. The contest pits two guys against each other. One of them calls for the device, often part of a bar's equipment, stored behind the bar and each gambler offers up his breath. The winner is the drinker who would be least qualified to drive, and the loser usually hands over $5—or buys the winner a beer—and tries to catch up on the next round. "Double or nothing" usually works.



The Sadistic Practices of Some College Bookies:

Begging didn't work. Nor did promises that they would be getting more money soon. But several University of Tennessee students were able to get more credit from their bookies when, with the bookies watching, they ate light-bulbs and spoonfuls of another student's vomit.

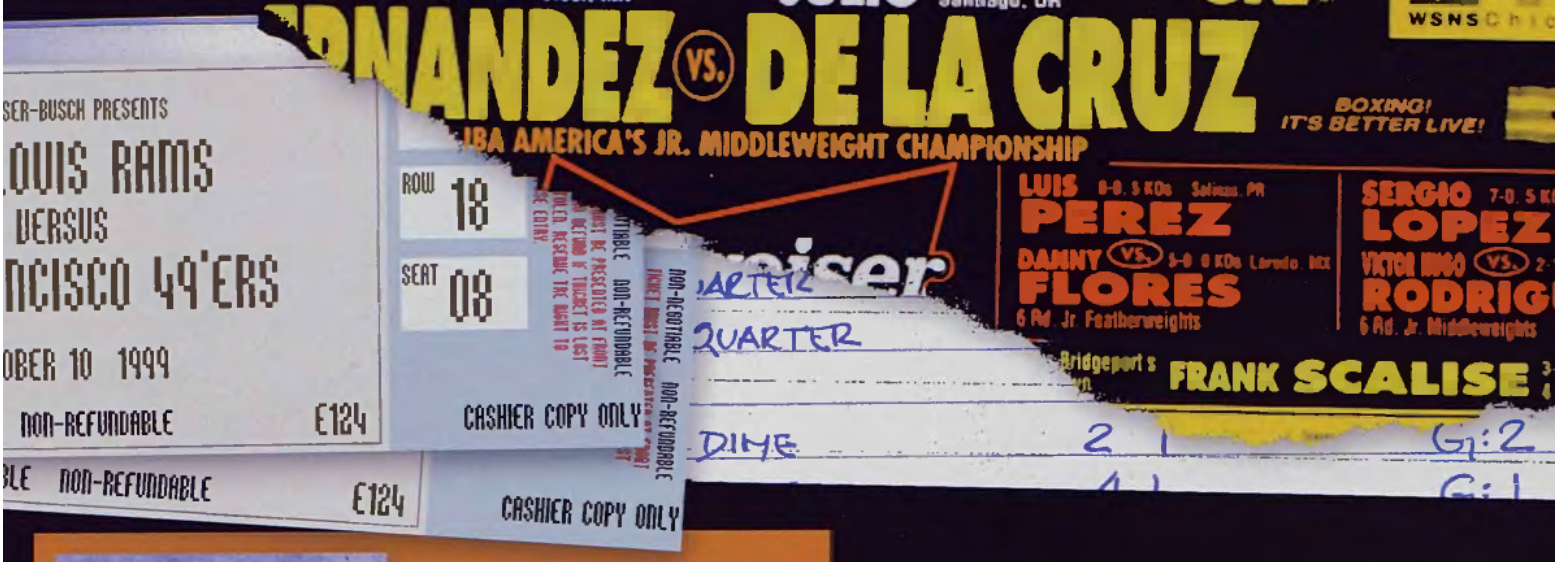


Only in College:

A group of students at Boston College were convinced that they had all done badly on a Spanish midterm. "So we started saying, 'I bet I did worse than you,' and 'I'll give you 10 bucks if you got an A,'" Jay recalls. "So I decided to make odds for the test and become the bookie for the Spanish class while we waited for the grades to be posted. I gave 1–5 odds to straight-up beat me, because I knew I did shitty and I didn't want to lose too badly. But then I gave 3–1 odds to beat me by five points and 4–1 odds to beat me by more than 15 points. I think I lost about 10 bucks. We're doing it again for the final. This time, of course, we have to make the odds before we take the test, or people might blow the exam just to win the bet."

More Proof That God Looks After Drunks (and Gamblers):

A Georgetown University student mingled shots of tequila with bolder and bolder online bets until he finally collapsed into bed. He woke up with the haziest memories of the night before—and dread about what he might have done. When he checked his online account he found it had $9000 more than when he had cracked the tequila bottle. "I don't call it a system," he said.



Busting Bookies:

Convicting a student bookmaker is tough. If the student is a first-time offender, authorities tend to look the other way, unless violence is involved. In 1998 a student bookie at the University of Florida hired a "collector," who happened to be a police informant, to persuade another student to pay his gambling debt. Law enforcement authorities quoted in *The Chronicle of Higher Education* said the bookie told the collector to employ "any means necessary—including breaking the student's fingers and toes."

Red Alert:

"I told my roomy that I ate nothing but red rope licorice," a student at Virginia Commonwealth University said. "He said I was exaggerating. I told him that in the name of science I'd eat nothing but red rope. He bet me $20 that I couldn't do it for a week. After three days, I was in the fetal position and shitting red stuff. I gave my roommate $20 dollars and proceeded to throw up for the next two days straight. I performed my experiment in the name of science and it failed."

Other College Bets:

Who won't be back next semester?
How long can you go without changing your sheets?
How long can you go without doing laundry?
How long can you wear the same jeans?
How many classes can you skip without failing?
How many days into the winter can you wear shorts?
Who will dare to defecate on a rival fraternity's property? (Often, an upperclassman will announce, "I have $20 here for the pledge who's got the balls to shit on their porch," or some other rallying cry.)
Who will be the first to drop out of the fraternity due to hazing?
How many days will Professor X wear the same sweater vest?
How long will the residents of a house, apartment or fraternity allow dirty dishes to sit around?
How many different meals can you make using ramn noodles?
Who will puke during drinking games?

The Sad Tale of the Silly Little Rich Kid:

"He was a total baller," recalled a friend of a well-heeled recent graduate of a New England college. For him, college was a blur of craps and blackjack at various casinos and routine bets of thousands of dollars on football games.

"He'd come home and say, 'I won six grand last night,' or 'Shit, I dropped nine grand last night.'" He could always get the money. And college bookies, usually his classmates, rarely displayed impatience.

After college, according to his friend (he refused to be interviewed), he moved to California and devoted all his time to partying, getting laid and gambling. He also met a real bookie, the sort who never went near a college. Very shortly afterward, he was down $32,000. His bookie was blunt. "Listen, bro, you're rich. So pay up," he said. Motivated, the young man sold stock, paid his debts and drew the attention of his father, who demanded that he attend Gamblers Anonymous meetings.

How to Get in Over Your Head:

Double up, double up, double up.

Video Game Gambler:

"If you say John Madden to any guy my age, he'll know what you're talking about," said Joe, a junior at the University of Tennessee. His gambling focuses on John Madden Football, a Sony PlayStation game. He has never bet on a real football game in his life, but he's a big-time PlayStation gambler. "It's like betting on your own performance. You have some control over the game. Everyone that comes into our room wants to play for money. It definitely brings up the intensity. One of our friends throws the controllers and hits stuff. He put a few holes in the wall too. He has a lot of rage. It's a tough game and it's pretty realistic. We play all the time so sometimes we pick old-timer teams, like the 1985 Bears versus the 1986 Giants, just to keep it interesting."

Joe's friends have established a John Madden Football season, in which each person picks a team and "becomes" them for a six-week season. All the players ante up different sums (usually $10) at the beginning of the season. If you miss a "game" or otherwise inconvenience the other players, chances are you get a $5 penalty. The player with the best record at the end of the season gets the whole pot. "You'd overhear these guys at parties talking about the upsets in their video game series. 'Did you hear Johnny lost to Mike today?' They'd rank their players, too," Joe said.

He stopped using his computer out of caution. "Even though you can delete files, experts can still locate them on your PC. Eventually I went to paper. You can burn paper," he said.

Techno Gambler:

Greg graduated in December 1999 with a science degree from a prestigious school in upstate New York, and gambling was certainly part of his education.

He began betting in his fraternity house. "You wake up on Saturday morning and there's nothing to do, so you throw $25 on a game," he said. He kept track of his gambling with an Excel spreadsheet on his computer. "I logged the date of each bet and described the wager, like 'took Rams for $200.' On the next column I wrote whether I won or lost and then I figured the math plus or minus the juice, which is the five to 10 percent the bookie takes. When it came time to square up on Sunday, I always knew where I was. All week, you win some and you lose some. It's important to keep track of how you're doing."

He eventually stopped using his computer. "Even though you can delete files, experts can still locate them on your PC. Eventually, I went to paper. You can burn paper," he said.

He doesn't see why some people want to suppress his hobby. "Who cares about $50 on a football game when there are five lines of coke sitting on the table? It's by far the lesser of two evils."

Here, Kid, the First One's Free (and So Is the Second, and the Third):

A group of gamblers at Richmond University in Virginia figured out how to make the most of an Internet gambling site that offered a one-time-only $25 credit to lure new customers. The site's backers were confident that a $25 giveaway would be a good investment and that no one could collect twice because a player's identification was registered when he logged on. But university computers do not record log-ons of individuals, and each time a student logged on, he received another free $25 to play with.

The Prize for Sloth:

In this popular campus endurance contest, the idea is to see who can stay on a couch the longest without getting up—or falling asleep. Brief bathroom breaks are permitted. Food must be delivered by a noncompetitor. A contestant can watch movies, play video games, read or talk to friends. He loses if he leaves the couch, even to change the TV channels if, as often happens, he loses the remote. A student at MSU claims the national title, with 28 hours of potatoness.

"If you're looking for Tarzan, he went for a walk with his monkey!"

"What girl doesn't wont to be in PLAYBOY?" asks boat-rocking sailor Sherry Lynne White, who chose o circuitous path to our poges. Her stops along the way include (left, top to bottom): Hawoii, in her dress whites; at a port in Russia in 1996, surrounded by Russion sailors for a bit of Sherry-style glosnost; skydiving in May 1998; and posing with Spike Lee after appeoring in his Navy recruiting commerciol last year.

NAVAL

join us in saluting a woman who's making waves

ENGAGEMENT

WHEN SHE WAS growing up in New Jersey, Sherry Lynne White had a couple of ambitions. First, she wanted to serve in the U.S. Navy, like her father and her cousins; second, she wanted to pose for PLAYBOY, like the beautiful women in her dad's copies of the magazine. And now she's done both—which has caused quite a stir on a naval base in Hawaii, where female sailors aren't supposed to pose for the most popular men's magazine available in the base store. "It's OK for men to look at, but it's not OK for the women to pose in," says Naval Information Systems Technician Second Class (that's computer whiz to us civilians) Sherry, who first heard that her superiors were displeased when PLAYBOY ran a photo of her in February's *Grapevine*. "They gave me the Junior Sailor of the Year award that day, and two hours later they gave me a letter of instruction [a nonpunitive censure] for appearing in *Grapevine*. And they asked me to contact PLAYBOY and ask them not to print any more pictures of me." She contacted us, all right—not to end her association with the magazine but to turn up the heat on a modeling and acting career that began a couple of years ago, when she began to work hard at getting in shape and found that she enjoyed bikini contests and calendar modeling. Since then, she's made appearances on *Baywatch Hawaii* and in a Navy commercial directed by Spike Lee. Now Sherry, who after eight years on duty is leaving the service in October (maybe sooner, depending on the fallout from this pictorial), is ready to pursue her new career. "I used to be a tomboy," she says, "and when I first got into the Navy, I loved blood and guts. But by the end of my fourth year, I turned into a girl somehow. I don't know what happened, but I'm going to go with it."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEN NISHINO

For these photos, Sherry spent five days at the lush Paul Mitchell Estate, on Oahu. (It's run by Overseas Connection: villasoftheworld.com.) "For five days we worked, but we took long breaks and went out to dinner every night," she says. "We had a fabulous time."

Sherry has done swimsuit modeling for a couple of years, but she had no problem doffing everything for the camera. "Gosh, it was nothing," she says with a laugh. "It was tasteful and professional, and afterward, I didn't even feel like getting dressed."

GALERIE MORPHEUS

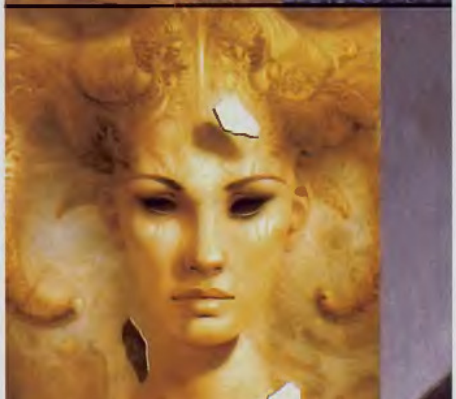
by robert b. desalvo

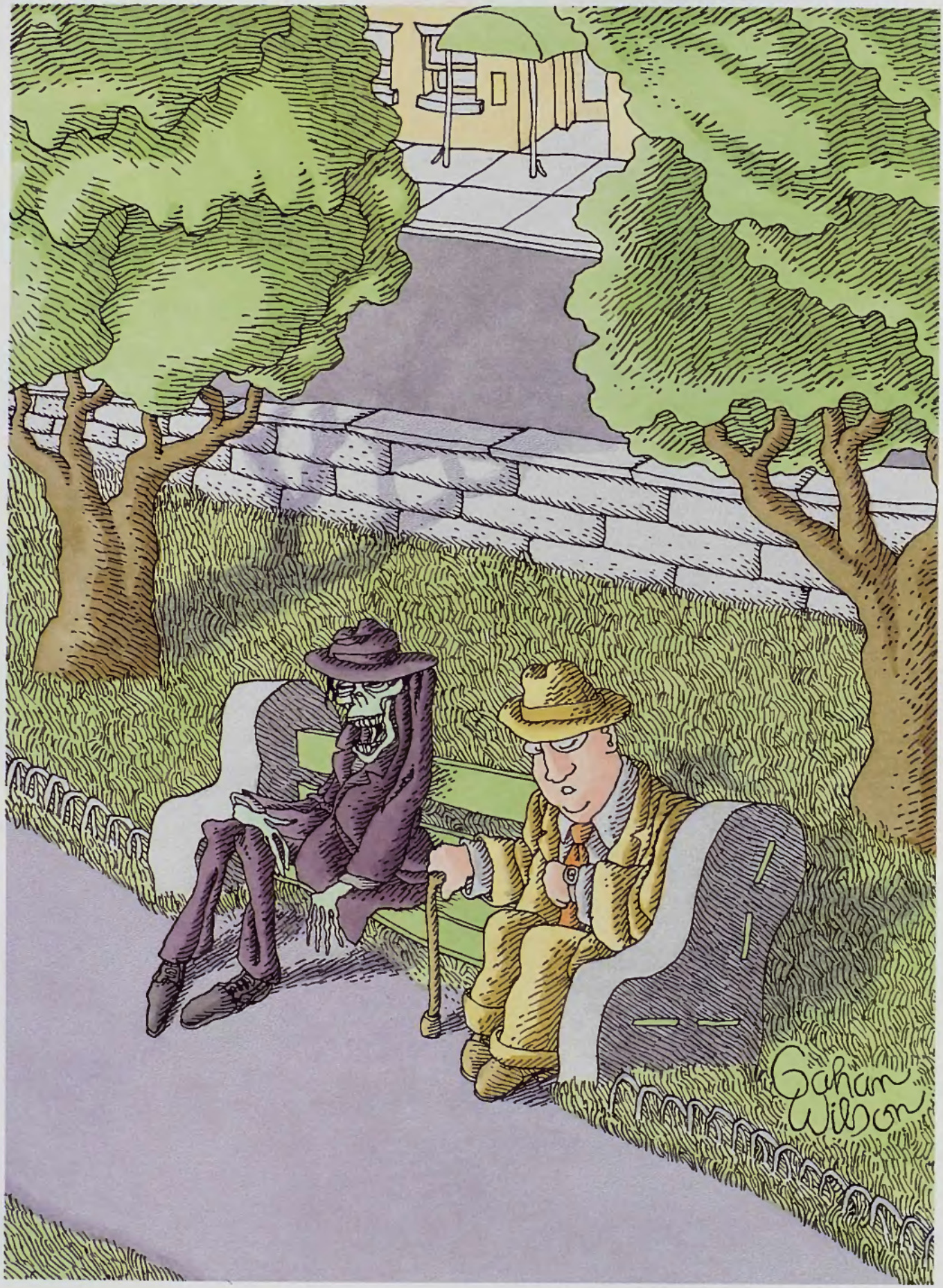
Edgar Allan Poe once asked, "Is all that we see or seem but a dream within a dream?" Had he lived in this century, he might have been referring to a subterranean netherworld in Beverly Hills dubbed the Galerie Morpheus. Opened in 1996, the six-room underground gallery is one of a handful in the world to feature surreal and fantastic artwork by such masters as Jacek Yerka, Wayne Douglas Barlowe, De Es Schwertberger, Zdzislaw Beksinski, Gérard Di-Maccio, Sebastian Kruger (whose renowned celebrity caricatures have appeared in PLAYBOY) and, most famously, H.R. Giger of *Alien* movie fame. "The gallery's paintings and sculptures range from the haunting and erotic to the spiritual and whimsical," says curator and publisher James Cowan.

Cowan founded Morpheus International in 1987 (with a $70,000 credit card loan) in order to publish an English-language art book of Giger's nightmarish but oddly erotic biomechanical visions. Two rooms in the gallery are devoted to the Swiss artist, one of which features a looming life-size Alien-head sculpture—as well as a head cast of Giger himself.

Unlike a lot of contemporary art (which Cowan insists "could be reproduced with equal facility by an astigmatic chimpanzee the morning following a prolonged drinking binge"), Galerie Morpheus works only with artists solidly grounded in the craft of painting. Most of the artists Morpheus nurtures are trained in Europe in the tradition of the Old Masters. In addition to the publishing and gallery operations, Morpheus licenses projects like a line of Giger figures for McFarlane Toys and a movie based on the popular book *Barlowe's Inferno* (director James Cameron calls it "an awesome visual work, taking us into a contorted landscape of the damned which Dante himself could never have imagined"). One could apply the same quote to the Galerie Morpheus itself.

Too weird for words: The Grip by De Es Schwertberger (top), Jack by Sebastian Kruger (above). Clockwise from below left: Li II by H.R. Giger, Gobi Lighthouse by Judson Huss, Landscape XIX by Giger, Burroughs by Kruger, Femme by Gérard Di-Maccio.





"Time for me to take off, but I'll be here tomorrow as usual."

The Black And White Sisters

I used to cut their lawn for them, before they paved it over, that is. It was the older one, Moira, the one with the white hair and vanilla skirt, who gave me the bad news. "Vincent," she said, "Caitlin and I have decided to do without the lawn—and the shrubs and flowers, too." (We were in her kitchen at the time, a place from which every hint of color had been erased. Caitlin was hovering in the doorway with her vulcanized hair and cream-pie face, and my name is Larry, not Vincent—just to give you some perspective.)

I shuffled my feet and ducked my head. "So you won't be needing a gardener anymore, then?"

Moira exchanged a look with her sister, who was my age exactly: 42. I know, because we were in school together, all three of us, from elementary through junior high, when their parents took them to live in New York. Not long after that the parents died and left them a truckload of money, and eventually they made their way back to California to take up residence in the family manse, which has something like 20 rooms and two full acres of lawns and flower beds, which I knew intimately. Moira wasn't much to look at anymore—too pinned-back and severe—but Caitlin, if you caught her in the *(continued on page 166)*

fiction By T. Coraghessan Boyle

moira wore white and caitlin wore black. no third color was permitted. they may not have been the craziest employers i'd landscaped for, but they came close

PAINTING BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

"Say, is this a Mini?" she asks. Chris gears up for a drive in a plaid shirt ($118) and trousers ($188) by Icarus. Note the pants: You'll be seeing red a lot this season. His jacket by Paul Smith costs $950 (that's about 630 quid to you, guv). The bird on his shoulder finds it all quite brilliant.

Playboy's

FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

THE BRITISH ARE COMING, THE BRITISH ARE COMING

It's a mod, mod, mod world. Somewhere on the way to Milan, designers of men's suits zoomed past Saville Row and never looked back. Dark and austere looks reigned, while traditional British styles were deemed much too conservative. However, this season American and British designers have forged a potent alliance. Their clothes have an indoor-outdoor feel and combine sleek modern cuts with classic cloth. Think of it as casual workware with Chelsea texture and Carnaby Street tones. Or British class harnessed to American energy. (It's a combination that works for almost every situation. You just have to know when to use it. Want to talk to that fox sitting at the bar? Be bold and American. Want to seduce her when you get there? Be charming and British.) Leading the charge

FASHION BY
HOLLIS WAYNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIELA FEDERICI

down the runway are the usual suspects from the UK: Burberry, Paul Smith and Nicole Farhi. They're joined by a relatively new player in the world of fashion, Holland and Holland—the legendary purveyor of guns, luggage and other manly accessories. American labels and designers such as DKNY, BCBG, Icarus, Maurice Malone and John Varvatos (formerly of Ralph Lauren) also developed their versions of Britannia cool. (Your new girlfriend wants to take you home to her parents? Be American and turn her down. She didn't take no for an answer? Be British and gentlemanly and win over her pops.) With contemporary tailoring,

Cor! At right, starting from the left, Galan wears a DKNY suit ($595), turtleneck by Burberry ($185) and Ray-Ban sunglasses ($79). That's a jacket by Paul Smith ($975), turtleneck by BCBG ($186) and Burberry trousers ($165) on Chris. Jeppe completes the group in a Holland and Holland blazer ($810), Nicole Farhi vest ($230) and Icarus trousers ($188).

Question: How do you update tweed for the aughts? Answer: Make it purple. Just follow Galan's lead with a three-button blazer and matching flat-front trousers by Holland and Holland ($1475) and Bob's your uncle. DKNY's turtleneck adds an American touch ($98) and Louis Vuitton's London loafers ($365) complete the look.

tweedy isn't twittish anymore. The best suits and separates bring flexibility to your wardrobe in a time of relaxed dress codes. They also lend a country aura to urban guys. Want a fresh look? This stuff can stand up to a breeze or a boardroom. On your body, the lightweight fabrics feel like they have built-in climate control. (Thinking about pulling over on Sunset and airing your bits and pieces for a hooker named Divine? Be American and keep driving. Need to apologize on national TV for yielding to your temptations? Be British and humble.) The colors of this year's boss tweeds and mellow cords are dark, red and foresty. They look heavy thanks to their texture, but they're not. Modern manufacturing now allows tweeds and cords to have laser-cut edges. That means no bulky seams at the cuffs. The raw edges also look more natural. It's as if the

Above: The Byron on the left broods in a Paul Smith jacket ($1325) and trousers ($350), and a Teflon-coated wool vest by Holland and Holland ($245, by special order). His shirt is Burberry ($135) with shoes by Paul Smith ($350). Young master Chris wears a Maurice Malone suit ($900) with a turtleneck by Burberry ($450). Opposite page: London's calling Jeppe, who's a handful in a suit by René Lezard ($875) with a Burberry sweater ($285).

techniques and the trends have come together for a whole new revival of English fashion. The advances in fabrics allow for a tighter silhouette and more layering (such as a turtleneck under a jacket). So throw out all your tired notions about the proper place of corduroy in high fashion. We're being treated to another sighting of the great wide wale of American myth. Cords are the answer to the question of what to wear in an increasingly casual world. These days you don't need a tie to appear important—or rich. Which brings us to our final lesson. Need to ask your boss for a raise? Be British and smooth. He says no to your request? Be American and show him the back of your burgundy tweed jacket as you walk out the door. And when he asks where you shop, tell him in the fashion pages of PLAYBOY.

ASSISTANT FASHION EDITOR: SAMANTHA SCHOENGOLO
HAIR: FREDERICK PARNELL/BANTRY
MAKEUP: JIM BREESE
WOMEN'S CLOTHING STYLIST: SUSAN JOY

Dr. Jokes

playboy profile **By David Rensin**

harold ramis is the comic force behind **animal house, caddyshack, ghostbusters, groundhog day** and **bedazzled.** now *that's* funny

Harold Ramis' résumé reads like a film festival of generation-defining comedies. As writer, director or actor (or some combination), he has been involved in *Animal House*, *Meatballs*, *National Lampoon's Vacation*, *Caddyshack* (*I* and *II*), *Stripes*, *Ghostbusters* (*I* and *II*), *Back to School*, *Multiplicity*, *Groundhog Day* and *Analyze This*. His latest movie is *Bedazzled*, a remake of the 1967 original that starred Peter Cook as the devil and Dudley Moore as the poor schlep who sells his soul for the love of a girl. This time Brendan Fraser is the hapless fellow, Frances O'Connor his object of desire, and Elizabeth Hurley brings out the devil in herself and us.

PLAYBOY: Let's start by revealing that you began your career at PLAYBOY, editing the *Party Jokes* page. You later did a few *Playboy Interviews*. Can we take credit for your success?

RAMIS: Sure!

PLAYBOY: You interviewed Dick Cavett, Rowan and Martin and Tiny Tim. How pleased are you that you've had a longer career than any of your subjects?

RAMIS: [*Chuckles*] When I interviewed Dick Cavett I thought, Gee, I want Dick Cavett to interview me. Years later, when he had a show on CNBC, he did. I reminded him of the *Playboy Interview* and he remembered my somehow driving him crazy. But I suppose being interviewed for eight hours would drive anyone crazy.

PLAYBOY: We'll try to keep it short.

RAMIS: Thanks. I may have to get back to directing this movie at any moment.

PLAYBOY: That would be your latest film, *Bedazzled*, starring Brendan Fraser and Elizabeth Hurley. Why did you want to remake the 1967 original?

RAMIS: I saw it when it came out. I was a huge fan of Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. I loved their smart stuff, especially *Beyond the Fringe*. *Bedazzled* was also a treat. Years later I mentioned it to Trevor Albert, who has been my partner for 21 years, and after we made a deal at Fox, he found out they had the rights and suggested trying to remake it.

PLAYBOY: In the movie, the main character gets seven wishes. If you had seven wishes now, what would they be?

RAMIS: [*Chuckles*] It goes back to *Groundhog Day*. It would be cool to do whatever I wanted to do—without consequences.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

RAMIS: I wish I could eat anything I want and not gain weight—but that's pretty shallow [*laughs*]. Sometimes I wish I could go back to being 21, knowing what I know now.

PLAYBOY: If you knew then what you know now, what would you know?

RAMIS: What to worry about and what not to worry about, that's for sure.

I feel I've already fulfilled the big desires and sampled enough of the things a lot of people might wish for. I know what it's like to have money—more money than I ever thought I would have, though not as much, obviously, as some people have. And I'm well known enough to understand what that's all about. And I indulged myself in lots of, uh, fantasy behavior when I was younger. [*Pauses*] I wish I could fly unaided.

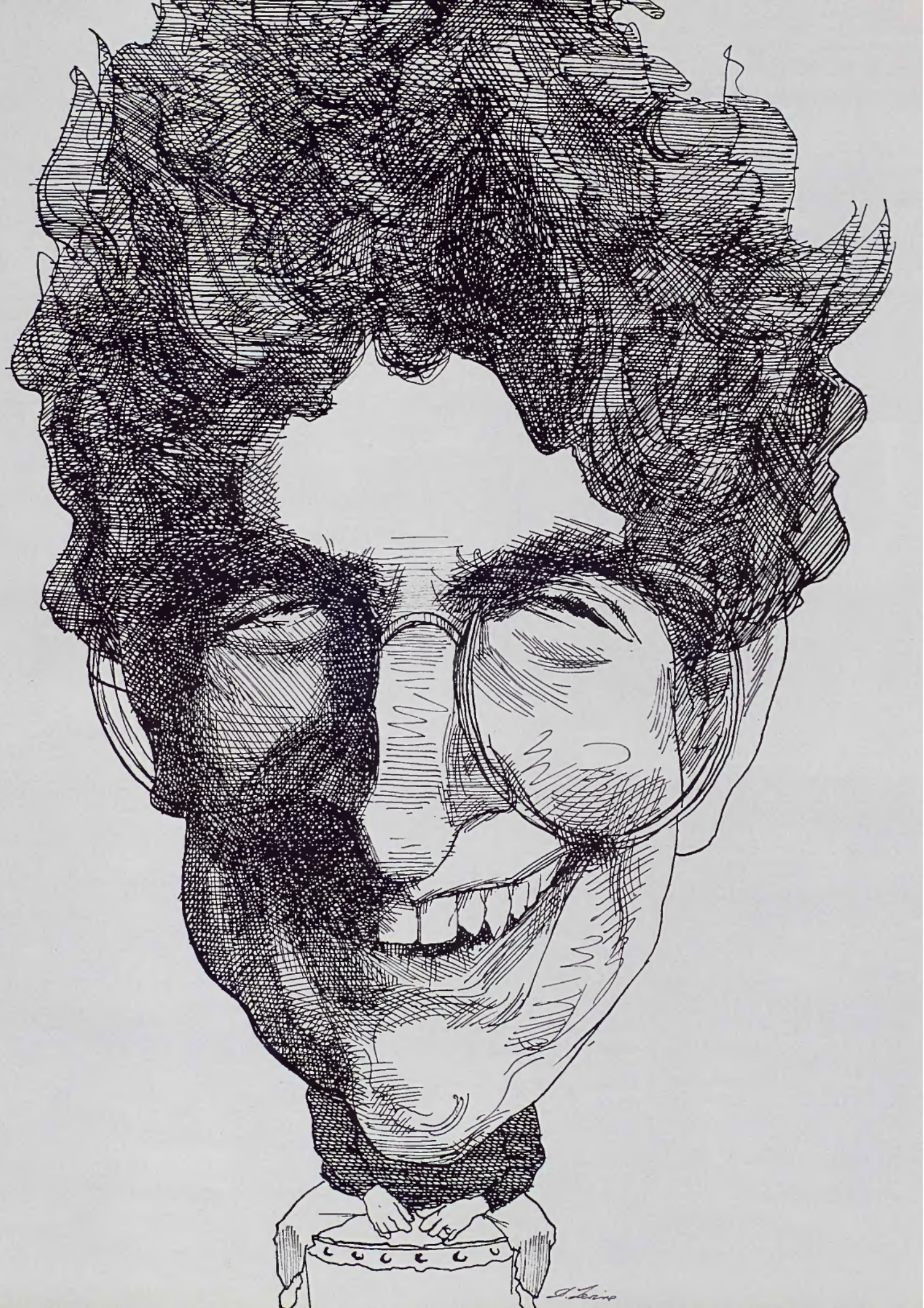
PLAYBOY: You'd rather fly than be invisible?

RAMIS: Those are both good.

PLAYBOY: Why cast a woman as the devil?

RAMIS: I was lying in bed with my wife, saying, "Who could replace Peter Cook today?" She said, "Why can't the devil be a woman?" That's

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



Clockwise from top left: Director Harold Ramis shores a laugh with 12 step–challenged Al Franken in the *Saturday Night Live* crossaver flick *Stuart Saves His Family*. Rabert De Niro gets a grip on psychiatrist Billy Crystal and spoofs his gangster-role legacy in last year's blockbuster *Analyze This*. John Belushi is a toga-wearing booze mechanic in the Ramis-written mother af all party movies, *Natianal Lampaan's Animal House*. Meg Ryan cocks her pistol in the security-guard farce *Armed and Dangerous*. Ramis directs Andie MacDowell and Michael Keaton in the cloning comedy *Multiplicity*. Punxsutawney Phil watches Ramis and Bill Murray do the time warp again in *Graundhog Day*. Ramis, Murray, Dan Aykroyd and Ernie Hudson try not to cross their beams while saving New York City from the wrath of Zuul in *Ghostbusters*.

her knee-jerk response to all questions that have even a conceivable feminist answer [*laughs*]. I thought, Well, why not? Then, the more I played with the concept, it occurred to me that more than half the people I mentioned *Bedazzled* to only remember Raquel Welch in it. She had about two minutes of screen time, in red lingerie, playing one of the seven deadly sins—lust. Yet it made more of an impact on people than anything else in the film.

PLAYBOY: Name your seven ideal *Jeopardy* categories.

RAMIS: One is Foods That End in "Hamburger." What else? The Films of Harold Ramis. I've wanted to be on *Celebrity Jeopardy*. I watched them tape once. Alex Trebek actually greeted me from the stage: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have a distinguished guest, one of the Ghostbusters." In front of the audience, he asked

(continued on page 158)

"I think it's about time we had a little talk, son."

ALL'S FARE

miss september is a model of spontaneity

KERISSA FARE is a testament to how a positive self-image can help a woman bloom. As a former tomboy who grew up poor in Riverside, California, the fresh-faced 23-year-old didn't always have a love affair with the camera. "I used to run from it," she says. "I had low self-esteem and I always wore jeans and T-shirts with my hair pulled back—I was 150 pounds just a few years ago! I did my schoolwork and graduated early because I wanted to move out on my own." On her own at age 17, Kerissa learned self-sufficiency at an early age. "I was a latchkey kid. When I was 11, I cooked for myself and cleaned the house for my dad because he worked two jobs to support my brother and me. (Her mother left when Kerissa was young.) But I wouldn't change anything about my childhood—I'm glad I grew up independent and knew how to take care of myself."

Given her hardscrabble background, it should not come as a surprise that Kerissa is open to the unexpected. "I love to take risks and try new things," she says. The list includes waterskiing, roller-skating and jet skiing. Professionally, Kerissa has taken a stab at everything, from veterinary assistant to pool shark. "I've been playing pool for about six years," she says. "I got a fake ID when I was 17 and started playing in a local pool hall. I eventually hooked up with another girl pool player and we did a tournament together and won a trip to Vegas. It was really rad."

Harmony, an empowerment course that Kerissa took in Sacramento,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY AND
STEPHEN WAYDA

Kerissa radiates an uncritical amount of positive energy and attitude. "I talk to every man, whether he's ugly ar not," she says. "I always walk around with a huge smile on my face and everybody says, 'What are yau so happy about?' I'm just alive and I'm here and I have a lot going on that I didn't have before. It might sound really crazy, but I actually do get alang with everybody."

completely changed her life. "I became a woman after that course," she confesses. "I got in touch with myself and my femininity." Although people compare her to Claudia Schiffer and Pamela Anderson, Kerissa considers Marilyn Monroe a role model, especially after seeing one of her movies at the Playboy Mansion. "Marilyn was sweet and innocent, yet she wasn't," she says. "But she was friendly with everybody, male or female, and it wasn't threatening to her. Marilyn could talk to a man and treat him like a person and not feel like he was coming on to her. That's how I feel."

Now that Miss September's modeling career is on the right track with stints for Bacardi and the new Zebrahead CD, this single blonde's ambition is to find a man whose joie de vivre matches her own. "I like a guy with a great sense of humor, someone with a quick wit who I can have fun with," she says. "One time my boyfriend got up at seven in the morning and said, 'I'm going to make you a surprise. Go back to sleep and I'll wake you up when it's ready.' An hour and a half later, he blindfolded me and led me upstairs to the bathroom. I heard Sade playing and when he took off my blindfold, I saw that he had filled the Jacuzzi with milk and little flower-shaped candles. He told me that Cleopatra used to take milk baths every day and that I deserved it, too. So he bathed me in milk and shaved my legs. That was something I'll never, ever forget. It was amazing." We suspect they both milked the experience for all it was worth.

"I believe you should always go for your dream," says Kerissa. "Don't ever feel like you can't do something. A lot of people think they have to work the normal job or do what their parents tell them to do. Always strive for the impossible, because the impossible is sometimes within your reach."

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Kerissa Fare

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kerissa Fare

BUST: 34D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'8½" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 12-31-76 BIRTHPLACE: Orange County, CA.

AMBITIONS: Professional: To create a career in the entertainment industry. Personal: To be in the moment.

TURN-ONS: Humor, Spontaneity, Versatile mind and a nipple ring ♡

TURNOFFS: Laziness, when a guy quits caring about his appearance because of comfort in a relationship.

SOME THINGS I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY: Bungee jumping & Skydiving! I can't wait!

IF I WEREN'T A PLAYMATE, I WOULD BE WORKING AS: a professional Pool Shark.

WHEN I FEEL THE NEED FOR SPEED, I'M: Blasting tunes in my Silver Bullet (2000 Eclipse), flying to San Fran ♡

Sweet 16th

Cheese H.S. pic.

My brief stint as cheerleader! RAH! RAH! RAH!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man wondered if having sex on the Sabbath was a sin, so he asked a priest for his opinion. "Sex is work," the cleric replied, "and not permitted on Sundays."

He asked a minister and got the same reply, so he sought out a rabbi. "My son," the rabbi replied, "sex is play."

"How can you be sure," the man asked, "when so many others have told me that sex is work?"

"If sex were work," the rabbi replied, "my wife would have the maid do it."

BUMPER STICKER OF THE MONTH: Save your breath. You'll need it to blow up your date.

The owner of a small deli was being questioned by an IRS agent about his tax return, which reported a net profit of $80,000 for the year. "Why don't you people leave me alone?" the shopkeeper said. "I work like a dog and I take only three days off a year, and you want to know how I made $80,000?"

"It's not your income that bothers us," the agent said. "It's these deductions. You listed six trips to Bermuda for you and your wife."

"Well, we deliver!"

A freshman and his date were writhing on the motel bed when the girl had a change of heart. "I suppose you're going to tell me now that you're waiting for Mr. Right," he said dejectedly.

"Don't be silly," the girl laughed. "I'm waiting for Mr. Big."

Why do most men prefer to marry a virgin? To avoid criticism.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: "Doc, I have a sexual performance problem," the embarrassed fellow confessed.

"Oh, that's not a problem for men anymore," the physician said. "Viagra does the trick. You take a little blue pill and your problems are history." The doctor gave the man a prescription and sent him on his way.

A couple of weeks later, the doctor ran into his patient on the street. "Doc," the man exclaimed, "I've got to thank you. This drug is a miracle! I've had sex 14 times in the past eight days!"

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," the physician said. "And what does your wife think about it?"

"I don't know," the man replied. "I haven't been home yet!"

As a passenger ship passed a small island, a bearded man could be seen shouting and furiously waving his arms. "Who is that?" a passenger asked the captain.

"I have no idea," the captain replied. "But every year when we pass he goes nuts."

E-JOKE OF THE MONTH: A doctor in a mental ward saw a couple of patients behaving strangely. The first man was sitting on the edge of his bed, clutching an imaginary steering wheel and making car noises.

"What are you doing?" the doctor asked.

"Why, I'm driving to Barcelona," the fellow replied.

In the next bed the doctor saw some energetic activity going on underneath the covers. Pulling them back he found a naked man lying facedown on the mattress. "And what are you doing?" the doctor asked.

"Well," the man confided, "while that guy's in Barcelona, I'm fucking his wife."

What's the difference between an accordionist and a 16-inch pizza? The pizza can feed a family of four.

A skeptical man went to see a fortune teller. "Ah," the old woman murmured as she gazed into her crystal ball, "I see you are the father of two children."

"That's what you think," said the man scornfully. "I'm the father of three children."

"No," the fortune teller replied, "that's what you think."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Two elderly women were sitting on the front porch sipping ice teas. One turned to the other and asked, "Do you still get horny?"

"Oh, sure I do," the other replied.

"What do you do about it?"

"I suck a lifesaver."

"Oh," the first lady replied. "Who drives you to the beach?"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"Stop applauding, damn it! You're making the lights go on and off!"

EASTERN HORIZON

THE WILDEST NEW WHEELS AT THE TOKYO MOTOR SHOW

cars by KEN GROSS

SUZUKI EV-SPORT

RENAULT FIFTIE

SUBARU FLEET-X

LEXUS SPORT COUPE

MAZDA NEOSPACE

Of the many innovative vehicles displayed at the most recent Tokyo Motor Show, we nominate five (pictured here) as ones we'd definitely like to see make it to the States. Let's hope the normally conservative Japanese car manufacturers hear our prayers. **Suzuki's EV-Sport** roadster proves that "green" cars needn't be boring. Powering the roadster is a clean-running electric motor. When the EV-Sport's battery pack runs down, a 400cc two-cylinder gas engine kicks in and keeps the car going until the batteries are recharged. Renault's partnership with Nissan means that some of the French firm's most innovative concepts may find their way here. If that happens, we think the **Renault Fiftie** coupe, which celebrates the 50th anniversary of the Ferdinand Porsche–influenced 4CV, should be one of the first models imported. The Fiftie is wide, with a relatively long wheelbase. Although very short, it's surprisingly roomy inside. Horizontal grille bars and a roly-poly roofline are two styling cues from the 1946 version. The entire roof slides open at the push of a button and a 60-hp four-cylinder engine is under the hood. Look for other carmakers to copy **Subaru's Fleet-X** experimental station wagon. Using lightweight materials such as plastic and aluminum, Subaru's engineers reduced the standard Legacy's weight by 30 percent without losing crashworthiness. With the Fleet-X' shorter and lighter four-cylinder power plant and resin windows instead of glass, its fuel economy increased by 40 percent. The new **Lexus Sport Coupe's** aluminum hardtop electronically folds and disappears into the trunk in 20 seconds. Inside the coupe there's walnut and leather galore. A 300-hp, 4.3-liter V8 engine with variable valve timings, mated to a five-speed automatic, hustles the Sport Coupe to 60 in under six seconds. This sleek 2+2 will replace current Lexus SC300 and 400 models early next year. The price? Figure on $60,000 or more. Mazda's rotary-powered RX-Evolv 2+2 concept car will reprise its much-missed RX-7 sport coupe, but the company's future lies in small vans, such as the **Neospace,** which uses the RX-Evolv's front-opening, half-size rear doors to optimize passenger access. "Floating" seats supported on a single thin strut, a sunken rear floor and a horizontally split twin tailgate help it accommodate a wide range of loads and functions. The dash panel midway between the driver and the passenger automatically adapts to the driver's view when the driver's seat is adjusted. Make a wish that we see most of these wheels here.

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

this season, the last are likely to be first, and vice versa

sports BY RICK GOSSELIN

Jerry Jones yearns for the days of yore when his Cowboys were winning Super Bowls and Dallas was the center of the football universe. Back then the NFL cherished its dynasties.

Jones purchased the Cowboys in 1989 and, playing by rules he inherited, built one of the deepest, fastest, youngest champions in NFL history. His Cowboys became the first team in history to win three Super Bowls in four years (1992–1995). They went to four consecutive NFC title games and won five consecutive Eastern Division titles. Jones may well have built the greatest team in NFL history.

But we'll never know: The NFL changed the rules on Jones. Free agency arrived in 1993, the salary cap in 1994, and dynasties disappeared in 1996 after the Cowboys won that third Super Bowl.

"I believe if free agency hadn't come in, Dallas might have won four or five Super Bowls in a row," Denver coach Mike Shanahan says. "Free agency broke up a young, very talented football team."

The salary cap prevents teams from assembling a cavalcade of stars like Jones displayed in Dallas with Troy Aikman, Emmitt Smith, Michael Irvin, Larry Allen, Charles Haley and Deion Sanders. The salary cap limits spending by each team, so all 53 of your players can't become multimillionaires. Spending limitations plus free agency allow players who can't command superstar money from one team to get it from another. The Cowboys have lost almost 50 players in free agency since the window opened in 1993, including 13 who started Super Bowls.

The current system does not allow the good teams to stay good. It's designed to tear down the strong

The final play of Super Bawl XXXIV: Rams linebacker Mike Janes staps the furiaus bid by Titans receiver Kevin Dysan ta tie the game.

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

NFC EAST	Washington 12–4 NY Giants 9–7* Arizona 8–8	Dallas 7–9 Philadelphia 6–10
NFC CENTRAL	Tampa Bay 11–5 Chicago 9–7* Detroit 8–8	Green Bay 7–9 Minnesota 5–11
NFC WEST	St. Louis 11–5 Carolina 9–7* Atlanta 7–9	New Orleans 6–10 San Francisco 5–11
AFC EAST	Indianapolis 12–4 Buffalo 9–7* NY Jets 8–8	Miami 7–9 New England 5–11
AFC CENTRAL	Tennessee 12–4 Jacksonville 10–6* Baltimore 9–7*	Pittsburgh 7–9 Cincinnati 5–11 Cleveland 4–12
AFC WEST	Kansas City 10–6 Oakland 9–7 Denver 8–8	San Diego 7–9 Seattle 6–10

AFC champion: Indianapolis
NFC champion: Washington

SUPER BOWL CHAMPION:
INDIANAPOLIS

*Wild card playoff qualifiers

and build up the weak. So say good-bye to dynasties and hello to parity. Winning has never been more difficult for the Cowboys, 49ers and Bills—teams that dominated the NFL in the days before salary caps and free agency.

"It's like trying to catch a big fish on a small test line," Jones says.

What has parity wrought? In the past three years, six Super Bowl berths have been up for grabs. Five different teams have grabbed them. Only the Denver Broncos have doubled up. Eighteen division titles have been up for grabs. Seventeen teams have grabbed them. Only Jacksonville has won twice. Everyone in the AFC East has won a division title since the arrival of the salary cap. In today's NFL you can rebuild in one year, so there are no longer any favorites.

The St. Louis Rams couldn't muster a winning season from 1990 through 1998. They lost 99 games and finished in last place in the NFC West six times. But the Rams staged a worst-to-first transformation in 1999, bolting from a 4–12 record in 1998 to 13–3 and an NFL championship. The Indianapolis Colts orchestrated a worst-to-first turnaround in the AFC East, going from 3–13 in 1998 to 13–3 in 1999. The Tennessee Titans went five years in a row without a winning season, from 1994 to 1998. Last January they found themselves 13–3 and in the Super Bowl.

The draft also conspires for parity. Bad teams are rewarded with higher draft picks, which translate into better players. All those atrocious seasons in the Nineties gave the Rams premium draft choices. They picked in the top 10 eight times, and five of those selections—Kevin Carter, Torry Holt, Todd Lyght, Orlando Pace and Grant Wistrom—started in the Super Bowl. Compare that with the Bills, who didn't have a single top 10 pick in the Nineties, and the Cowboys and 49ers, who had two apiece.

So when you go looking for preseason favorites each season, forget about the winners. Study the losers. In today's NFL, winners don't stay winners and losers don't stay losers.

NFC EAST

The last time expectations soared to these heights in the nation's capital was 1992. The Washington Redskins were coming off a Super Bowl championship and fully expected to repeat. But they couldn't even repeat as division champs. One stadium, two coaches and five quarterbacks later, their Super Bowl visions are back.

Norv Turner finally delivered what he promised when he was hired as head coach in 1994—an offense that

(continued on page 144)

FLAWED
SUPER HERO
COMICS
OUT OF SHAPE MAN
I DON'T HAVE AS HARD A BODY AS THE OTHER SUPER HEROES.
MISUNDERSTOOD MAN
I DON'T CARE WHAT MY COSTUME SIGNALS TO YOU, I AM NOT GAY!
SORRY FOR HIMSELF MAN
WHY, WHY MUST I ALWAYS FIGHT EVIL-DOERS-
AND NEVER HAVE A MINUTE TO MYSELF?
BADLY COORDINATED MAN
OOPS-
SORRY!
INADEQUATE MAN
EVEN THE WOMEN I RESCUE WON'T GO TO BED WITH ME.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE GAY TO GET LAID

BUT IT HELPS!

article By Glenn O'Brien

It's time for all young men to understand the enormous appeal homosexual men have for today's heterosexual woman. I'm going to teach you how to be gay heterosexuals. Do you know what the word gay means, soldier? It means "full of or disposed to joy and mirth." It means lighthearted, exuberantly cheerful, sportive and merry. It means offhand, for God's sake! In the 16th century it meant brilliant, attractive, excellent, fine.

I'm going to teach you how to feign disinterest. I'm going to teach you to simulate good breeding and exquisite manners. I'm going to teach you how to be gay in the old sense of the word. I'm going to teach you how to comport yourselves on the verge of the effeminate when necessary. Because, men, when the going gets tough, the tough give one another a big hug.

My story begins back in elementary school. I was hanging around with sissies. I hung out with the guys, too. I played sports. I liked girls. But I had friends who were definitely sissies. We had many things in common. We liked to draw. We liked to go shopping with our mothers. When a macho kid called one of my sensitive homeboys a fairy or a fag, I felt embarrassed, not just for the nominee but for everyone.

Ernie Kovacs had a great character on his TV show called Percy Dovetonsils, a mincing dandified critic of just about everything. I loved him. I dug Clifton Webb, especially as the evil poison-pen artist Waldo Lydecker in *Laura*. I didn't know what it was, but I loved

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTOPHER BUZELLI

dandyism and foppishness. Percy and Waldo began my journey toward getting in touch with my outlandishly sensitive side.

I think my mother suspected. I had talent. I spent hours drawing. But something was up. By the time I was a senior in high school I had guilt feelings. I liked Oscar Wilde. Allen Ginsberg was gay. William Burroughs was gay. Jack Kerouac dabbled. What about Rimbaud? What was wrong with me? I wasn't gay. And I was head of the art club!

Things were better in college. My gay friends accepted me for what I was. I was still able to edit the literary magazine and write poetry. Then I moved to New York to go to grad school. I did what any self-respecting heterosexual bohemian would do. I got a job painting needlepoint canvases. I was married. My best friend, gay and out, said the problems in my marriage could be solved by my getting a boyfriend and my wife's getting a girlfriend, but that didn't work. Somehow we got it wrong and she got boyfriends and I got girlfriends. And then my gay friend, my wife and I moved up out of the needlepoint world. We got jobs working at Andy Warhol's Factory—a move we considered roughly equivalent to ascent into heaven.

This is where I discovered the terrible truth. The best place to land the most beautiful women in the world is in the company of homosexual men. Every night we went to the best parties, proud members of the world's greatest and most notorious entourage. Everywhere Andy went, we all went. Usually we would wind up dancing at a club. The clubs we went to were basically gay discos, but they were integrated in a way that no longer exists (as far as I know). We were a weird posse of gay and straight guys and straight girls with wandering tendencies. All the most beautiful girls loved going to the boy bars because they had the best music and they didn't have to worry about overeager and uncivilized hetero idiots hitting on them constantly. They only had to worry about us, the handsome infiltrators, the lavender pimpernels. But we didn't worry them that much. They could handle us. And occasionally they liked to.

The clubs were truly great. It was mostly guys and guys, but if you were fabulous you were welcome. We used to go to a club near the United Nations called Stage 45, which was mostly young black boys and the men who liked them. I remember how amazed I felt walking in there one night with Andy, Halston, the great Italian director Luchino Visconti, four or five girl superstars, two guys wearing a lot of makeup and Candy Darling, the world's greatest drag queen. Warhol, Visconti and Halston eyed the black boys dancing to *I'll Always Love My Mama*, and I eyed Donna Jordan, Patti D'Arbanville and Jane Forth, the models who hung out with Andy. Donna was a great beauty and always rude, which I found unbelievably sexy. I was always plotting to get Patti, but her interests were elsewhere. Those were wild times.

IT WAS LIKE SHOPPING FOR GIRLS. AND, LIKE IN "SHAMPOO," HE HAD THE PERFECT COVER.

WHAT MAN WOULD EVER SUSPECT HIS WIFE OF SLEEPING WITH HER HAIRDRESSER?

Of course, being a good-looking young guy in a club filled with gay men, you're going to get attention, and we did and we liked it. I have always liked attracting everyone, within reason. (Probably because I have never spent much quality time in jail.) Anyway, I never minded getting hit on or asked if I was a model or with the Australian ballet. It was cool. Everybody danced with everybody. I didn't feel threatened by dancing with Helmut Berger. I didn't mind it when the appalled natives of Barbados thought I was holding hands with a boy. It was Grace Jones.

One night I was sitting at a very wild and fun dance club called Tamerlaine. My friend, the Factory video guy, who was a handsome man with long hair and another practicing hetero, started holding my hand. I thought he was drunk. Later I realized he was just trying to pick up Tuesday Weld, who was sitting next to us. It was a period of mixed-up messages. Another night we went with our wives to a swinging couples club called Captain Kidd's Treasure Room. A couple of guys asked our wives to dance. The girls denied knowing us and their dancing partners said, "Yeah, they come in here all the time. They're fags. Why don't you dump them and come to a party with us on Staten Island."

I think the real beginning of disco happened in those gay men's dance clubs in New York, places like Tamerlaine, Stage 45, Nepenthe, Sanctuary (an old church painted purple), Le Jardin. They played an incredible mix of Motown, Philadelphia International and protofunk: Marvin Gaye's *What's Going On*, the Spinners, the O'Jays, James Brown, Aretha Franklin. The best dancers—gay or straight, male or female—wanted to be there. Everybody was friendly and if you were cool and looked good you could come in. A few years later the scene would change and clubs would keep straights out. I remember showing up at the front door of the Anvil one night with John Waters. We were both wearing suits and ties. John had his little pencil moustache. The doorman looked at us and said, "I'm sorry, gentlemen, this is a gay bar." John chuckled for hours.

The greatest womanizer I ever knew was a good pal of mine. He was a hairdresser, which you might consider being a heterosexual in a homosexual profession. He was, at his peak, the most successful hairdresser in New York, financially and heterosexually. Actually, hairdressing is more integrated than most people think. But my friend was the *Shampoo* character come to real life. He loved women and never tired of trying to make a new "friend." I was awed by this guy (to know what it is you really like and then do what it takes to get it). He was surrounded by beautiful models, beautiful rich ladies, beautiful receptionists.

I would go visit him and I'd say, "Hey, that new makeup artist is really gorgeous." His eyes would twinkle. "You like her? She is 18," he'd say in his amused French accent, picking up the phone. "Could you please send Wendy into my office?" And there she was. He let her stand there for a moment to put her on the spot, then introduced me. It was like shopping for girls. And, like in *Shampoo*, he had the perfect cover. What man would ever suspect his wife of sleeping with her hairdresser? He was a genius. He took his fantasy all the way. Then he gave up hair and womanizing and became an artist. Today he lives alone in a sparsely furnished small apartment and takes beautiful zen photos for his own pleasure. Just because Fitzgerald didn't have a second act doesn't mean other Americans don't have them. I saw my friend go from a cad to a Buddha.

Gore Vidal, who once spent a night with Jack Kerouac, the aggro hetero heartthrob of every bohemian chick of

(continued on page 164)

THE HOT, THE HORNY, THE HILARIOUS

40 YEARS OF GREAT LETTERS FROM THE FILES OF THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

For one holiday issue in the late Fifties, PLAYBOY poked fun at Ann Landers and Dear Abby. We reprinted letters from their newspaper columns, along with the marriage-happy responses, then provided alternate answers as a knowing bachelor might pen them. Hef found the piece amusing, and it inspired a monumental idea. "We should do our own advice column, for men, every month," he said. *The Playboy Advisor* debuted in September 1960, promising to answer questions on a wide variety of topics of interest to the urban man—from fashion, food and drink, high fidelity and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette. This month, the column celebrates its 40th anniversary. During his four decades of service, the *Advisor* has personally replied to more than 350,000 letters, 5618 of which found their way into print. A few of the best questions and responses are remembered here.

PATRICK NAGEL

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE BACHELOR . . . [SEPTEMBER 1960]

I'm sure other bachelors have been troubled by this problem—one that I've never been able to solve satisfactorily. Whenever I'm entertaining a young lady à deux in my apartment, it seems that the phone rings and at the other end of the wire is invariably another young lady wanting to talk. What's the best way to ease out of this situation, without letting either girl in on it?—J.B., Chicago, Illinois

When you escort a young lady into your apartment for an evening of your own design, nothing should intrude. Turn down the bell on your phone (in both the bedroom and the living room) in advance so it doesn't jar you or your companion. And if it rings, just gaze at the girl and murmur, "No matter who it is, it can't be more important than you," and don't answer it. The miss you're with will be delightfully flattered. The chick doing the phoning will think you're out, so she won't be bugged by visions of you and a competitor in an intimate situation. Wherever you are, including the bedroom, when the bell tolls, don't let it toll for thee.

HEF'S PLAYLIST [FEBRUARY 1961]

My bachelor apartment is stereo-equipped. I must admit immodestly that the feminine traffic is heavy. Usually, we mix a few drinks, I put some music on the rig and, well, one thing leads to another. My problem is this: I don't own any complete LPs* that are first-rate mood builders. The record makers seem to feel variety's a virtue (which it may be, under other circumstances), so a mood track is often followed by jump stuff that puts me right back at the starting line. Either that, or I have to pop up every few minutes to hunt for a fresh sound. Should I let the records keep playing after my favorite mood-sustaining specials are over, or continue with what I'm doing, or what?—H.W., New York, New York

Get yourself a tape deck and tape your tempting tracks in sequence. Use the 3¾ or 1⅞ inches-per-second speed, which should give you enough fidelity to suit your divided attention and enough time to unfreeze any woman. As an alternative, pick up copies of discs designed for those cozy hours. On the pop vocal side, try Frank Sinatra's Only the Lonely, No One Cares or In the Wee Small Hours, Peggy Lee's Pretty Eyes and Julie London's Around Midnight. On the pop instrumental slant, sample the Jackie Gleason ork sides—several with the glowing trumpet of Bobby Hackett featured—or the Paul Weston discs, including Music for Dreaming and Music for Romancing.

OH, BEHAVE [SEPTEMBER 1964]

Is it proper to remove a girl's fashion wig before making love to her?—S.L., Baltimore, Maryland

*An LP is a flat disc with grooves, once used to play music.

On informal dates, country weekends and any time before five, untressing is permissible—if your date consents, of course. But under no circumstances should you move to remove your partner's wig if you suspect (1) she's not wearing one or (2) she's bald.

OOPS [MARCH 1965]

It may seem silly, but things have reached a stage where I'm really getting worried. My daughter, who is 14, and a number of the other kids in the neighborhood have formed a real cult over the Beatles. They have built an altar in one girl's bedroom and they burn candles and recite Beatle prayers. Now their project is writing a Beatle Bible, which starts out "In the beginning the Beatles created the rock and the roll." If they weren't so darned serious about this, it would be funny. But when she doesn't go to church with us because they are having their own service in their Beatle church, I start to worry a little. Worst of all, we have to listen to that awful music over and over. What should we do?—M.D., San Francisco, California

"And this, too, shall pass away," said a sage about another plague at another time. We suggest you keep cool until the Beatle bugaboo likewise passes away, as it most assuredly will. In the meantime, when your daughter plays her records, do your listening with earmuffs. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

A CONDITION THAT PREDATES SEX [APRIL 1969]

After an hour or so of heavy petting, I often find myself in substantial pain in the area of my testicles and lower abdomen. I have tried, with no success, to correct this by using different types of undershorts. Can you tell me what this is, how common it is and, most important, what can be done about it?—O.L., Ithaca, New York

We've been told by medical authorities there is no scientific name for the pain you mention, but it is fairly common and is called blue balls in slang. Dr. William Masters said, in his Playboy Interview (May 1968), "When the male is sexually excited and approaching ejaculation, the testicles increase in size; the average size increase may be as much as 50 percent over the unstimulated norm. A young male who is forced to maintain this degree of local vasocongestion for a period of time—without release—may well develop some pain and tenderness." The problem comes not from your shorts but from your longings and can be prevented or eliminated by ejaculation.

DEEP THROAT TECHNIQUES [JUNE 1973]

My husband and I were inspired by the feats of fellatio that we saw in *Deep Throat*. We watched in awe as Linda Lovelace took into her mouth and throat all of a penis that must have been nine inches long. An article in PLAYBOY mentioned that she shared certain skills with sword swallowers. I was under the impression that sword swallowers used collapsible swords. What is the secret?—R.C., Burlington, Vermont

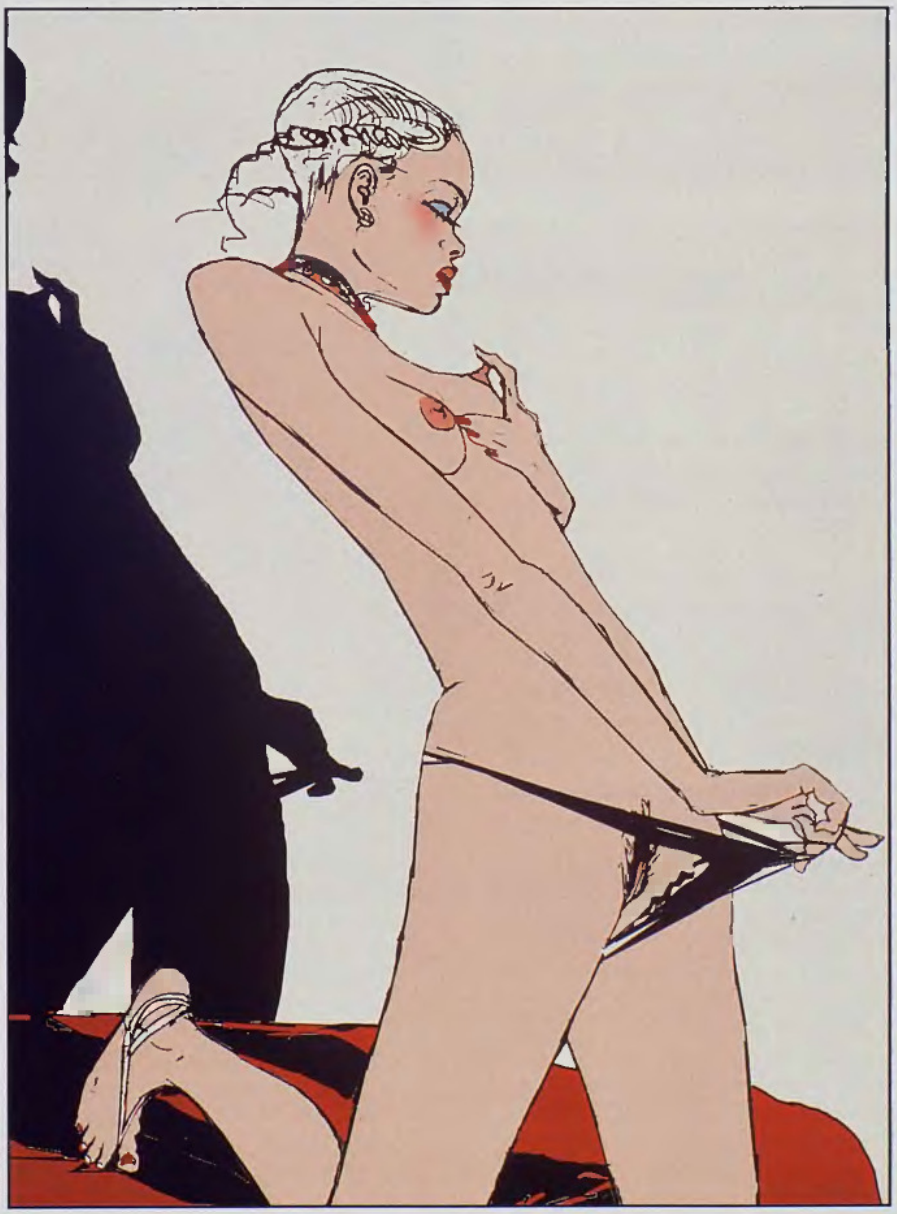
A professional sword swallower, who swallows real swords, says: (1) Throw your head back as far as it will go. This opens up the throat and allows you to accept an elongated object without gagging. (Lying on your back with your head over the edge of a bed is the most comfortable way to maintain this position.) (2) Hold your breath. (Impractical in this context: We suggest that you breathe through your nose. Linda Lovelace says she breathes around the penis on the outstroke.) (3) Practice with a blunt object before you attempt the real sword. (Linda says it took her three weeks before she believed that she could eat the whole thing.) A collapsed sword is the end, and not the means, of this particular trick.

TALE FROM THE CRYPT [DECEMBER 1973]

Glancing through a magazine recently, I noticed that one of the models had no nipples. I asked my boyfriend what had happened to them. He looked at me and said, "You mean you still have both your nipples?" He told me that a woman's nipples are often removed by a man in the heat of passion and that one person he knows used to have a whole jarful. They looked like dried apricots. I told him that this was ridiculous, but because my experience is limited, I'm not sure. What do you say?—F.R., Iowa City, Iowa

The model whose picture you saw may have been the victim of a careless airbrush or an overreaction to a Supreme Court decision. Possibly, she had inverted nipples. Tell your boyfriend that one erogenous zone is as vulnerable as the next and that you

(continued on page 172)



"Designated driver?"

Play it again, Sony

playstation 2—more power to you

by Jason Buhrmester

If you question the realism of the games created for Sony's new megapixel PlayStation 2, the opening sword-swinging scenes from Onimusha: Warlords should change your mind. The $299 machine packs a wallop unlike any other, in the form of a 300 MHz processor (compared with the Sega Dreamcast's 200 MHz). The payback is faster gameplay and smooth 128-bit graphics. (The original PlayStation's output was 32 bits.) In preparation for broadband, Sony plans to release an optional component that combines a 3.5" hard disc drive with an expansion bay—then you can connect a modem and stomp your international friends at Tekken Tag Tournament. Sony's new supersystem will also play CDs, DVDs and the majority of your original PlayStation games. But why spend time with those when Sony has promised 50 PlayStation 2 titles (at $50 each) before the year's end?

Onimusha: Warlords

This game's original score, performed by a 200-piece orchestra, will test the PlayStation 2's Dolby Digital sound. It's perfect background music for the game's tale of feuding samurai factions.

Gran Turismo 2000

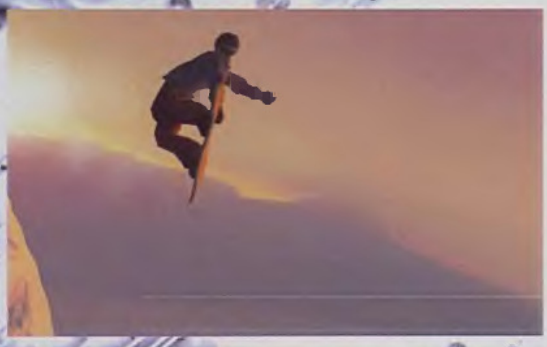
Gear for gear, Gran Turismo 2000 could be the most realistic racing game ever. Choose from various tracks, such as Monte Carlo and Tokyo, and 500 cars that include Alfa-Romeos and Ferraris.

The Bouncer

The beat-down goes on in Squaresoft's futuristic Bouncer. The 10-person fight scenes are a fist-filled test of the PlayStation 2's processing power as your group pummels rival street gangs—you hope.

ESPN X Games Snowboarding

This snowboarding game is as close to a mountain run as you can get without the spray of fresh powder on your face or a cast on your leg. Choose a rider and board before bombing the slope or half-pipe.



Madden NFL 2001

Helmet-popping hits and 40-yard bombs never looked better. The realistic sideline action includes scans of coaches' faces and actual recordings of them shouting "encouragement." Too bad Ditka called it quits.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

"My wife! My partner! My tape!"

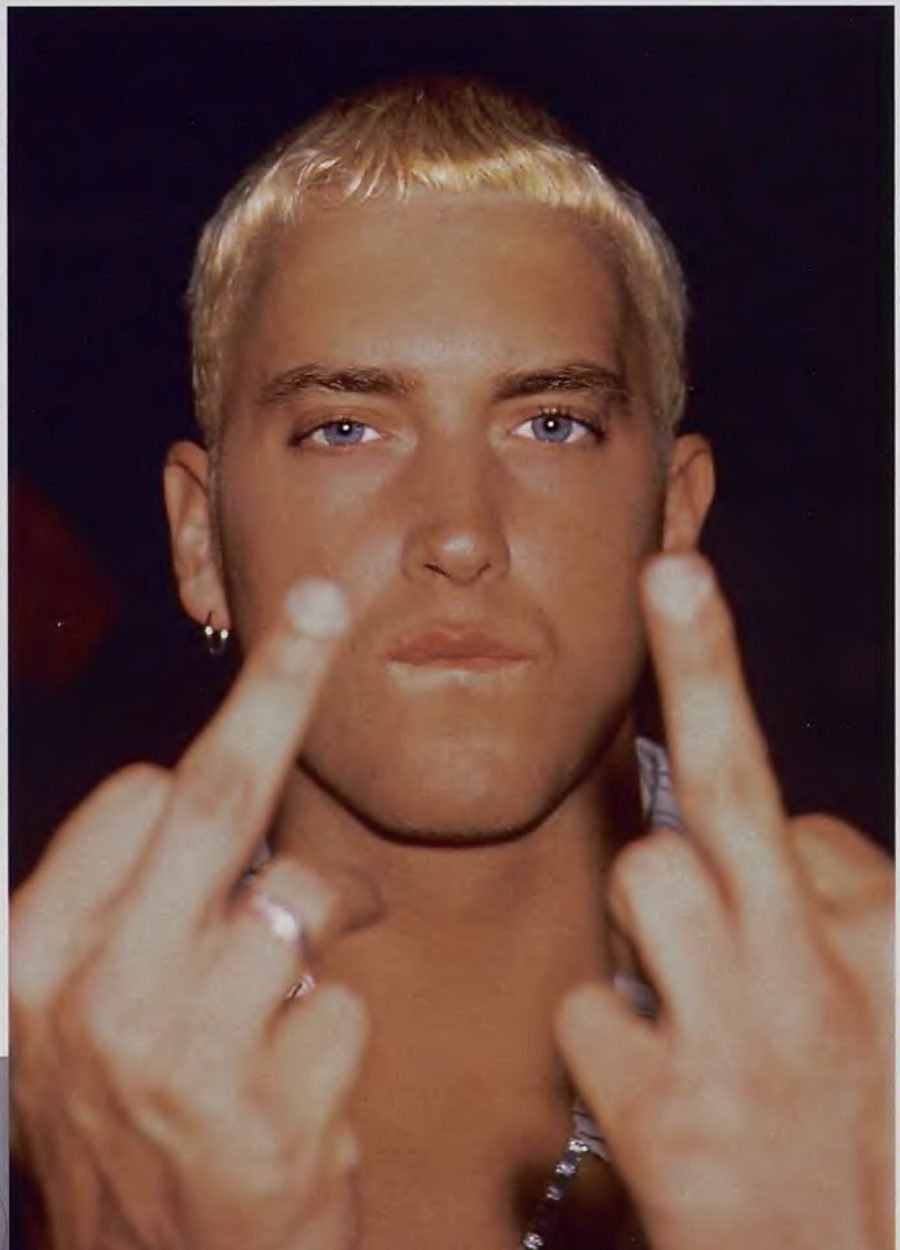
EMINEM

has made it, and the WORLD is going to PAY

black inside

With his tour de force *Marshall Mathers LP*, Eminem has taken America by storm. The rapper has been blamed for everything but acid rain. Em stopped defending himself for a few minutes to answer a few questions.

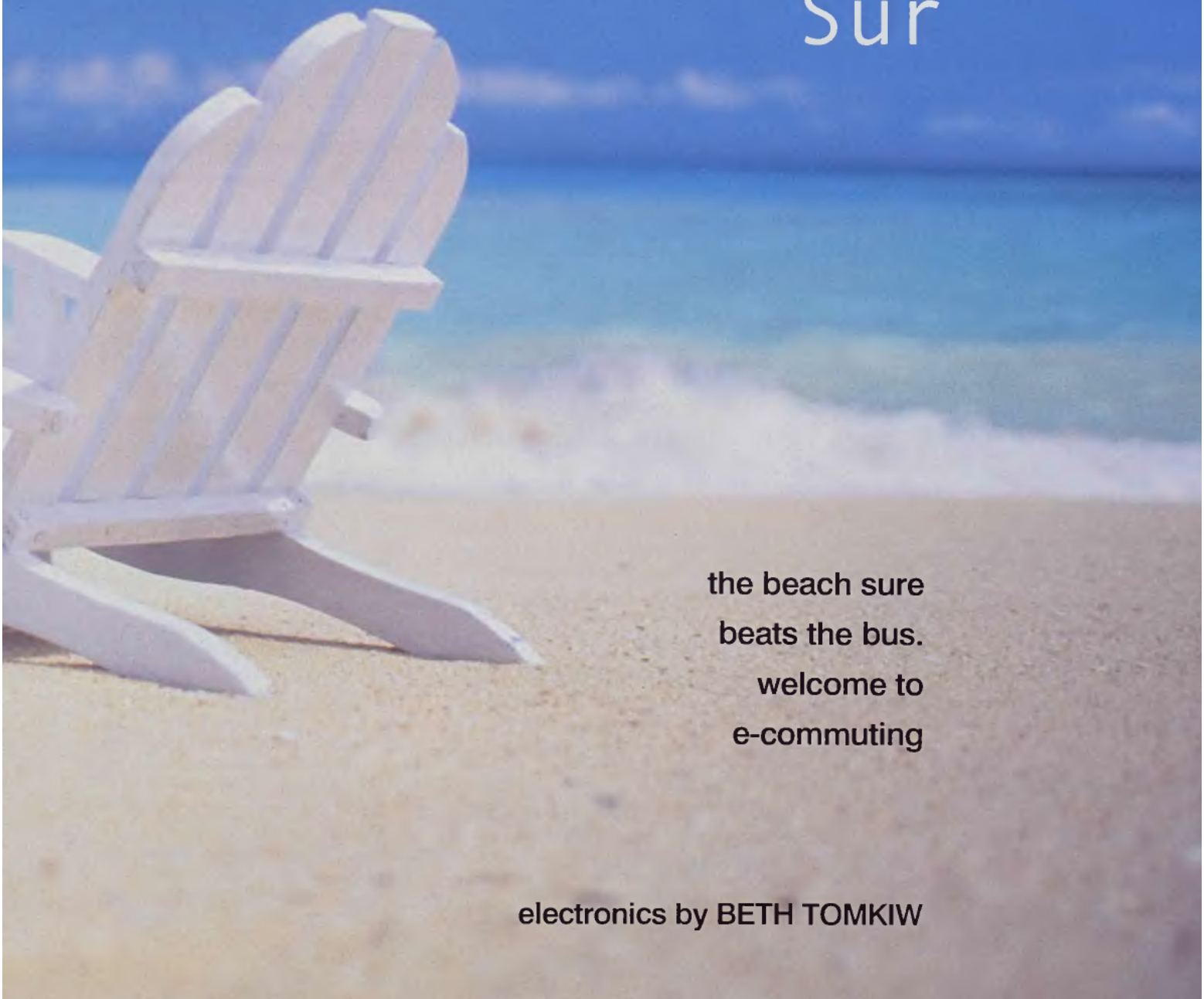
What's the worst job that you ever had?
Making fucking pizza.
What's the best thing to take for a headache?
Vicodin and Bacardi.
What's the worst thing about poor people?
Don't talk about my family like that.
Who's the best rapper of all time?
Rodney Dangerfield.
Which drug combination is to be avoided?
None.
What's the best medication for a cold?
Vicodin and Bacardi.
What's the best thing about Detroit?
White Castle.
What's the best way to avoid work?
To not go.
Where are you going to be when you're 50 years old?
In a nursing home, with plenty of condoms.



From Yes

So you're chucking the rat race to work at home? Join the club. More than 19 million people e-commuted in 1999 and in five years that number should explode. We took the liberty of preselecting eight dream locations—see *Where to Go* on page 126. If a better view or working in your bathing suit isn't incentive enough to jump ship or negotiate an arrangement with your boss, consider this: By eliminating the one hour an average American spends commuting each day you get back the annual equivalent of six weeks of vacation. To help you get started, we assembled specifics on what equipment the home office needs. Let's start with the basics. When buying a computer, go for maximum muscle. Opt for a Power Mac G4 ($1500 to $3500, depending on processing speed and storage) or a PC with a one-gigahertz Pentium III processor. There are three ways to go with printers: laser, ink-jet or multifunction peripheral. A laser printer is ideal if you plan to print documents only in black and white. If you add color, then an ink-jet model is the smarter choice. Our pick: The $300 HP DeskJet 952C, which has a second tray for photo images, saving you the hassle of changing papers. Multifunction peripheral means a device that

Sir To Big Sur



the beach sure
beats the bus.
welcome to
e-commuting

electronics by BETH TOMKIW

Where To Go

EIGHT REASONS TO TAKE THAT COMMUTE AND SHOVE IT

BIG SUR

Anyone who has driven the Pacific Coast Highway has been awed by Big Sur, 90 miles of rugged coastline stretching from San Simeon to Carmel. In the middle lies the tiny village of Big Sur, surrounded by dense forested mountains and rocky cliffs. The power of nature is absolute and has attracted individualists for years. **Biggest Challenge to Working at Home:** The local motto is Do Nothing. **Biggest Bash:** Big Sur Jazz Fest in early May. **Best Place to Meet Babes:** The Ventana Inn. **Most Fun You Can Have With Your Clothes On:** Sea kayaking during whale migration.

KEY WEST

For decades, the last inhabited island in the Florida Keys has attracted sportsmen, artists, partyers and renegades. Wander down Duval Street any night and you'll never want to leave. **Biggest Challenge to Working at Home:** Your hangover. **How to Look Like a Local:** Flaunt your eccentricities. **Best Place to Meet Babes:** Duval Street bars such as Sloppy Joe's. **Biggest Bash:** Fantasy Fest in October. **Most Fun You Can Have With Your Clothes On:** A dive trip to Dry Tortugas National Park, one of the world's least-visited places to scuba.

Above: Dell's Inspiron 3800 is everything a notebook computer should be—fast (thanks to an Intel Pentium III chip), lightweight (about six pounds) and durable (it gets about four hours of computing time on a fully charged battery). Prices start at $2200.

CRESTED BUTTE

A world-class ski area and a population barely into four digits make this our pick for an undiscovered Rocky Mountain hideaway. **Biggest Challenge to Working at Home:** Sno-Cat skiing on the chutes above the ski area. **Best Place to Meet Babes:** The Wooden Nickel, the town's oldest saloon. **Biggest Bash:** Fat Tire Bike Week—five days devoted to mountain biking and consuming one of Colorado's best microbrews, Fat Tire Ale. **Most Fun You Can Have With Your Clothes On:** Saddle up a horse and ride over Pearl Pass to Aspen.

HANALEI

The last big stop before you reach the end of the road on the island of Kauai is Hanalei. Many of the locals are surfers who came to ride the big rollers and never left. **Biggest Challenge to Working at Home:** The weather—86°F and sunny. **Best Place to Meet Babes:** Zelo's on Highway 56. **How to Look Like a Local:** Wear sunglasses but not shoes. **Most Fun You Can Have With Your Clothes On:** Hike the Na Pali coast, descending the trails to isolated beaches.

OUTER BANKS

North Carolina's Outer Banks are a paper-thin strip of land with beaches on both sides, little development and secluded houses. Skip the southern portion and head north, past the end of the road in Corolla. A laptop, a Jeep and a house in the dunes are all you will need. **Biggest Challenge to Working at Home:** Surf casting for your lunch. **Indispensable Office Furniture:** A rope hammock. **Natural Asset:** Hundreds of miles of empty beaches. **Best Place to Meet Babes:** Kelly's Tavern in Nags Head. **Most Fun You Can Have With Your Clothes On:** Hang gliding off sand dunes.

RED LODGE

Red Lodge, Montana could be the next Jackson Hole, sharing many of the same attributes: skiing, fly-fishing, white-water rafting and access to Yellowstone National Park. **Biggest Challenge to Working at Home:** The Beartooth Highway leading into Yellowstone. **How to Look Like a Local:** Get hip-waders and learn to fish. **Biggest Bash:** The Mountain Man Rendezvous in August, where you can wear a beaverskin cap. **Best Place to Meet Babes:** The Bull 'N' Bear—if you like country music. **Most Fun You Can Have With Your Clothes On:** Snowmobile, cross-country ski or snowshoe into deserted Yellowstone.

SOUTH LAKE TAHOE

Several ski resorts ring the lake, but Tahoe also offers great hiking and biking trails and lots of sunshine. Prices are low since the local restaurants, hotels and bars are subsidized by casino gambling. **Biggest Challenge to Working at Home:** The average 593 inches of snow that falls annually at nearby Kirkwood. **How to Look Like a Local:** Ski off a cliff. **Best Place to Meet Babes:** Planet Hollywood in Caesars Tahoe. **Most Fun You Can Have With Your Clothes On:** Ride the *Tahoe Queen* riverboat to Squaw Valley for a day of extreme skiing.

WHIDBEY AND THE SAN JUANS

No place is as wired for home offices as the Seattle area, and no place has so many getaways so close. Whidbey is the longest island in the continental U.S., and though it's connected to shore by a bridge, there are plenty of places to escape to. To cut all ties to the mainland, head to the San Juan Islands, served by regular ferry service. **Biggest Challenge to Working at Home:** Whales and porpoises waiting for you and your kayak to join them. **How to Look Like a Local:** Slap a FREE TIBET bumper sticker on your car. **Biggest Bash:** San Juan Island Jazz Festival in October. **Best Place to Meet Babes:** At the marina bars near the ferryboat in Friday Harbor. **Most Fun You Can Have With Your Clothes On:** Island-hopping by ferry and biking empty back roads. —LARRY OLMSTED

combines several functions into a single unit—usually a printer, fax machine, scanner and copier. Xerox, Brother, Canon, Panasonic and HP offer variations of the all-in-one device. Prices start at $600.

If you're used to a T1 line at work, surfing the web and sending e-mail via a dial-up connection will drive you batty. The solution is a cable modem or digital subscriber line service. But it's estimated that fewer than 15 percent of households in the U.S. have access to high-speed Internet connections. In the meantime, Hughes Network Systems, the company behind DirecTV, beams the web home through its DirecPC Turbo Internet service. By the end of the year, a new broadband service, Gilat-to-Home, will deliver the Net to subscribers of the Dish Network's satellite television service (with PCs only). Gilat-to-Home offers lightning-fast download speeds (up to 40 megabits), with outgoing files hitting cyberspace at rates three times faster than the fastest dial-up connections. New dish and receiver hardware are required and fees are expected to be comparable to the $30 to $50 per month charged by other broadband service providers.

As for a telephone, Panasonic's two-line KX-TMC98-B ($200) features both speakers and an optional headset as well as a digital answering machine and a 100-number directory. Sony, Lucent Technologies and AT&T offer comparable models, but the best home office telephone system by far is Siemens' Gigaset 2420 ($400). It includes all the features of the Panasonic phone, but allows you the option of adding up to eight 2.4-gigahertz cordless handsets.

When it comes to faxes, you can either buy a stand-alone machine or do your faxing via computer with software such as ProComm Plus ($130). If you have a stand-alone, you can use your computer for other things while sending faxes. Also, Internet portals such as Yahoo and Excite offer free e-mail and fax services that allow you to retrieve your documents through their sites.

If you prefer a plain-paper fax, Panasonic's KX-FPC141 ($330) combines a 900 MHz cordless phone, a duplex speakerphone, a 106-name phone directory and a plain-paper fax machine. A button on the cordless lets you signal the fax to kick in remotely. The machine can even be programmed to call your pager when an important document comes in.

A notebook computer is also a must. Many of the latest models—from Apple, Dell, Compaq, IBM and Gateway—pack nearly as much power as the best desktops. So if your budget allows for

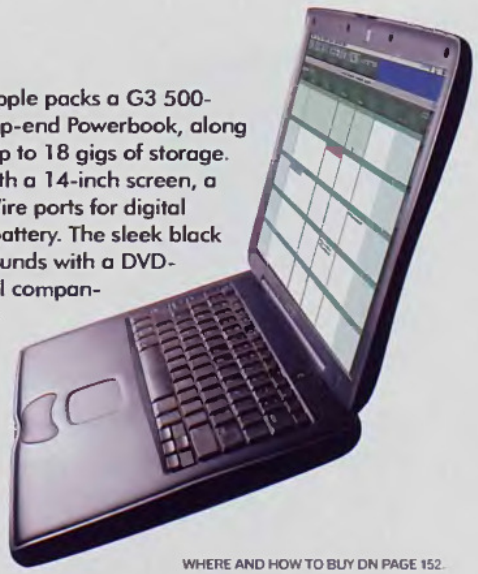
(concluded on page 163)

What you'll need

GEAR TO LIGHTEN YOUR E-COMMUTING LOAD

To get organized and get your messages, slip Motorolo's new Timeport P935 into your pocket. The two-way pager is about the size of a deck of cards ond it opens to reveal a liquid crystol display and keyboard. You can use the Timeport to send and receive pager messages and e-mail (from your company's server) as well as send faxes. The versatile device also grabs text-based information, such as stock reports, news and sports updates from the web. And it doubles as an electronic organizer (that syncs with your PC) and lets you beam contact information via infrared to similarly equipped computers and handheld electronic organizers. Price: about $400.

Nokia's 7100 is one of several new digital cellular phones that double as web devices. The 7100 uses wireless application protocol technology and a microbrowser to access information, such as football scores and stock reports, as well as e-commerce sites for shopping on the fly. The 7100's large, high-contrast display is easy on the eyes, and a Navi roller on the front of the phone lets you scroll through and select websites as well as your thousand-name phone book, schedule and a selection of four video games. Price: $200 to $300, depending on wireless service provider.



For maximum notebook muscle, Apple packs a G3 500-megahertz PowerPC chip into its top-end Powerbook, along with 128 megabytes of RAM and up to 18 gigs of storage. The $3500 portable also comes with a 14-inch screen, a full-size keyboard, up to two FireWire ports for digital video production and a five-hour battery. The sleek black Powerbook weighs under seven pounds with a DVD-ROM drive, making it o great travel companion. (You can kill flight time watching a movie or playing video games.) 8ut best of all, you can rig the Powerbook for wireless surfing via Apple's AirPort network (about $400). Connect the base station to the dialup or broadband jack in your home office and surf up to 150 feet away, indoors or outdoors.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY DN PAGE 152.

Seth Green

the pint-size movie star mouths off on short jokes, the casting couch and child stars

Mighty Seth Green has amassed a wildly eclectic filmography that most 26-year-old actors would kill for. A show business veteran of 20 years, he has played the young Woody Allen in Radio Days, the gothed-out slacker son in the two phenomenally successful Austin Powers films and a rock-and-rolling werewolf on the WB Network's cult favorite Buffy the Vampire Slayer.

At six, the son of a West Philly math teacher and an artist was on the road in an RCA/John Denver promotion. At eight, he was working opposite Jodie Foster and Nastassja Kinski in The Hotel New Hampshire. At 12, he played Woody Allen. In his teens, Green pitched Rally's hamburgers and did antismoking ads in a gas mask. There were miniseries such as Stephen King's It, and minor roles in Big Business with Bette Midler and My Stepmother Is an Alien with Kim Basinger. And Green managed to graduate with honors from high school.

Soon he was living in Los Angeles, appearing on Johnny Carson's Tonight Show and co-starring in David Mamet's American Buffalo at the Old Globe in San Diego. Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery landed him on Entertainment Weekly's "it" list. Among Green's 20-plus film appearances are Can't Hardly Wait, playing a wannabe-black kid opposite Jennifer Love Hewitt; Enemy of the State, playing a surveillance operative spying on Will Smith; and the forthcoming Knockaround Guys, opposite John Malkovich. Green also provides voices for animated series such as Fox' Family Guy and Batman Beyond.

Robert Crane caught up with Green in West Hollywood. He reports: "Although Green is only 5'4", he stands huge with his dedicated cadre of fans. Two teens followed him to the office, where he dutifully signed autographs and chatted with them. He is less eclectic than the roles he plays."

1

PLAYBOY: You're a chef creating a new recipe. The ingredients are Sarah Michelle Gellar, Jennifer Love Hewitt, Melissa Joan Hart and Sarah Jessica Parker. What can you come up with?

GREEN: The ultimate empowerment chick flick: *I Know What You Screamed Last Halloween While You Were Having Sex in the City With Sabrina's Teenage Witch Doctor*. Sounds like box-office poison.

2

PLAYBOY: Would there be room for a dash of Pamela Anderson Lee?

GREEN: That would guarantee overseas sales. Put them all in corsets and you have a deal.

3

PLAYBOY: *Entertainment Weekly* put you on its "it" list two years ago. How does one get "it," and when you get "it" what do you do with it?

GREEN: Apparently you have to have a good publicist. And as far as what you do with it, you just cross your fingers that you're still "it" the next year, which I wasn't. Thanks, *EW*. I guess you can only be "it" once. It ain't like tag, right?

4

PLAYBOY: What is Seth short for?

GREEN: It's short for Seth. There are two people in my life who call me Sethy. My sister has been known to call me Sethro. That's as far as it goes. I ran into a White House aide once who dared to refer to me as Sethenopolis. He was quickly corrected.

5

PLAYBOY: Let's pretend Seth is an action verb. What is Seth doing?

GREEN: Seth is doing it and doing it and doing it well. I'm gonna Seth you so good after this interview.

6

PLAYBOY: There are Dana Plato and Gary Coleman, then there's Ron Howard. How do you avoid the shoals of childhood stardom?

GREEN: I'm fortunate that when I was younger I never had one particular project that made me a recognizable celebrity. People have only recently started to know my name. The problem with a lot of child stars who've gotten into trouble is that they had too much too soon—stress, money issues, emotional issues. Suddenly you're not the same person everyone thought was so cute and funny. Ron Howard wisely stopped acting and got into directing and producing.

7

PLAYBOY: You're an aspiring producer. Who would you want on your casting couch?

GREEN: Susan Sarandon keeps calling and saying, "When are we going to make a movie together?" I keep saying, "Sue, just drop the dead weight—a.k.a. Tim Robbins—and we've got a deal." Meryl Streep left a message for me that said, "I'm desperate to have sex with you, and if we can work out a movie deal, that would be great." I'm like, "Mer, baby, wait in line, sister." I was sad when Jessica Tandy passed on, because things between us never worked out. I was getting angry messages from Hume Cronyn, saying, "Stay out of my business, you whippersnapper." Shit like that. What are you going to do? I have too much respect for the institution of marriage.

8

PLAYBOY: Have you had a casting couch experience with a predatory female casting director?

GREEN: Are you kidding me? I don't know if that situation exists. They usually go for the good-looking, buff guys who they think will be a great lay. They never seem to go for the short, stocky character *(continued on page 156)*

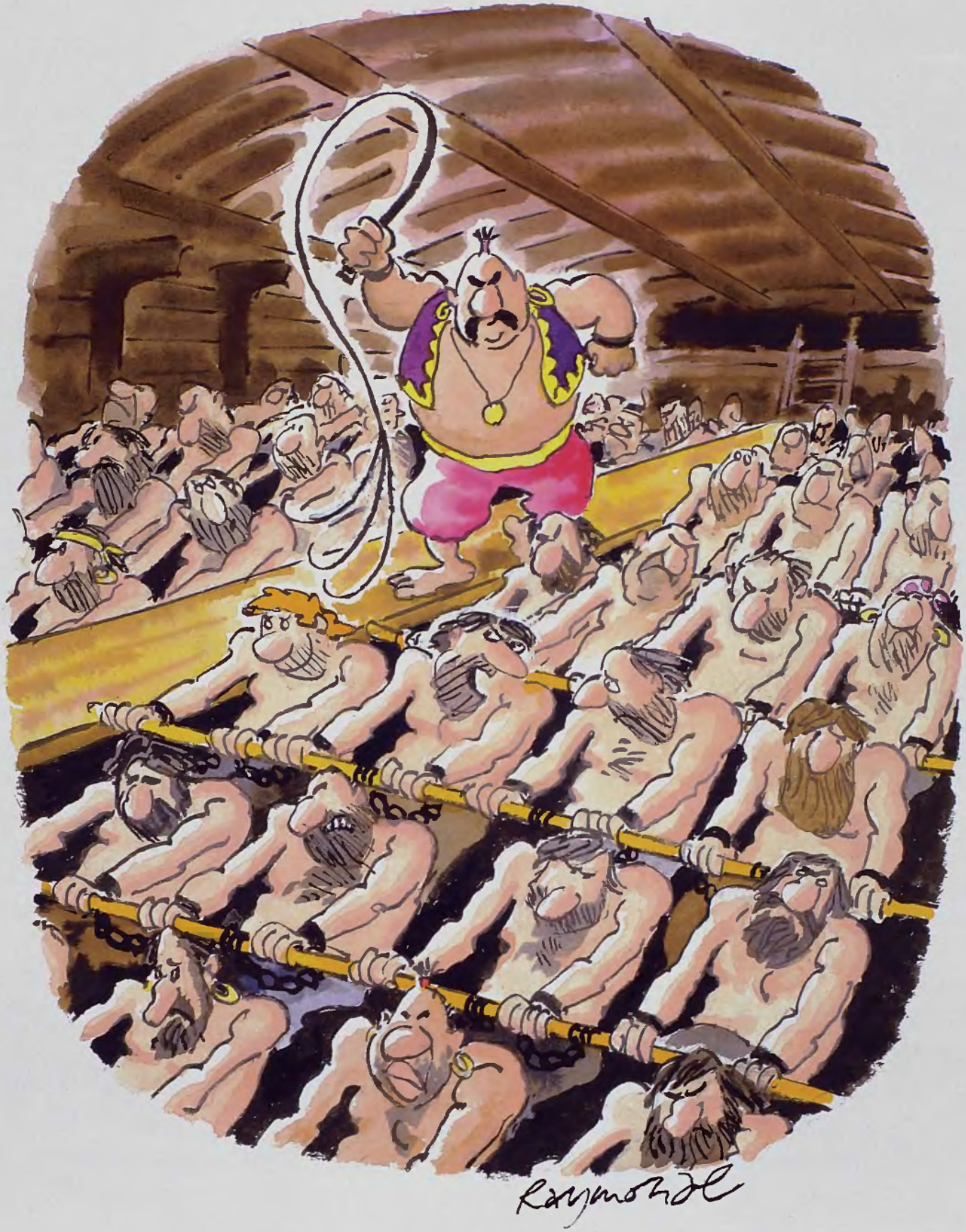
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIANA KOENIGSBERG

DIGITAL WEARABLES

GIVE YOURSELF A BUZZ WITH ELECTRONIC STRAP-ONS

Sneak a peek at the future—beeper-size computers, Johnny Socko watches, vocoder necklaces and smart badges that could change your life. A Los Angeles company called Infocharms is turning a science fiction vision into a stylish reality. Here's the vision: Wireless Internet portals built into anything—sunglasses, necklaces, pins—will provide instant access to the big wide world. Here's the reality: The first Infocharm product, called a Charmed Badge, is an electronic business card that stores information and swaps data with other badges via infrared technology.

On this page are some prototypes. Top row, left to right: The DigiLens display creates a personal screen. Lizzy is a complete computer—with keyboard, display and wireless modem—that clips to your belt. Then comes a trio of interactive display units—the one in the middle is the Marrs, a voice-controlled, wireless, Net-connected computer developed by the Army for use by aircraft mechanics. Middle row: two views of the LightGlove. This device functions like a mouse, allowing you to cruise the Net by pointing. Bottom row, left to right: This miniature computer has a barcode reader—perfect for the freelance grocer of the future. The Tekgear M1 has a microdisplay with a tiny LCD panel in the headset.



"I think Edwin here likes the whippings a little too much!"

SHARI BELAFONTE

this 24-hour woman is an unstoppable force

No one would ever accuse sexy multitalented Shari Belafonte of underachievement. The 45-year-old actor, model, singer, photographer, clothing designer and aspiring producer is so invigorated that she burned out three electronic assistants that field incoming phone calls. "I have such an energy thing that I fritz out computers and electronic gadgets," says Belafonte. "About once every six months something dies a horrible death!" she adds, laughing.

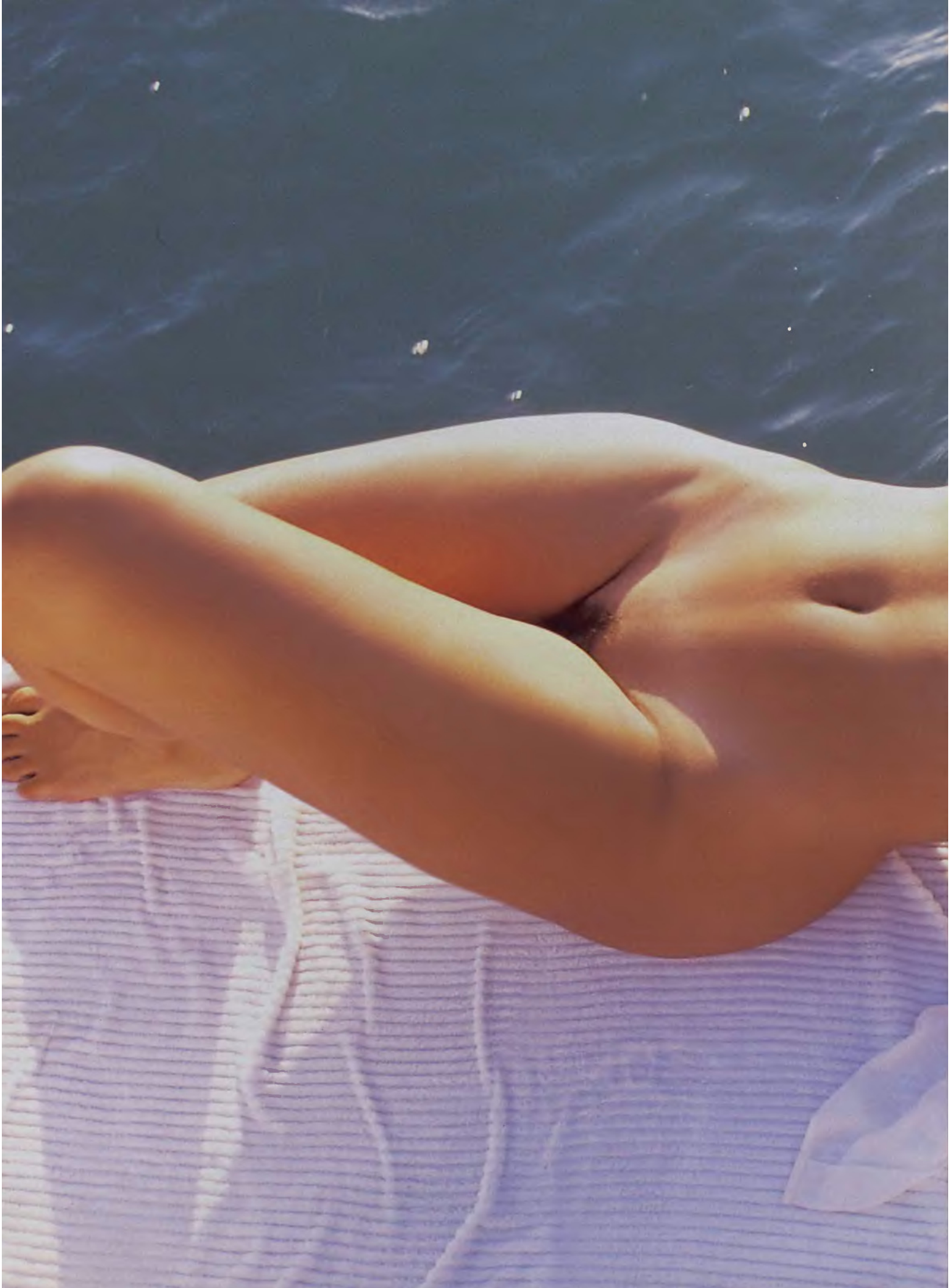
This endless energy has resulted in more than 300 magazine covers, starring roles on *Hotel* and *Beyond Reality*, over a dozen TV and theater projects, a hit album overseas, an eyewear line, charity work and her being named one of the top

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREG GORMAN

commercial endorsers by *The Wall Street Journal*. "I've always been on the periphery of show business because of my father," says Belafonte. "I think I have a sensibility that a lot of people don't who just come into it. I've seen how this industry chews up talent and spits it out. As a producer, I can be more protective of the total package, instead of putting my neck on the line as just an actor." Over the years, Belafonte has appeared in many TV movies. "I have always been more interested in producing than in being on camera," she confesses. "I think that I'm a good enough producer and creator that I can look at other people and say, 'This is what you need to get through this.' I've been good for people in that regard."

Belafonte is preparing to launch an interactive multimedia-enriched book on her new website, sharibelafonte.com. The project has been eight years in the making. "It has photography, music and, lo and behold, words," she says. "The music is radically different from my earlier albums—it's futuristic and electronic. As for the photography, I like taking pictures that are slightly distorted, a little off center."

Mercifully, her pictures in this layout are lovingly focused and right on target. Belafonte, who



declined to pose for PLAYBOY many years ago, decided the timing was right. "I thought, I look pretty good for 45. Damn ya, I'm going to do this so women can see what 45 can look like," she says. "My personal trainer was really happy because he knew I would be in the gym for six weeks until we shot it."

Unlike many Hollywood vets, Belafonte has a sense of humor about herself and her career. Her generous charity work, however, is no laughing matter. "I'm the international spokesperson for the Starlight Children's Foundation and almost every animal organization you can imagine," she says. Belafonte recently persuaded jewelers Edwards & Rellas to design pendants for SCF and donate 40 percent of the proceeds to charity. She also works with the American Cancer Society to help promote awareness of prostate cancer, which her father overcame.

So does Belafonte have a team of assistants helping her, or could she really be as busy as she looks? "I am," she says. "Half the time it seems like it's doing nothing, but very rarely does something get out there without my fingerprints all over it. At the end of the day, I sleep well."

Scream 3: The power goes off in the house where the cast is hiding, yet Ghostface still manages to send a threatening message via a fax machine that must have come equipped with a backup battery.

The World Is Not Enough: If Denise Richards had really shot up from the bottom of the ocean without a pressure suit, she would have died of the bends.

Duhh!

By Robert B. DeSalvo

Some of these films won Oscars, others made millions and the rest were iffy to begin with. What they all have in common are laughable blunders that range from slightly embarrassing to ludicrous. Judging by the evidence here, the filmmakers could have benefited by diverting a portion of their budgets to the research department.

Superman: Even though he can run faster than a speeding bullet and turn back time, Christopher Reeve still needs fillings in his teeth. Don't ask us where Marlon Brando bought his Rolex on the planet Krypton, either.

Gone With the Wind: Some argue that this is the greatest film of all time. Yet as Clark Gable carries a wounded Leslie Howard to his room, Olivia de Havilland lights the way with a lamp with an electrical cord.

The Lost World: Jurassic Park: You would be hard-pressed to find jungles of pine and spruce trees—with or without dinosaurs—in Costa Rica.

The Sound of Music: How did an orange crate stamped PRODUCT OF ISRAEL show up in Salzburg circa 1938, 10 years before Israel existed?

Psycho: Janet Leigh drives from Arizona to California with her car in park, according to her gear selector. If Hitchcock could show us how to drive this way, the gas crisis could be averted.

Stargate: The Eye of Horus is incorrectly identified by supposed Egyptologist James Spader—highly implausible casting in itself—as the Eye of Ra. Luckily for the filmmakers, the film didn't make a lick of sense to begin with.

Planet of the Apes: In the final scene, which supposedly takes place in the ruins of New York City, the sun appears to set over the Atlantic Ocean.

Pulp Fiction: Samuel L. Jackson and John Travolta are so slick that bullet holes appear on the wall even before they shoot the guy in the apartment.

The Shining: The hotel manager hesitates to tell Jack Nicholson the grizzly story of the previous caretaker. Inexplicably, the caretaker's name changes from Charles to Delbert during the course of the movie.

The X-Files: Contrary to the propelling plot of this sophisticated, thought-provoking flick, bees don't pollinate corn. Had Mulder and Scully known this, fighting the future would have been a breeze.

What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?: Marjorie Bennett calls Bette Davis and sets up an appointment for her son without an address. He shows up anyhow.

"That's my agent . . . he's got a two-picture deal he wants to offer you. . . ."

FOOTBALL (continued from page 112)

The great ones don't wait long. Peyton Manning's clock is at two years and ticking.

would make Joe Theismann, Riggo and the Hogs proud. The Redskins finished second in the NFL in both yards and points in 1999, winning the first division title of the Turner era. Stephen Davis led the NFC in rushing, and Brad Johnson matured into a Pro Bowl quarterback. But obscured by that divisional success was the fact that the Redskins couldn't play defense. They finished 30th in the NFL on that side of the ball. Only the first-year Cleveland Browns provided less resistance in 1999. That will change in 2000.

The Redskins dug into the deep pockets of owner Daniel Snyder and purchased three defensive cornerstones in free agency—end Bruce Smith, cornerback Deion Sanders and safety Mark Carrier. Smith ranks second in NFL history in sacks and has been voted to 11 Pro Bowls. Sanders has been to eight Pro Bowls and Carrier is a three-time selection with 31 career interceptions. Trades also landed the Redskins the second and third overall picks of the 2000 NFL draft, and they cashed them in for college football's premiere defensive playmaker (Butkus Award–winning linebacker LaVar Arrington) and best blocker (Outland Trophy–winning left tackle Chris Samuels).

The Redskins now have eight past and present first-round draft picks on defense: Smith, Carrier, Arrington, cornerbacks Darrell Green and Champ Bailey and linemen Dana Stubblefield, Dan Wilkinson and Marco Coleman. Smith, Green and Stubblefield have all started in Super Bowls, and both Smith and Stubblefield captured NFL Defensive Player of the Year honors in the Nineties. The Redskins now have the potential to play defense as well as they do offense. That gives them championship aspirations, so the bandwagon rumbling down Pennsylvania Avenue these days is packed.

"You usually don't see this kind of excitement for a season unless you're coming off a Super Bowl," Turner says. "A lot of this is media talk and fan talk and it's fun. But it doesn't mean anything. No one wins a playoff game in April. You don't do it in August and you don't do it in November.

"But what I like about our situation is that we have a large number of veterans who have been there. They know how difficult it is to get into the playoffs and to advance when you do get there."

Vince Lombardi learned his formula for football success as an assistant coach with the New York **Giants** in the Fifties. Decades later, the Giants still subscribe to that formula—run the ball and play defense. They did neither particularly well in 1999 on the way to a 7–9 finish, so they recast the lineup for 2000. They brought in a couple of big new blockers, veterans Dusty Zeigler and Glenn Parker, and a new ball carrier in Heisman Trophy winner Ron Dayne. At 260 pounds, Dayne is a sledgehammer in cleats. New York also drafted a 300-pound lineman (Cornelius Griffin) for the run defense and signed linebacker Michael Barrow for the pass rush. If the Giants can squeeze 16 games out of cornerback Jason Sehorn, a wild-card playoff berth could be theirs.

The **Cardinals** couldn't stop the run in 1999, which spelled disaster in a division where three other teams had 1000-yard rushers. Not once in 16 games was Arizona able to line up its defensive front of choice: ends Simeon Rice and Andre Wadsworth and tackles Eric Swann and Mark Smith. Only Rice stayed healthy, and he managed 16½ sacks and a Pro Bowl invitation. The other three missed a combined 24 games because of injury. So the Cardinals drafted three wide bodies—defensive tackles Darwin Walker, Mao Tosi and Jabari Issa—to fix that depth problem. They also claimed the draft's best running back, Thomas Jones of Virginia, to give Jake Plummer some help on offense.

The stars are gone and so is the identity of the **Cowboys** as a Super Bowl contender. A neck injury ended Michael Irvin's career in 1999 and Deion Sanders became a salary-cap casualty. Dallas absorbed its annual hit in free agency, losing another three starters. Chan Gailey took the Cowboys to the playoffs in both of his seasons as head coach, but an 8–8 finish in 1999 finally cost him his job. Defensive coordinator Dave Campo is the new head man, but any hope the Cowboys have in 2000 rests with the arm of Troy Aikman and the legs of Emmitt Smith, who are both in their 30s.

The **Eagles** are the NFC East team with a future. Two solid drafts have given Philadelphia the nucleus of a contending team that just needs time to mature. The Eagles won only five games last season, but two of them came against division champions St. Louis and Washington. Running back Duce Staley gives the Eagles a chance on offense, while cornerbacks Bobby Taylor and Troy Vincent give them a chance on defense. But the development of second-year quarterback Donovan McNabb remains the key.

NFC CENTRAL

Coaching in the Pro Bowl was an enlightening experience for Tony Dungy. It was his reward for taking the Tampa Bay **Buccaneers** to the NFC championship game, where they lost to the St. Louis Rams. So Dungy spent a week in Hawaii watching NFC Pro Bowl receivers Randy Moss, Cris Carter and Muhsin Muhammad catch balls in practice.

"The Terry Glenns and Joey Galloways are impressive," Dungy says. "But when you're around Carter and Moss, Muhammad and Keyshawn Johnson—all those big guys, all over there at one time—I realized that was an element that was really lacking for us.

"The Pro Bowl was an eye-opener. We've had to defend those guys over the years. But all of a sudden to have them on your team, to be able to throw up a couple of balls to them, to watch the effect they had on the DBs. We just never had a guy like that before."

Moss, Carter, Muhammad and Johnson all stand 6'2" or taller. The Bucs

"I must say, your résumé is very impressive."

IT JUST DOESN'T GET ANY SWEETER THAN THIS.

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were trying to win championships with relative smurfs on the flank in 5'9" Jacquez Green, 5'10" Bert Emanuel and 5'11" Reidel Anthony. So Dungy made his off-season quest a big receiver who could bully cornerbacks and make that game-breaking catch. He found him in April when the Buccaneers traded two first-round draft picks to the Jets for Johnson.

The Tampa Bay defense is already championship caliber, with Pro Bowl players at all three levels—Warren Sapp up front, Derrick Brooks at linebacker and John Lynch in the secondary. The Bucs finished third in the NFL in defense, then held the league's two most explosive offenses, Washington and St. Louis, to a touchdown apiece in playoff games.

But the Bucs were just the opposite of the Redskins—all defense, no offense. Tampa Bay averaged less than 300 yards and 17 points per game. So the Bucs started an off-season overhaul by firing offensive coordinator Mike Shula. Then they traded for Johnson and signed away veteran Pro Bowl blockers Jeff Christy and Randall McDaniel from the Minnesota Vikings in free agency. Suddenly, the Bucs have an identity on offense.

"These guys are used to winning," Dungy says. "They're used to being very good on offense. They're not used to being mediocre."

The Bucs already had a Pro Bowl backfield in Mike Alstott and Warrick Dunn. The blocking of Christy and McDaniel will make them better runners. The presence of Johnson on the flank gives the Bucs a possession receiver to complement the speed of Anthony and Green. That veteran cast should take the pressure off quarterback Shaun King, who is entering his first full season as a starter. Tampa Bay's days of offensive mediocrity may be over.

The **Bears** could be the NFC's top candidate for that worst-to-first transformation in 2000. This is a young team with only two opening-day starters in their 30s. Chicago endured the mistakes and errors of a rookie quarterback last season when Coach Dick Jauron put Cade McNown on the field. The Bears still finished third in the NFL in passing. Now McNown is a year smarter and a year better. The Bears needed defensive help, so they used their number one draft pick on linebacker Brian Urlacher and signed a pair of starters off playoff teams in free agency, end Phillip Daniels (Seattle) and cornerback Thomas Smith (Buffalo).

The **Lions** are moving on without Barry Sanders, luring halfback James Stewart away from Jacksonville in free agency with a five-year, $25 million contract. Stewart will have two huge new blockers in Aaron Gibson and Stockar McDougle. Gibson was a number one pick in 1999 but didn't play a down as a rookie because of a summer shoulder injury. McDougle was a number one pick in 2000. Gibson goes 380 pounds and McDougle 361. Sanders may want to rethink his retirement with those two hulks in the Detroit huddle. They also should help keep quarterback Charlie Batch upright and healthy. He missed six starts in 1999 with injuries. The Lions have the potential to have the best offense in the division.

The **Packers** hired Ray Rhodes as head coach in 1999 to toughen up their defense. But that defense regressed, and so did the offense. Green Bay missed the playoffs for the first time in seven years, and Brett Favre had his worst season since 1993, throwing more interceptions (23) than touchdowns (22). So the Packers fired Rhodes and rehired Mike Sherman to fix Favre. Sherman spent two years as an offensive assistant on Mike Holmgren's Green Bay staff in 1997–1998. General manager Ron Wolf took a few more stabs at toughening up his defense by signing former Pro Bowl defensive tackle Russell Maryland and drafting Steve Warren.

You won't recognize the **Vikings** in 2000. This isn't the same team that has strung together four consecutive playoff appearances. Sure, Randy Moss and Cris Carter are still there. But coach Dennis Green has replaced his offensive and defensive coordinators from the 10–6 team of a year ago, bringing in Sherman Lewis and Emmitt Thomas from Green Bay. On the field, salary-cap-squeezed Minnesota lost six starters, including two Pro Bowl blockers, their best cornerback (Jimmy Hitchcock) and a nine-sack chunk of their pass rush (Duane Clemons). But the biggest loss is quarterback Jeff George. That leaves the Minnesota offense in the hands of Daunte Culpepper, who has yet to throw his first NFL pass.

NFC WEST

The NFL doesn't expand again until 2002, when Houston rejoins the circuit. But the **Saints** will have the fresh new look of an expansion franchise in 2000.

PRO FOOTBALL'S MOST IMPORTANT STAT

by Allen Barra

What's the quickest way to measure the effectiveness of a team's offense? We ran every National Football League game from 1960 to last year's Super Bowl through our computer, Mad Max, looking for the statistic that best correlates with winning in the NFL. Max's answer was clear and emphatic: yards per pass.

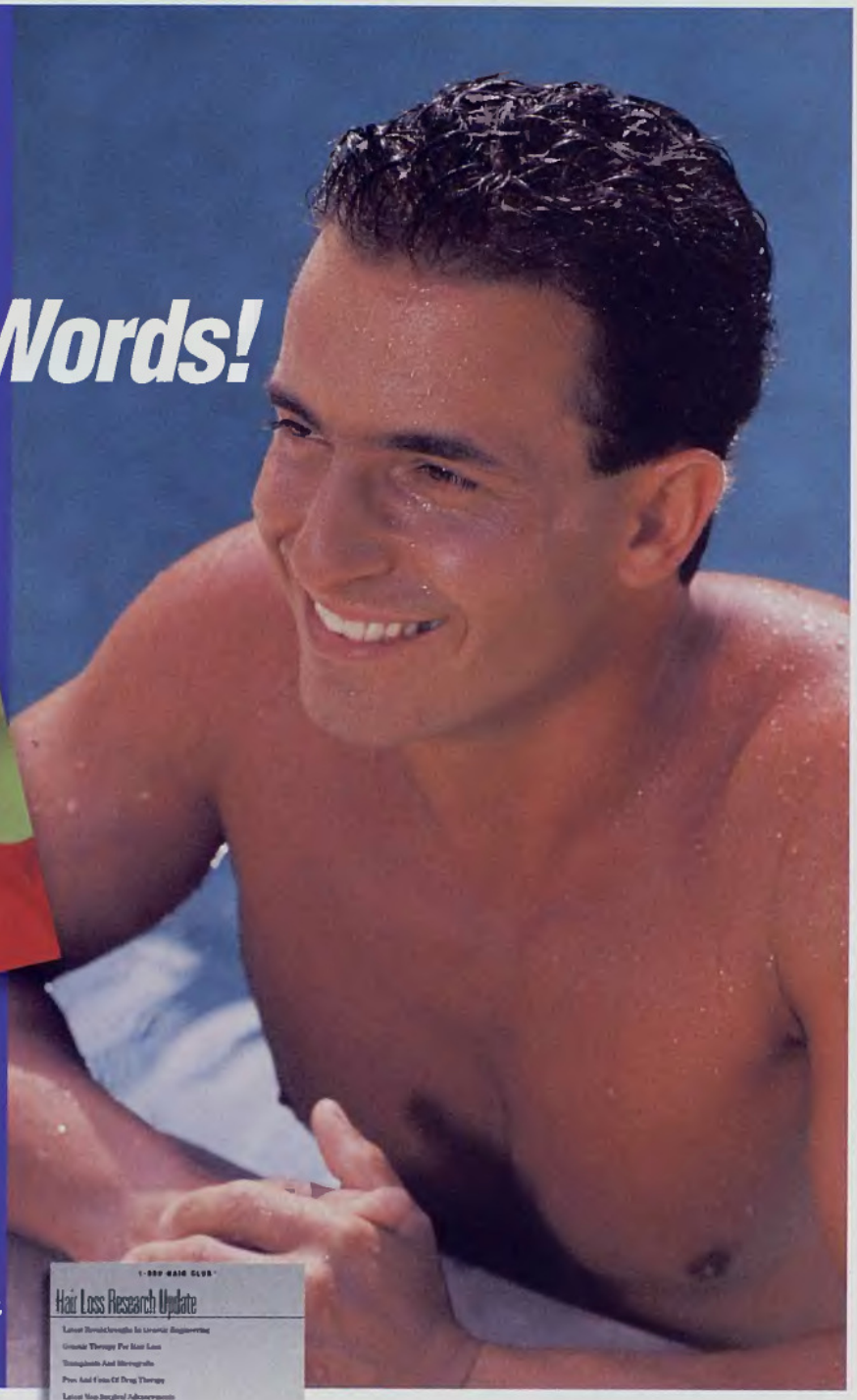
Not total yards passing, or even yards per pass attempt, which includes sacks, but just plain yards per pass. Take the gross number of yards gained in the air and divide by the number of throws. When you finish, you'll find that the teams with the highest yards-per-pass averages have the best won-lost records. Those with low yards-per-pass numbers have the most losses. It's that simple. Last year, for instance, the St. Louis Rams' Kurt Warner blew away the opposition, averaging 8.72 yards per throw to lead the league. If you knew nothing else about the Rams last year, you'd know they were winners from that stat alone.

We wish we could take credit for discovering the importance of yards per pass, but in fact that stat's significance was first proclaimed by pioneer analyst Bud Goode, who led us in the right direction back in 1974 when he proclaimed yards per pass attempt as the most important stat in football. He said he wanted his headstone to read: HERE LIES BUD GOODE. HE TOLD THE WORLD ABOUT AVERAGE YARDS PER PASS ATTEMPT.

Goode figured in sacks as pass attempts, but Mad Max says you can simplify it even further: Yards per throw is simpler and has the same correlation with winning. Yards per pass doesn't lie, and you can't hide from it. If you're in the bottom half of the conference in yards-per-pass average, it won't matter if you have Jim Brown and Barry Sanders in your backfield and the 1985 Chicago Bears on the other side of the ball—you're not going to score.

Here's a game you can play every Monday morning at the office. Have someone open the sports pages to the NFL box scores, then ask for the total number of yards per passing and the number of throws for each team. Just those two stats, nothing more. Divide the first number by the second. Without even asking the names of the teams or who was playing at home, you can safely predict that the team with the highest yards per throw won the game. Going as far back as 1980, you would have been right more than 80 percent of the time.

A Picture is Worth a Thousand Words!



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After nearly a decade of stumbling around in gridiron darkness, culminated by an NFC-worst 3–13 finish in 1999, owner Tom Benson decided to start over. He fired general manager Bill Kuharich, coach Mike Ditka, quarterback Billy Joe Hobert and many more of the players who lost 46 games for him over the past four years.

Benson brought in Randy Mueller as general manager and Jim Haslett as coach. He then began writing checks and signing bonuses that lured NFL veterans Jeff Blake, Jake Reed, Andrew Glover, Steve Israel, Norman Hand, Charlie Clemons, Joe Horn, Fred Thomas, Chris Oldham and Toby Gowin to New Orleans in free agency. Blake will throw passes for the Saints and Reed, Glover and Horn will catch them. Hand, Clemons, Israel, Thomas and Oldham are all tacklers, and Gowin is a punter.

But one element will not change from 1999 to 2000—the reliance on former Heisman Trophy winner Ricky Williams. Ditka traded his entire 1999 draft plus two high picks in 2000 for the right to select the NCAA's all-time leading rusher. Then the Saints snookered Williams in contract negotiations, signing him to a seven-year, incentive-laden deal that gave him the chance to earn millions more each season. But he flopped his rookie year, cashing only one of his 26 incentive clauses during an injury-riddled season. His frustration bubbled over in the off-season when he criticized the Saints and New Orleans and fired his agent. That earned Williams an early visit to the principal's office, where Haslett gave him a four-word lecture: Shut up and play.

"He knows he made a mistake," Haslett says. "It was a bad contract. But just because he made a mistake doesn't mean everyone else has to live with it. I think the best thing for him to do is come in, keep his mouth shut and play football. Show everyone—his teammates and the world—he's a good player."

Haslett may not have liked what he heard from Williams, but he certainly liked what he saw—a runner who gained nearly 1000 yards despite injuries that forced him to miss four games and leave three others early.

"He played only nine full games and still gained 900 yards," Haslett says. "What happens when he's healthy and plays a full 16 games? I watched his tapes. The things he did in college—his best running plays—they didn't do that here. He's not an outside runner. He needs to run downhill, to run people over. That's what we're going to do with him a little bit more than they did last year."

So the Saints are the X factor in the West this season. If St. Louis can vault from worst to first in this division, why not the Saints?

The **Rams** are finding out it's harder to stay on top than it was to get there. Suddenly everyone wants your players. Two blockers in the NFL's best offense left St. Louis in free agency when center Mike Gruttadauria signed with Arizona and tackle Fred Miller with Tennessee. The Rams play a first-place schedule this season, which means the Clevelands, Detroits and Baltimores on last year's schedule have been replaced by the Denvers, Tampa Bays and Washingtons. The retirement of Dick Vermeil also forces the Rams to break in a new coaching staff led by Mike Martz. But NFL and Super Bowl MVP Kurt Warner returns—and he alone makes the Rams one of the favorites in the NFC.

There is very little the **Panthers** did right under George Seifert in his first season as head coach. But Carolina could throw the football—and that overcame deficiencies in the running game and on defense, carrying the Panthers to a .500 finish. At 34, Steve Beuerlein threw a career-high 36 touchdown passes and went to his first Pro Bowl. Wide receiver Muhsin Muhammad (96 catches, 1253 yards) and tight end Wesley Walls (63 catches, 12 touchdowns) went to Hawaii with him, and wideout Patrick Jeffers also managed a 1000-yard, 12-touchdown season. But the Panthers must play better defense to contend, which is why they drafted cornerback Rashard Anderson and signed end Chuck Smith, linebacker Lee Woodall and cornerback Jimmy Hitchcock in free agency.

The **Falcons** won 11 fewer games in 1999 than they did in 1998 on the way to their first Super Bowl. Blame an offensive collapse on injuries to two 1998 Pro Bowlers, halfback Jamal Anderson and quarterback Chris Chandler. Anderson suffered a season-ending knee injury in the second week, and Chandler missed four games with hamstring, rib and shoulder injuries. They both have their health back in 2000. What the Falcons don't have is much of a pass rush, having lost 15½ sacks with the defections of ends Chuck Smith and Lester Archambeau in free agency.

The **49ers**, for the first time in almost two decades, are in rebuilding mode. San Francisco began preparing for life after Steve Young by drafting Giovanni Carmazzi and Tim Rattay last April—the first time the club has taken two quarterbacks in a draft since 1967. General manager Bill Walsh also drafted four other players he hopes can start for one of the NFL's worst defenses: linebacker Julian Peterson, cornerbacks Ahmed

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Plummer and Jason Webster and defensive end John Engelberger.

AFC EAST

The great ones don't wait long. Dan Marino went to the Super Bowl in his second season and Joe Montana went in his third. John Elway and Troy Aikman both went to Super Bowls in their fourth seasons. Peyton Manning's clock is at two years and ticking.

Manning inherited a woeful 3–13 team when he became the first overall pick of the 1998 draft by the Indianapolis Colts. It took him just two seasons to reverse that record. His rookie year was humbling. Manning threw a league-high 28 interceptions and lost more games in one pro season (13) than he lost in four years of college ball at Tennessee (6). But he showed savvy beyond his years in 1999. He threw for 4000 yards, won his first AFC passing title and quarterbacked the Colts to 13 victories and a division title.

"He's going to get better," Colts coach Jim Mora says. "Will you see the improvement from his second to third year that you did first to second? Probably not. But you will see improvement: in judgment, decision making, feeling more comfortable in game situations. The more you play, the more the game slows down for you."

The one disappointment that Manning suffered in 1999 was his NFL playoff debut, a 19–16 home loss to the wild-card Tennessee Titans. He looked every bit the young quarterback making his first postseason start that day, completing only 19 of 43 passes with no touchdowns.

"He'll handle his next playoff game better," Mora says. "I feel very lucky, very fortunate that we've got that guy. You just hope he can stay healthy. We have to keep putting good players around him."

The Colts put a great player in the backfield with him in 1999 when they drafted running back Edgerrin James. He led the NFL in rushing and scored 17 touchdowns on his way to Rookie of the Year honors. Manning and James provided a dynamic playmaking combination that thrust the Colts into the NFL's top five in offense for the first time since the Bert Jones era in the Seventies.

To take that next step from division champion to conference champ, the Colts must improve on defense. They finished 18th against the run and 19th against the pass last year. So general manager Bill Polian used his first three draft selections in April on defenders. Linebackers Rob Morris and Marcus Washington, the top two picks, should make the Colts bigger against the run, and third-round cornerback David Macklin ought to make them faster against the pass. How quickly they develop as NFL defenders will determine how deeply the Colts play into January.

Buffalo authored one of the greatest decades in football history in the Nineties, winning 103 games and appearing in four Super Bowls. Only one AFC team ever won more games in a decade (the Seventies Miami Dolphins) and only one NFL team went to more Super Bowls (the Seventies Dallas Cowboys). The Bills officially said goodbye to the Nineties in February when they released Bruce Smith, Thurman Thomas and Andre Reed, Pro Bowl cornerstones on Buffalo teams that won four consecutive AFC championships from 1990 to 1993. Three other starters also left in free agency from a team that went 11–5 a year ago. But no team handles turnover better than the Bills. Rob Johnson takes over for Doug Flutie at quarterback, and enough players return from the NFL's top-rated defense to continue the chase in 2000.

The Jets saw their Super Bowl express derailed in 1999 when quarterback Vinny Testaverde ruptured his Achilles tendon in the season opener, ending his season. He's back in 2000, but coach Bill Parcells isn't. Neither is defensive guru Bill Belichick. Parcells moved upstairs and Belichick out of the building, up the coast to New England as head coach. New York's 8–8 finish in 1999 was a tribute to great coaching, and now the great coaches are gone. Parcells turned the job over to Al Groh after Belichick turned it down. Pro Bowl wide receiver Keyshawn Johnson wanted out, and Parcells accommodated him by trading him to Tampa Bay. These Jets lack the talent and sideline aura of the team that reached the AFC title game in 1998.

If Jimmy Johnson and Dan Marino couldn't deliver the Dolphins a Super Bowl, what chance does the combination of Dave Wannstedt and Damon Huard have? Johnson retired as head coach of Miami shortly after a humiliating 62–7 playoff loss to the Jacksonville Jaguars in January. Marino retired a month later. A decades-old problem that was handed down from Don Shula to Jimmy Johnson has now been passed on to Wannstedt—the Dolphins can't run the ball. Without Marino, they'll have problems throwing it too. At least Wannstedt has a top five defense.

The Patriots have a franchise quarterback in Drew Bledsoe and an ace defensive troubleshooter in Belichick. But Bledsoe won't recognize many faces in the huddle. Six starters are gone from last season, including veteran Pro Bowlers Bruce Armstrong and Ben Coates. New England didn't have a first-round draft pick to address any of those offensive holes, sending it to the Jets as compensation for the signing of Belichick. The talent is on the defensive side of the ball, where Ty Law, Lawyer Milloy, Chris Slade, Ted Johnson and Willie McGinest made the Patriots a top 10 unit in 1999.

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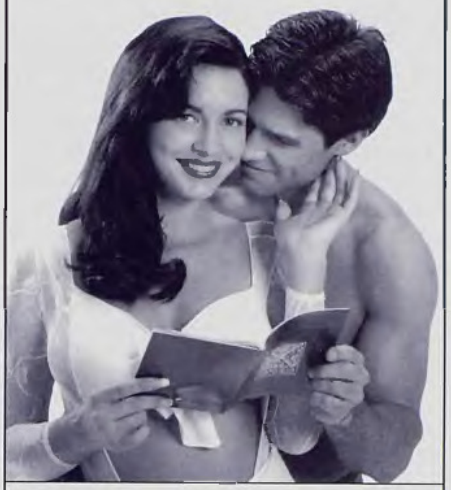

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AFC CENTRAL

The Jacksonville **Jaguars** may have been the best team in the NFL in 1999, but a failure to handle division rival Tennessee prevented them from proving it. The Jaguars beat everyone they played last season except the Titans, finishing 15–3 with all three of the losses to Tennessee. The third loss was the crusher. Jacksonville blew a 14–10 halftime lead on its home field in the AFC title game, losing 33–14 to saddle the greatest season in franchise history with a bitter conclusion. That gave Jaguars coach Tom Coughlin a whiff of reality—the hunter is now the hunted.

"When we came into the league in 1995, the team we had to beat was Pittsburgh," Coughlin says. "So that's what we set our sights on. In the meantime, there were teams setting their sights on us. Now we're going to have to broaden our base."

There's not much to fix on this Jacksonville team. Defensively, the Jaguars allowed the fewest points in the NFL last season and sent three players to the Pro Bowl: end Tony Brackens, linebacker Kevin Hardy and safety Carnell Lake. Offensively, the Jaguars finished in the top 10 in both yards and points despite a minimal contribution from star running back Fred Taylor, who missed six games and parts of four others because of a hamstring injury. Jacksonville sent four players to the Pro Bowl on that side of the ball: tackles Tony Boselli and Leon Searcy, quarterback Mark Brunell and wide receiver Jimmy Smith.

So the Jaguars spent the off-season studying the tapes of those three losses against the Titans. Figure out Tennessee, and Jacksonville can solve its Super Bowl puzzle.

"We've done a lot of soul-searching," Coughlin says. "We have to play more physical. Our front has to be more powerful. That's our objective—be a stronger football team."

To stop Tennessee's Pro Bowl tailback Eddie George, the Jaguars lured Pro Bowl middle linebacker Hardy Nickerson away from Tampa Bay. He was a premiere run defender on one of the NFL's best defenses in 1999 with 141 tackles. On offense, the Jaguars drafted a couple more 300-pound blockers, center Brad Meester and tackle Joey Chustz, to better handle that deep, mobile front of the Titans.

"Tennessee's a good football team," Coughlin says. "So are we."

The **Titans** moved into Adelphia Coliseum in 1999 and obviously liked the new surroundings. Tennessee was the only team in the AFC to go unbeaten at home, winning all nine of its games. The Titans also beat Indianapolis and Jacksonville on the road in the playoffs and came within a yard of forcing an overtime in the Super Bowl when wide receiver Kevin Dyson was stopped just short of the St. Louis goal line by Rams linebacker Mike Jones on the game's final play. The Titans did some off-season tinkering on defense, signing free agent Randall Godfrey away from the Cowboys and drafting Keith Bulluck in the first round to upgrade the linebacker play.

Jacksonville shouldn't become too obsessed with Tennessee, because Baltimore might pass them both in the AFC Central. The **Ravens** finished second in the NFL in defense last season with a blend of young (Peter Boulware, Chris McAlister) and old (Rod Woodson, Tony Siragusa). But coach Brian Billick needed to dramatically upgrade his offense and did so by signing Pro Bowl tight end Shannon Sharpe in free agency and drafting Tennessee running back Jamal Lewis and Florida wide receiver Travis Taylor with his two top 10 picks last April. Suddenly the Ravens have playmakers. Suddenly they are a playoff contender.

The **Steelers** had the opportunity to draft Marshall gunner Chad Pennington last April and start over at quarterback. But coach Bill Cowher decided to give Kordell Stewart one more chance, electing to upgrade the weapons around him by drafting elite college receivers Plaxico Burress and Danny Farmer. They join Troy Edwards, last year's number one draft pick, on the flank. If Stewart can't get the ball to these guys, he'll be playing wide receiver for another NFL team in 2001.

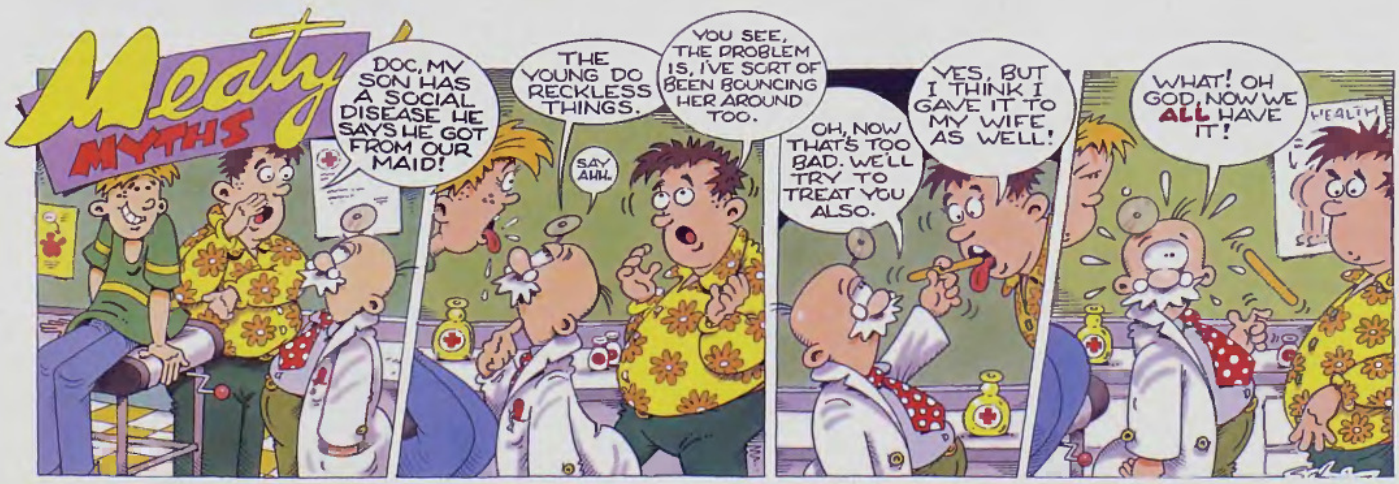
The Cincinnati **Bengals** found their quarterback of the future in 1999 when they drafted Akili Smith with the third overall pick. Then they landed a playmaker in the 2000 draft when they snared Florida State wide receiver Peter Warrick with the fourth overall pick. So the Bengals are certain to be more entertaining. But can they be more successful? They haven't had a winning season since 1990 and haven't played any defense since the Eighties.

Pro football returned to Cleveland in 1999. Well, not really. The **Browns** didn't win a game at home all season. They were the worst team in the NFL and saved their very worst football for the home folks, being outscored 238–113 on the banks of Lake Erie. This team is light-years away from being competitive with Cincinnati, much less the rest of the AFC Central. The Browns do have excellent young players in quarterback Tim Couch, wide receiver Kevin Johnson and defensive end Courtney Brown. They just don't have enough of them. Don't expect a worst-to-first transformation in Cleveland any decade soon.

AFC WEST

Quarterbacking had never been a problem in the AFC West. Len Dawson and Dan Fouts spent Hall of Fame careers in this division. So did future Hall of Famer John Elway. Ken Stabler and Dave Krieg spent the bulk of their careers here, and Joe Montana and Warren Moon made cameo appearances in the Nineties. The AFC West always could throw the ball with the best of them. Until 1999. Elway retired, and suddenly there was a void of quality quarterbacking in the division.

That was reflected in the standings. Seattle won the AFC West with lightly regarded Jon Kitna at the helm, but the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SAY AHH.
YOU SEE, THE PROBLEM IS, I'VE SORT OF BEEN BOUNCING HER AROUND TOO.
OH, NOW THAT'S TOO BAD. WE'LL TRY TO TREAT YOU ALSO.
YES, BUT I THINK I GAVE IT TO MY WIFE AS WELL!
WHAT! OH GOD, NOW WE ALL HAVE IT!
HEALTH

Seahawks lost five of their last six games and backed into the playoffs with a 9–7 record. Elvis Grbac also generated nine victories at Kansas City—but the Chiefs lost their last two games to miss out on the postseason. Denver coach Mike Shanahan thought young Brian Griese could pick up where John Elway left off. He was wrong. Griese won only four of his 13 starts. Both Oakland and San Diego started aging journeymen, 34-year-old Rich Gannon for the Raiders and 36-year-old Jim Harbaugh for the Chargers. There was nary an Elway or Fouts in the bunch.

That cast of quarterbacks returns intact in 2000. Which is why **Chiefs** coach Gunther Cunningham is confident his team can return to the playoffs after a two-year absence. He feels he has the best quarterback in the division in Grbac, who turned in a full season in 1999 for the first time in his seven-year career. He also topped 3000 yards passing and 20 touchdowns for the first time despite just one reliable weapon, Pro Bowl tight end Tony Gonzalez.

"I want to see Elvis deal the ball more," Cunningham says. "He needs to go for the home run. There were times last year I felt he should have thrown it up more. So I told him, 'We're going to get you some firepower.'"

That firepower came in the first round of the draft, where the Chiefs found Jackson State's Sylvester Morris, one of the greatest receivers in the history of the SWAC. He's 6'3", 206 pounds, has sprinter speed and averaged almost 19 yards per catch in college. The last time the Chiefs reached the Super Bowl, in 1969, they started two other big, fast receivers from the SWAC: Otis Taylor (Prairie View) and Frank Pitts (Southern). There's another similarity between the 1969 and the 2000 Chiefs—a Big Tenner at quarterback. Dawson was from Purdue, Grbac from Michigan.

Gannon was the best quarterback in the division in 1999, passing for a career-best 3800 yards on the way to his first Pro Bowl. But he was Grbac's backup at Kansas City in 1998. His top weapon is wide receiver Tim Brown, but Brown is 34. The **Raiders** had a chance to upgrade their receiving corps in the draft but passed up on Morris to select kicker Sebastian Janikowski with their number one pick. Oakland also took punter Shane Lechler in the fifth round. Janikowski and Lechler will help repair the Raiders' special teams, which were dreadful in 1999. But a team that hasn't been to the playoffs in six years needs more help than two kickers.

The slide of the Denver **Broncos** from Super Bowl champion right out of the playoffs involved more than the retirement of Elway. The Broncos still had a fighting chance to repeat—until NFL rushing champion Terrell Davis shredded the ligaments in his right knee in early October. He missed the final 12 games. Two other Pro Bowl Broncos, linebacker John Mobley and tight end Shannon Sharpe, missed a combined 25 games with other injuries. That bad luck has already spilled into 2000: Veteran Pro Bowl cornerback Dale Carter has been suspended for the season for violating the league's substance abuse policy. So Denver drafted Cal's Deltha O'Neal in the first round to replace him. If Davis can return to his 1998 form, when he was the best player in the NFL, the Broncos should at least contend for a playoff spot.

Mike Riley should have received greater consideration for NFL Coach of the Year honors than he did after coaxing the dormant **Chargers** to a .500 finish. This team is not very talented, or at least it wasn't in 1999. But San Diego landed the best safety in the 2000 draft in Marshall's Rogers Beckett and also signed a pair of free-agent gems in cornerback DeRon Jenkins and wide receiver Curtis Conway. The Chargers need to keep Harbaugh healthy, and either Robert Chancey or Jermaine Fazande must develop into a 20-carry-per-game back for San Diego to challenge for a playoff spot in 2000.

The **Seahawks** took huge hits last offseason, losing eight starters. Offensively, Seattle lost the right side of their line when center Kevin Glover and guard Brian Habib were released and tackle Grant Williams jumped to New England in free agency. Defensively, the Seahawks lost top pass rusher Phillip Daniels, who had nine sacks. But coach Mike Holmgren did not seem bothered by the mass exodus. After all, his offense and defense both ranked 23rd in the NFL last season. The Seahawks may have been division champions, but they were hardly a playoff contender. "We have a plan," Holmgren said. "I know what kind of team I want, who I want. If we lost somebody in free agency, maybe that was the way it was supposed to be."

"I've been taking Viagra, but it only makes me taller."

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 35, 43–44, 120, 124–127 and 179, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

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Page 35: "Fast Forward": **Processors:** By *AMD*, 800-538-8450. By *Intel*, 800-628-8686. "Cheap Labor": **Messaging services:** By *Webley*, 888-333-0300. By *General Magic*, 800-468-4342. "Super Audio vs. DVD Audio": **DVD Audio:** By *Sony*, 800-222-7669. By *Panasonic/Technics*, 800-211-7262. By *Sherwood*, 714-870-5100. By *Aiwa*, 800-289-2492. By *Pioneer*, 800-746-6337. **SACD:** By *Sony*, 800-222-7669. By *Marantz*, 800-270-4533. By *Pioneer*, 800-746-6337. By *Sharp*, 800-237-4277. "Wild Thing": **Minisystems:** By *Philips*, 800-531-0039. By *Pioneer*, 800-746-6337.

MANTRACK
Page 43: "Return of the Azteks": **Pontiac Aztek** by *General Motors*. Page 44: "Bluepoint Oyster Cult": **Book** from *Lyons Press*, 800-836-0510. "Bourbon King": **Bourbon** from *Heaven Hill Distilleries*, 502-348-3921 or at your local liquor store. "Guys Are Talking About": **Watch** by *TAG Heuer*, 800-321-4832. **Sunglasses** by *Code*, from Sunglass Hut International, 800-786-4527. **Hangover caplets**, 877-HUNGOVER. **Food** by *Home Bistro*, 800-628-5588.

PLAY IT AGAIN SONY
Page 120: **Software:** By *Capcom*, 408-774-0400. By *Sony*, 800-345-7669. By *Squaresoft*, 714-428-0599. By *Konami*, 650-654-5600. By *EA Sports*, 800-245-4525. **Hardware** by *Sony*, 800-345-7669.

FROM YES SIR TO BIG SUR
Pages 124–127: **Computer, notebook computer** and **home networking** by *Apple*, 800-538-9696. **Printer** and **handheld computer** by *Hewlett Packard*, 800-552-8500. **Printer:** By *Xerox*, 800-445-5554. By Canon, 800-828-4040. **Printer** and **fax machine** by *Brother*, 888-879-3232. **Printer, phone, fax machine** and **stereo** by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. **Internet service** by *Hughes Network Systems*, 800-274-8995. **Phone** and **stereo system** by *Sony*, 800-222-7669. **Phones:** By *Lucent Technologies*, 800-372-2447. By *AT&T*, at local retail stores. By *Siemens*, 888-777-0211. **Handheld computer** by *Casio*, 800-962-2746. **Notebook computers:** By *Dell*, 800-999-3355. By *IBM*, 800-426-7235. By *Gateway 2000*, 800-846-2000. **Notebook** and **handheld computer** by *Compaq*, 800-282-6672. **Cell phones:** By *Nokia*, 888-665-4228. By *Motorola*, 800-331-6456. By *Samsung*, 800-726-7864. By *Ericsson*, 800-374-2776. **Smartphone** by *NeoPoint*, 877-636-4447. **Handheld computers:** By *Palm*, 800-881-7256. By *Handspring*, 888-565-9393. **Paging system** by *Motorola*, 800-548-9954. **Stereo systems:** By *JVC*, 800-252-5722. By *Kenwood*, 800-536-9663. By *Sharp*, 800-237-4277. By *Bose*, 800-999-2673. **Home networking** by *Intel*, 800-628-8686.

ON THE SCENE
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JENNIFER LOPEZ

(continued from page 66)

the Grammys, it came my way. I thought I shouldn't wear it because others had. I thought the press might put out photos of all the people next to one another in the same dress. But I decided to do what I wanted. I loved it. I didn't have anything I loved better at the time.

The first time I tried it on, I felt the impact when I walked out of the bathroom. My makeup artist, my manager, and Puff—everybody—were looking at me like, Wow. Puff was like, "*That's the one!* Don't even worry about it. That's a knockout dress, a killer dress and I want you to go with that." The reaction shows that you can't ever plan how people will react. If you were to try to plan it—"Let's get that dress with the plunging neckline and it will be a sensation"—people wouldn't even notice. But when I walked onstage, I had to hold the dress up so I wouldn't trip on it. I was standing there, waiting for the words to come up on the Teleprompter. Everybody was really quiet. I was wondering what was wrong. Afterward, I was told that they were panning for people's reactions. All of a sudden, it was like a thunder roll, all the way to the front. People were like, "Ahh!" They were screaming and yelling. David Duchovny said, "For once, I'm sure nobody is looking at me."

PLAYBOY: That dress provided the most revealing look at you yet. You haven't done a nude scene in a movie. Would you ever?

LOPEZ: I don't think you need to see my breasts to understand my character. I think you can do love scenes that show skin, legs, whatever. But nudity isn't for me. I don't condemn anybody else for doing it, but I'd feel weird. I made a promise to myself at one point not to do anything I don't feel good about afterward. It's not worth it. I wouldn't feel good afterward, so I won't do it.

PLAYBOY: Does that modesty come from your parents? Were you brought up religious?

LOPEZ: We were Catholic, and I went through 12 years of Catholic school. So, sure. We went to church on Sundays and all that kind of stuff.

PLAYBOY: Are you still religious?

LOPEZ: I still have a strong belief in God. I won't say I go to church all the time, though sometimes I think I should. I think I will go back to it one day. I've been grounded in that. I pray often.

PLAYBOY: Your father was a computer specialist, your mother a schoolteacher. How did they react when you told them you weren't going to college, that you wanted to be in show business?

LOPEZ: You need to prove things to people. It was that way with my family. The more I showed them, the more they believed. They were never discouraging, but they were never "Go, go, go." Still,

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they were there, ready to catch me if I fell. But I always knew. I knew from the time I was four or five years old that I wanted to sing, wanted to dance. I knew I wanted to act.

PLAYBOY: You'd danced in New York, but your big break came in LA when you became a Fly Girl on *In Living Color*. How did you get the job?

LOPEZ: The show was in its first season, it was a hit and they needed another girl. So there were huge auditions in New York and in LA. I tried out and got it.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a sense that cast members like Damon Wayans and Jim Carrey would become stars?

LOPEZ: Damon was amazing, but you never know with those things and I wasn't looking at anyone like, Oh, he's going to be a huge star. I was just dancing. Everybody on the show was talented. But the dancers rehearsed separately. They did their thing and we used to film in the morning. We didn't interact with them much. It was fun, though. There was a lot of fresh new energy. But it was a really weird time for me. I had lived in New York my whole life. I was living in LA by myself.

PLAYBOY: When we watch reruns of the show and see you dance, it's remarkable how much your looks and body have changed. What happened?

LOPEZ: I had some baby fat on me. My manager and I were looking at pictures and it's like, you know, I've become a woman. I was 22 then, and I was unhappy. I had moved away from home. I was lonely. A year later I was in love. The pounds dropped off like nothing. I became focused and I worked out and ate salads and did all kinds of things to change my life.

PLAYBOY: When you did *Selena*, you lip-synched. But you got your chance to sing for yourself with *On the Six*, your debut album. When a lot of movie stars make record deals, people roll their eyes. How long did it take for the music industry to see you were serious and had some ability?

LOPEZ: I'd done a demo, which a couple record companies had heard. When I went to see Tommy Mottola, people in his organization already wanted to sign me. He asked what I wanted to do. I said, "I want a deal. I want to make a great album." He said OK.

PLAYBOY: Your album came during a wave of success for Ricky Martin, Enrique Iglesias and Marc Anthony and the resurgence of Carlos Santana. Latin American music is now a hot seller. What's behind the trend?

LOPEZ: Our influence hit big in 1999. With any other ethnic group, people want to think of it as a fad, which is a shame. Latin music has always been around. We're coming into our own and it will only continue to get bigger in the States.

PLAYBOY: Among your movies, do you

have a favorite?

LOPEZ: *Selena* was always my favorite because I got to sing and dance as well as act. I felt passionate about her and her tragic, beautiful story. The other one is the movie I just did, *The Wedding Planner*. It was such a pleasant experience. We all just clicked.

PLAYBOY: How was it working with Oliver Stone on *U Turn*?

LOPEZ: He was cool. I'd met him for *Noriega*, and while I was reading, he was rearranging the furniture. I was furious. When I left, I said I'd never again audition for that man. I had that kind of attitude, even though I was nobody, working on a television show. A few years later, though, he called me for this. I told my manager, "Didn't I tell you I didn't want to audition with him?" He said, "He just wants to meet you." I'm sure they thought I was crazy. Finally, I said, "He *is* Oliver Stone, so OK. I'll give him a second chance." Because of what had happened, I probably had a little attitude. He liked that. He said, "You remind me of those Puerto Rican girls who used to beat me up on the bus. They were mean." I said, "I'm not going to be mean to you." Oliver's great at what he does. It was a strange tale of this little quirky town and this guy passing through—like he'd entered hell. Nick Nolte was amazing. He and Sean Penn are the two most incredible actors I've ever seen working.

PLAYBOY: How was it working with your *Out of Sight* co-star George Clooney?

LOPEZ: He's a cool guy, a real joker. He's charming, really down with the crew. He plays basketball during lunch—that's pretty much George.

PLAYBOY: You always hear of people falling in love on movie sets. Has that ever happened?

LOPEZ: Not to me, because I've usually been in a relationship when I've done movies. And I'm not a cheater. When I'm with somebody, that's it. But I understand how it happens. You're with each other all the time. So if you want to be together, you can.

PLAYBOY: Three years ago, with *Selena*, you became the first Latina actor to make $1 million for a movie. Now you're in the $7.5 million range. How does that change things?

LOPEZ: It's destructive to think about it, so I don't. This business is too fickle. You could destroy yourself thinking about the money. I just focus on understanding my character and telling the story. I focus on making good music. I have managers and agents who worry about money. I tell them they should alert me when there's a really big problem [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: Do you worry that the entertainment business is more fickle toward women? Demi Moore got $12.5 million for *Striptease*, which flopped, and her career never recovered. Then there's Kevin Costner, who hasn't had a hit in years but still earns $20 million a picture. Is this fair?

LOPEZ: Male stars do get a number of Get Out of Jail Free cards, but I think women can, too. Julia Roberts cracked through. She has proved that she's just as bankable as any male star. This is a business. If a studio feels it's going to make a certain amount of money with you there, it'll give you that extra money to be there. So though men still are usually paid more than women, it's evening out.

PLAYBOY: In your own acting you've covered both drama and comedy. Who are your role models? Who do you admire?

LOPEZ: Meg Ryan. She has both a vulnerable quality and a strength to her. I love Jodie Foster. I look up to people like Barbra Streisand, Diana Ross, Bette Midler and Cher, who've been able to meld singing and acting careers. They are thought of as performers, whether they're acting, singing or dancing.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that women are often cast to play the girlfriend of the leading man?

LOPEZ: I guess I've been lucky. I could have wound up getting the girlfriend parts and I would have taken them all at the beginning. But I didn't get them. I had a different quality, I suppose. I was kind of a chameleon. Nobody knew who I was. All I can hope to do now is make good choices. The best careers are maintained by being selective. Eddie Olmos gave me some good advice when I was starting out in *Mi Familia*: "If you don't feel it 100 percent, don't do it. It doesn't matter how much they want to pay you, it doesn't matter who else is in it, and it doesn't matter who's directing. If you don't feel it, don't do it, because it will show." You can't fake it. It's like you see a painter on his best day and he's painted the freaking *Mona Lisa*. Another day, he's painted garbage. The same painter. Whether it was *Selena* or *The Wedding Planner*, I felt grounded in the characters. I understood them. I think that leads to a career that can last. If you keep that up, nobody can ever say, "All of her movies sucked." They'll at least have to amend that to, "The movies sucked, though she was really good in them" [*laughs*]. There are so many variables and the only control that you can have is what you choose. I hope I'll never do a movie for the wrong reason—for the money. Maybe in a year or two I'll feel differently—hope I don't. I hope I never hear, "We really need a big hit. Let's do a big, fat action movie." "Hey, they want you to play Wonder Woman!"

PLAYBOY: So you wouldn't play Wonder Woman?

LOPEZ: Don't think my managers and I don't talk about things like that. But at the end of the day, I really like what I'm doing now.

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living online

(continued from page 36)

MovieLens was developed by one of the pioneering researchers in collaborative filtering, a system that attempts to predict the kinds of things you like based on the things other people have recommended. You start out at MovieLens by rating movies you've already seen, giving each title one to five stars. MovieLens then compares the results with the thousands of other people who have taken their survey. By matching you up with people who have likes and dislikes similar to yours, it presents you with a list of movies other people enjoyed, but you haven't seen yet. The more movies you rate, the better MovieLens gets at picking winners. And *El Día de la Bestia*? I found it at the video store as *The Day of the Beast*. MovieLens had predicted I'd give it five stars. It was off by one star. Close enough—I've bookmarked MovieLens.

SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL

What's the deal with websites that are so crammed with flashy, useless crap it takes five minutes to load a page? When I visit a site that starts out by displaying a slow-loading "splash" page, I back up and head for a livelier place, like the 5K Web Design Contest (**sylloge.com/5k**). In the dozens of tiny, fast-loading sites here, you can find a 3D Tetris game, a green tea fan site and a War card game. Five kilobytes isn't much—many websites use a dozen or more 20-kilobyte images on a single bloated page. These bite-size entries prove it doesn't take a lot of fancy animation to make a website interesting. It just requires good content and good design.

WIRED HOME COMPANION

After discovering that 50 of my cherished but long-unplayed vinyl LPs had been destroyed by mildew, I decided to take preemptive action and copy the rest of my vinyl collection to CDs. I already had a CD-ROM burner and had used it to make compilation discs from my audio CDs. But I had no idea how to hook up an analog turntable to my computer in order to convert vinyl to a digital format. Naturally, the first place I looked for an answer was the web. I found a thorough how-to article at **Technocopia.com**. The site, which covers the emerging "digital household infrastructure," has articles about home automation, home networks and all kinds of domestic gadgetry, like automated kitty litter boxes. The most recent issue has a hands-on review of the TiVo digital TV recorder (they give it a thumbs-up), a comparison of cable versus DSL Internet services (they say DSL is more reliable, but cable is usually cheaper) and a piece on the future of domestic robots. Technocopia is a good indicator of what we can expect when the Internet extends its reach beyond the confines of the desktop PC.

You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline@playboy.com.

"What about jerking off?"

Seth Green

(continued from page 129)

actor who they think can make them laugh afterward.

9

PLAYBOY: You hand a casting agent your business card. What does it say?
GREEN: On the front it says, "He works hard for the money." And then on the back it says, "So hard for it, honey."

10

PLAYBOY: What are the advantages of being vertically challenged?
GREEN: I'm great in a crowd because I can move very quickly. I have a low center of gravity. When I'm playing basketball, the taller players get confused because I can move fast and get inside them. I can't shoot, though. That's the main problem.

11

PLAYBOY: You've heard a lot of them. What is your favorite short joke?
GREEN: When I was in eighth grade this guy belted out, "Seth, you're so short you could sit on the curb and swing your legs." It cracked up the whole room, including me. That image is very funny.

12

PLAYBOY: What do you have against golf?
GREEN: Nothing except I sunburn easily, and to my knowledge there's no indoor golf course. Also, golf clubs are kind of long for me. People look at you funny when you're carrying a sack of mini golf clubs. Besides, those carts don't go faster than six miles an hour, and that doesn't cut it.

13

PLAYBOY: You portray a guitar-wielding, rock-and-roll werewolf on *Buffy*. Ringo has his all-star band. Who would be in yours?
GREEN: Wow. It would be a big band. We'd fill the stage. Tom Morello would be in it, as would Tenacious D. Matthew Sweet would be our songwriter. We'd have some cool, hot chick like Shirley Manson singing. I would love to get Josh Freese, Scott Churilla, Jimmy Chamberlain and Chad Smith to do percussion. That would be brilliant. I'd throw Twiggy Ramirez, Flea and Mike Dirnt and Mark Hoppus from Blink 182 into the bass section. I'm bad with guitars, so I would just sit and watch.

14

PLAYBOY: You have appeared on MTV's *Loveline* many times. What sexual problem stumped you?
GREEN: Pick one that didn't. One guy couldn't control his anal constrictions. I

was like, "I've got no advice for you, man." The fact that actors and musicians are deemed appropriate mouthpieces for the sexual problems of a deviate society is stunning to me. It's like, "You liked *Austin Powers*? Thanks, but I don't know what to do about your bleeding nipple. The fantasies you're having about your dog? All I can say is, I think it's unhealthy. You might want to consult someone else."

15

PLAYBOY: Knowing what you know now, how would you go about playing Woody Allen differently? Besides dating girls your own age.

GREEN: I'm pleased that I didn't know then what I know now, because it would have been a different experience. It's like that kid who did the voice in *An American Tail*. They cast him because of the way he sounded, then as soon as he found out that his character was a mouse, he changed the voice and they couldn't get him to go back to what they loved originally. Ignorance is bliss in a situation like that.

16

PLAYBOY: Care to share with us a quintessential Woody moment on or off the set?

GREEN: It was the first time I met him on the set. I shook his hand and said, "I'm so excited to be working with you." He disengaged from my hand, looked at his hand to make sure all his fingers were there, wiped his hand on his shirt and said, "It's not that big a deal!" That gesture indicated to me that I should enjoy myself and do my best work instead of treating it like a huge, reverential situation. Or perhaps he meant my hand was dirty and he didn't trust me.

17

PLAYBOY: In *Can't Hardly Wait*, you portray Kenny Fisher, a wannabe-black kid whose goal is to lose his virginity. Do you suppose the opposite character exists?

GREEN: A black kid who desperately wants to be white and remain celibate? I'm sure he's out there somewhere, in a twisted monasterial cult. I just haven't met him.

18

PLAYBOY: As the son of Dr. Evil you wear black nail polish. What does that tell us about a man?

GREEN: Remember how 15 years ago, people thought it was freaky for a guy to have an earring? Now it's commonplace. It's the same thing with nail polish. I wear it to capitalize on the audience's perception that people who wear nail polish are either weird rock stars or confused and upset kids. Even though I disagree with that opinion, I wear the nail polish to get that reaction. In *Buffy* the character is a rock star. Rock stars wear nail polish. In *Austin Powers* the kid's fucked up. Fucked-up kids do fucked-up things to their bodies.

19

PLAYBOY: Does one shade work better than another?

GREEN: On film everything looks black. I've had various shades of blue and purple and everyone says, "What's up with the black nail polish?" I've even worn dark greens, though I'm not about to go the sea-foam gold route.

20

PLAYBOY: You've said you have a crush on Geri Halliwell. Are you referring to the pre– or post–Spice Girls Geri?

GREEN: My crush on her has been greatly exaggerated. It was less about Geri as a person and more about what she represented as Ginger Spice. As Ginger, she seemed outspoken and interesting. She seemed to be having a lot of fun. Now she's had a makeover and is trying to prove she's a serious artist. That's far less appealing to me than a trashy tart with a loud mouth who's having a great time.

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Harold Ramis (continued from page 92)

Things were never any better. Whenever people mention a golden age, I think they've lost some brain cells.

me where all that scientific jargon in *Ghostbusters* came from. He asked, "Was it real?" I said, "No, Danny Aykroyd and I made it all up." He laughed and said, "We should try to get you on *Celebrity Jeopardy* sometime." I said, "I'd love to, Alex!" And I'm still waiting. But someone told me that Merv Griffin has a three-second test for *Celebrity Jeopardy*. If he can't think of who you are in three seconds, you're not famous enough to be on the show. The other day I was mistaken for Eugene Levy. Some woman walked up and told me I was great in *American Pie*.

PLAYBOY: Would you sell your soul to the devil?

RAMIS: I've had many opportunities. Maybe I already have, for fame and fortune.

PLAYBOY: How deep are you into the metaphysical—in other words, psychics?

RAMIS: My first wife was so passionate about it that I was always in the role of skeptic—and yet I went with her to various things and sampled it enough to at least get a funny take on it. [*Pauses*] Once, I was in a chat room and someone, thinking I was a psychic, wrote, "Are you reading today?" I wrote, "Yes, I am." Using what I'd learned, I wrote, "Get a metal object you've owned for a long time—a ring, a watch, a piece of jewelry. Hold it in your right hand. Close your eyes. Take a deep, cleansing breath." The woman said, "All right." I wrote, "I see a troubled marriage," figuring I can't miss. How could you miss with that? She wrote, "YES!"—capital letters, exclamation mark. I was in. I could have said anything at that point. She wanted me to be right. I wrote, "Not necessarily your own?" She said, "No, no, it's mine!" It was a way for her to confess. Then I felt guilty. I thought, Oh my God, this woman has invested her belief in me, and now I have to leave her with something useful. I tried to empower her. I said she didn't have to stay in a bad situation, that if she took responsibility for her situation, things could work out.

PLAYBOY: Will there be a *Ghostbusters III*?

RAMIS: Danny and I talked a lot about it, and actually did some real work. The studio was ready to do it. We were going to introduce new Ghostbusters. Generation X Ghostbusters. Y2K Ghostbusters. We'd be the mentors, the company execs. But the deal was problematic.

PLAYBOY: One can divide your writing and directing career into at least two significant phases. In the first you took on iconic subjects: fraternities, camp, the armed services, ghosts, golf——

RAMIS: Those were the institutional comedies, yeah.

PLAYBOY: And now it's——

RAMIS: The wacky redemption comedies. Man's search for meaning.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not available over the counter."

PLAYBOY: Exactly. The comedies of self-discovery. *Groundhog Day*, *Analyze This*, *Multiplicity*, *Bedazzled*. What happened?

RAMIS: My daughter's now 23. She graduated from college saying she believed in armed struggle and armed revolution. I thought back: When I was that age we wanted to revolt against the establishment. At 23, you're supposed to. When you're young you tend to blame society.

But as a function of getting older, in hand with certain philosophies that I now embrace, I began taking personal responsibility for what happens in my life, and that became the issue. For me it's come down to a couple of really big areas or concepts. One is a kind of lazy man's Buddhism. The other is an existential view of life that I derived from some of the reading I did for *Analyze This*. It resonated with me.

PLAYBOY: What's the syllabus?

RAMIS: I read a fair amount of existential psychotherapy by this guy Irvin Yalom. And I was sent books—Viktor Frankl's *Man's Search for Meaning* and a really good book by a shrink named Allen Wheelis, *Quest for Identity*.

The Wheelis book talks about two processes operating in society. One is the institutional process, which is our reliance on established orders, the historical continuity of institutions, rules, knowledge and lore from the past. And then there's the instrumental process, which is invention, discovery, growth. These two are at odds. People were much more sure of things when they relied heavily on the institutional process. Institutions are about certainty. Rodney Dangerfield used to say he wished he was born Gentile and stupid. He'd be a lot happier and he could believe in something. The more we learn about ourselves, the less certain we are.

PLAYBOY: How does all this influence your directing?

RAMIS: It's interesting. Most people think being a director requires a lot of certainty. Because you're in authority, people expect you to behave like you know. I found early on that *don't-know* is the place to start. The more I feel I'm supposed to know, or need to know, the more anxious I get. It's much easier to say I don't know and then explore and consult.

PLAYBOY: Fine for you, but what about the people who depend on you to know? Cameramen, lighting guys, producers, actors?

RAMIS: Yeah, but that's just about image and ego and vanity. So what? I love shocking the crew by saying, "I don't have a fucking clue what to do at this point." They laugh. They like that. And I have a great alliance with the actors. From the beginning, I make it clear that we're on a journey of discovery together, and that they will be comfortable because I won't make them do anything they're not comfortable with.

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In *Bedazzled* I articulate the existential realities. Brendan, under the influence of his wish to be brilliant, makes a speech where he says, "Every time I reread Camus and Sartre, I kept thinking, Why does the existential dilemma have to be so damn bleak? Yes, we're alone in the universe. Yes, life is meaningless and death is inevitable. But is that necessarily so depressing?"

PLAYBOY: That *is* funny.

RAMIS: [*Chuckles*] He's speaking for me directly there. And it comes out comedic because that's my fundamental view of life. And because those questions engage me, I figure, Why not for now let them be the content? The idea is just to make it entertaining.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel as if you're sneaking in the heavy stuff?

RAMIS: Not really. It's no more snuck in than in *Groundhog Day* where you go on a journey with Bill Murray. But it's a journey of the spirit, not necessarily of the events. The events don't tell the story; it's his growth that tells the story.

PLAYBOY: As you've moved on, a new generation of comic filmmakers has filled the gap with raunchier stuff. Do you feel old?

RAMIS: No, timeless [*laughs*]. I've always thought of myself as one of the kids, though every time I see a profile on the Farrellys or Adam Sandler, they're always saying that when they were 12, they saw *Caddyshack* or *Animal House*.

PLAYBOY: Do you see your stuff in their movies?

RAMIS: Oh yeah. They don't make a secret of it, either. About six years ago I did a little acting in the movie *Airheads*. Adam Sandler was in it with Steve Buscemi and Brendan. Adam didn't exactly follow me around, but he spent a fair amount of time talking about *Caddyshack* and how he wanted to do a movie just like it. Then he did *Happy Gilmore*. That feels pretty good. I accept that.

PLAYBOY: Do you like the recent successful gross-out comedies *American Pie* and *There's Something About Mary*?

RAMIS: *American Pie* had some cute moments. I enjoyed it, but not a lot. I liked *South Park* a lot. I get the feeling Trey Parker and Matt Stone are very smart. You know that they crafted their intentions and it's not just accidental. I thought they made a good point and made it strongly, and it was edgy. I'm not so interested in safe genre movies that seem to be dull versions of something we've already seen a hundred times—even though they're no worse than the ones we made before. The problem is that after *Animal House*, the style of that film became the content of those that tried to trade on its success. They mistook the style for the content. My favorite new cliché—one I came up with—is that there are more good-looking movies than good movies.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to this being some golden age of comedies?

RAMIS: I don't think so. I believe things were never any better. Whenever people mention a golden age, I think they've lost some brain cells. When we did our early movies, someone actually wrote, "If this is the New Hollywood, bring back the Old Hollywood." It's just generational. Was 1939 really such a great year for movies? People celebrate the past. If they made 350 Hollywood movies in 1940, how many were good? Fifteen? Aren't there 15 good movies this year? Sure.

PLAYBOY: Would you want to direct Jim Carrey?

RAMIS: Yeah, I would. I hear from his guys, "You're great, you're great, you're great," but it hasn't turned into any real work yet.

PLAYBOY: Would you take him in a new direction?

RAMIS: It's not that. Actors are at the mercy of the scripts that are written. Directors can only do the things that they're offered or that they generate. The only real power you have is to not work. You can see where careers were ruined because people didn't have the courage to not work. They felt they had to be out there, and then did something unworthy. Chevy Chase probably hurt himself a lot doing that. John Candy, too. But it's hard to walk away. Actors are always afraid that they'll never work again.

PLAYBOY: How do you get Bill Murray to make a movie?

RAMIS: These days? I don't try. I don't know who speaks for him anymore. He's very picky about the stuff he does. He made a couple of comedies after *Groundhog Day* that didn't work out well. He co-directed, with Howard Franklin, *Quick Change*; then he made *Larger Than Life*, an elephant movie. The other one was *The Man Who Knew Too Little*. I enjoyed that one. Maybe he looks better and better to the studios as a well-known supporting cameo or feature role. I think he's made some interesting choices in the last few years. I saw *Cradle Will Rock* and I liked *Rushmore* and *Wild Things* a lot. Those were good choices for him. *Charlie's Angels*, I don't know. He's Bosley. But as far as his carrying a comedy by himself these days—the audience is so young, and to them, Bill's a guy who was on *Saturday Night Live* before they were even born.

PLAYBOY: Will you work together again?

RAMIS: I don't know. We don't really have a social relationship. We drifted apart after *Groundhog Day*. I don't even know what he thinks about what I do. He may think I'm a total sellout.

PLAYBOY: But you got on well during

"Aren't you done yet? How hard is it to draw an eagle with a snake in its feet? I should have gone somewhere else! Don't you know what you're doing?"

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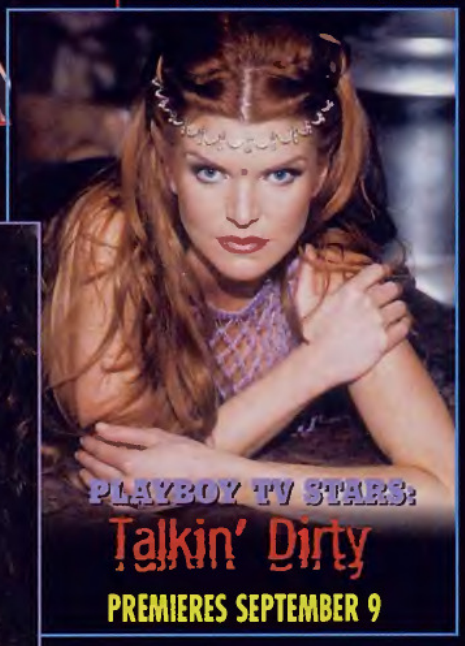

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Groundhog Day.

RAMIS: Uh, it was tough. I think he felt embattled on a lot of fronts. There were big changes in his personal life happening at that time. His marriage ended and a new one began during that film, and I think he felt kind of isolated from the production. He was never happy. He seemed to be suffering a lot. I think he was convinced it wasn't going to be good and that he wasn't going to be good in it. Then I saw him on *Larry King* saying that it's probably the best work he'll ever do. [*Pauses*] He went on to put the capper on my career and say it's the best work I'll ever do [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: On *Analyze This*, you directed De Niro and Crystal. What's it like to direct someone who has directed?

RAMIS: Winning Billy's respect from the outset was important. In our first meeting I assured him, "Comedy is the god I serve, and the movie will be funny." I think it showed a great generosity of spirit on his part to accept that his role as the shrink had to be more laid-back. It forced him to be much more selective about where he put his energy when it was appropriate to be funny.

PLAYBOY: What about De Niro? Was his playing a mobster—like Brando doing *The Freshman*—a parody?

RAMIS: I don't think so. Brando has always expressed a lot of contempt for his own profession, and there's a lot of self-loathing in that. I think De Niro is proud to be an actor, loves his characters and takes them all seriously. I believe that more than anything he was looking in *Analyze This* for a character he could play with conviction, who would be funny not because Bob would be delivering jokes but because the behavior and the context would be funny.

PLAYBOY: Did you do any heavy preparation for that film?

RAMIS: I worked entirely from reality, both in Mafia history and in the psychological underpinnings of an anxiety disorder. It wasn't clear to me that anyone who had written earlier drafts of the movie had ever seen a panic attack. I've driven people with panic attacks to the emergency room; I worked in a locked psychiatric ward for seven months. I'd been to a variety of shrinks. I also know a lot of shrinks.

PLAYBOY: Why is the mixture of the mob and mental health suddenly part of the zeitgeist again?

RAMIS: A friend of mine is a philosophy professor who specializes in gender studies. He wrote an article called "Diminished Masculinities in *Analyze This* and *The Sopranos*." His premise was that both the movie and *The Sopranos* are correctly describing something that's really happening, which is the breakdown of the institutional process in the Mafia. The old values are dying. The old-style Mafia boss is a dinosaur in this world of uncertainty and neurosis and anxiety and depression. The laws were changed to give the government extraordinary power over organized crime and, as is stated at the beginning of *Analyze This*, it's a new century. You've got to change with the times, and you've got a new mafioso to go with it.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago you joined a ritual men's group. Why? Do you still take part?

RAMIS: No. It came out of seeing Robert Bly on a Bill Moyers program, and then reading some Bly stuff. Earlier I'd read stuff by Michael Ventura on Bly in *LA Weekly*. He said some great things about fathering, the absence of initiation rituals in our society, young men trying to initiate themselves in the form of gang behavior, the absence of mentoring in society. I went to a Bly lecture, and it had an amazing kind of energy. I had not seen 800 men in an auditorium since my Army induction physical or since shooting *Stripes*.

PLAYBOY: What was it like?

RAMIS: I'd been so conditioned to being in situations where you choose carefully who you're with—Is he cool? Will people think I'm cool for being in this group?—and here I was, with a random group of men I had no control over. We were in listening mode. There's no cross talk. There's no dialogue. Men usually seek power in groups by dominating the group, by talking more than the other guy, by coming up with the answer. There were no answers in this group. You pass an object and whoever's holding the object gets to talk. Everyone else shuts up and listens. And you don't speak about the others. You speak only about yourself. That was unfamiliar to me. Being in the group took me out of myself. I ended up realizing how much I had in common with the other men. Of course, we were all white and within a narrow age range, and we all lived on the west side of LA. It's not like we were embracing our African brothers or anything. We would have Native Americans come in occasionally and drum with us or whatever. We did drum.

PLAYBOY: Do you still drum?

RAMIS: Yes. That's the legacy of the men's group: African drumming. I have a drum; my wife, Erica, has a drum; my son, Julian, has a drum. I have lots of percussion in my living room. Someone starts a rhythm and everyone, of all ages, gets in. Eventually everyone's laughing and people you've never even seen move off a sofa are up and inventing some kind of weird folk dance.

PLAYBOY: Do you dance?

RAMIS: I just drum [*laughs*].

"Why didn't you say you had to go before we left home?"

Big Sur

(continued from page 127)

only one Mac or PC, opt for the portable version and expect to pay upwards of $2000 for the power. (A good example is the Dell Inspiron 3800, pictured on page 124. The 3800 comes with a 600 MHz, 650 MHz or 700 MHz Pentium III processor, up to 30 gigs of storage and up to 512 megs of RAM.)

A cell phone is another indispensable piece of mobile gear. New digital models from Nokia, Motorola, Samsung and Ericsson transmit calls, as well as e-mail, pager messages and faxes. They also let you access the web for stock reports, news and sports scores. NeoPoint's 1000 smart phone even doubles as an organizer with a jumbo display and an icon-based interface for accessing your contacts and schedule and the web.

When you're running your own show, it's critical that you remain organized. Handheld computers by Palm, Handspring, Hewlett Packard, Casio and Compaq have enough memory to keep your schedule, contacts and a zillion to-do lists. They also have peripherals for sending and receiving e-mail, trading stocks, listening to music and taking digital photographs. All feature LCDs with touch-screen technology.

Motorola's new Timeport P935 ($400) has a clamshell design that opens to reveal a tiny keyboard and LCD. It performs much like a handheld computer with the advantage of wireless messaging and e-mail. And the Timeport's infrared technology lets you trade data with other, similarly equipped devices.

Every home office needs a stereo, and our choice is Sony's CMT-LS1 desktop system ($600). It has a vertical-loading five-disc CD changer, and can be mounted on the wall to save space. JVC, Sharp and Kenwood also make great office-size systems. And we're big fans of Bose's Wave Radio with CD-player, stereo tuner and credit card–size remote ($500).

There are now low-cost, no-brainer ways to link multiple computers in your home. The ability to share a broadband connection and peripherals is the main advantage of joining home systems. Instead of having a digital subscriber line for each PC (at $50 a pop), everyone living under your roof can simultaneously use a single line.

Home networking standards are still being hammered out, but the most popular setups—including Intel's AnyPoint and Apple's AirPort ($100 per computer to start)—link computers through radio frequency or standard phone lines. That means you don't have to pay for elaborate wiring. And if you opt for the wireless solution, hanging out on the deck, at the beach or in the pub can be a reality. Nice life, isn't it?

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GET LAID

(continued from page 116)

his time, says there's no such thing as a heterosexual or a homosexual. I think that just this once Gore Vidal is wrong. I think there are homosexuals and heterosexuals and just plain sexuals. Sexuality is a broad spectrum, but it has some major wavelengths on it. To have ultramodern sexuality is to have stealth sexuality. You have those girls sleeping with you before they see it coming.

For me one of the great events in modern American history was when the elegant and droll Vidal called William Buckley a cryptonazi on live TV at the 1968 Democratic Convention. The arch, aristocratic facade trembled; Buckley's lunar complexion turned deep mauve and he started sputtering "You . . . you . . . you," he stuttered, "you queer!" Later, at a press conference, he expanded on his characterization and called him a fag.

It was, apparently, the worst thing Buckley could think of. Fag, faggot—such terms of contempt. "It takes one to know one" would have been Pee-wee Herman's reply. Fag doesn't just mean homosexual—it's a constellation of louche, *outré* qualities. (Pardon my French, boys.)

I called the famous fashion designer Halston a faggot once. He yelled at me for wrinkling a fashion sketch by hubris-packed illustrator Joe Eula. He acted like I had wrinkled a Michelangelo. Wrinkling was too good for it. And he yelled at me like I was a messenger when in fact I was the brilliant young editor of *Interview*. I lost my composure and called him an old faggot. When I got back to the Factory I told Andy Warhol what I'd said. For a microsecond I thought he looked angry. I'm sure faggot was a word that had been directed his way quite a few times. I felt really guilty. I should have called Halston an asshole. He was an asshole. Or an old queen. Ditto.

But there's no other way to say it. I have always liked fags. I would much rather hang out with a bunch of fags than with a bunch of hockey fans by a long shot. I don't know why exactly. It might have something to do with culture, or it might be genetic. My grandmother adored Liberace and my mother was crushed when she found out about Merv. But the thing is, I like fags, not just plain homos. That is perhaps because there was something acquired in the closet that may be threatened by liberation. A lot of gay people aren't very gay anymore. Gay was always a bad choice of words, but now it's becoming positively ironic around lesbian stormtroopers and double-husband marrieds. I like the culture of the closet—the subtlety, the refinement, the innuendo.

So many shades of mauve, so many great words for queer and the many varieties of the epicene; swish, pansy, nellie, dirt farmer, shirt lifter, fudge packer, fruitcake, dinge queen, chickenhawk, manhole inspector, nancy boy, rent boy, rimadonna, butch, closet queen, leather boy, midnight cowboy, Mary. . . .

I like the way Andy would put it: "I think he's got a problem."

But one man's problem is another man's opportunity. Straight women love gay men. They're always trying to convert them. To study this phenomenon, observe the *Seinfeld* episode in which Elaine tries to recruit one over to our team, despite Jerry's warnings that it's virtually impossible because they like their team's equipment.

What was it that women loved about Cary Grant (who by most accounts came around to women in his declining years)? He was charming. He was not threatening. He radiated honor and loyalty. And, of course, he knew how to dress.

When you've lived in New York as long as I have (which makes you fairly old), there's one thing that you're used to hearing from women: "Why are all the great single men gay?" Well, this never was true. And it's even less true today, now that a lot of the great single men have become life partners with one another. But the fact is that there are a lot of things that women like about gay men. They have a lot of subject matter in common. Although more and more of my gay friends can name at least three New York Knicks (Patrick Ewing and two good-looking ones), gay men are not in general obsessed with sports. (Gay women are obsessed with sports.) Gay men, in general, think your breasts are

"No offense, Petal, but you know me. I always call a spade a sp——"

fine just the way God made them. Gay men have no particular reason to lie to women, unless it's to spare their feelings about what they're wearing.

Maybe I'm a straight fag because I have certain qualities, in addition to a raging hormonal attraction to vixens. There's no way to hide it. I am incredibly well dressed. My wardrobe is enormous. When I emerge, it's a spectacle of subtlety. I have a lot of close personal women friends. We have a lot of things to talk about. I think the new Prada looks like Miu Miu and I think it's a disaster what they've done to *Glamour* magazine. I don't have any secret agendas in their regard. (Either that, or I can wait for them to make the first move.) They can trust me just like one of the girls. I won't steal their boyfriend (although I might dis him now and then, hint, hint). I know a lot about fashion. ("Wear the mules, baby, you've got sexy heels.") And in real life I sell billions of dollars' worth of fashion, perfume and beauty products in my spare time. I can speak their language because I wrote it, girlfriend. I can style the bitch. I can even do her hair and makeup in a pinch. And this is why I have slept with the greatest female minds (not to mention bods) of my generation (and probably yours too, son), whom I met, at dawn, stalking the angry negro streets looking for a nice hetero boyfriend. I may have slept with your mother and your girlfriend, Jim.

Luckily, I'm not a womanizer anymore. I'm married, and brilliantly so. (And, I must say, marriage seems almost as attractive an obstacle to females on the lookout as apparent inversion!) My wife is a beautiful heterosexual female fag hag and together we can do the dance routine from *Saturday Night Fever* or redesign your fall collection. But I can't help my cloaked hormones; I still like to watch the girls, the beauties, the miracles of nature and grooming, and so I'm very happy to live in fashionland, near the border of the art world. I'm comfy at the fashion shows (if I'm no farther back than the third row). I still love my sissy friends, kiss kiss, but the world is changing. My wife's maid of honor was her hairdresser (male). And at my house everybody wears the pants and brings home bacon.

Hey, I'm just a modern guy. I've had it in the ear before. I've got a lust for life. So what can I say. I can box out on the basketball court, but I can gift-wrap, too. I golf from the back tees, but I make the risotto in my house. The divisions of labor, they are a-changing. I am not what my ancestors had in mind, but on the reproductive front I am getting the job done. I am evolution. I am the new man. Hear me roar: We're here, we're sometimes mistaken for queer, get used to it.

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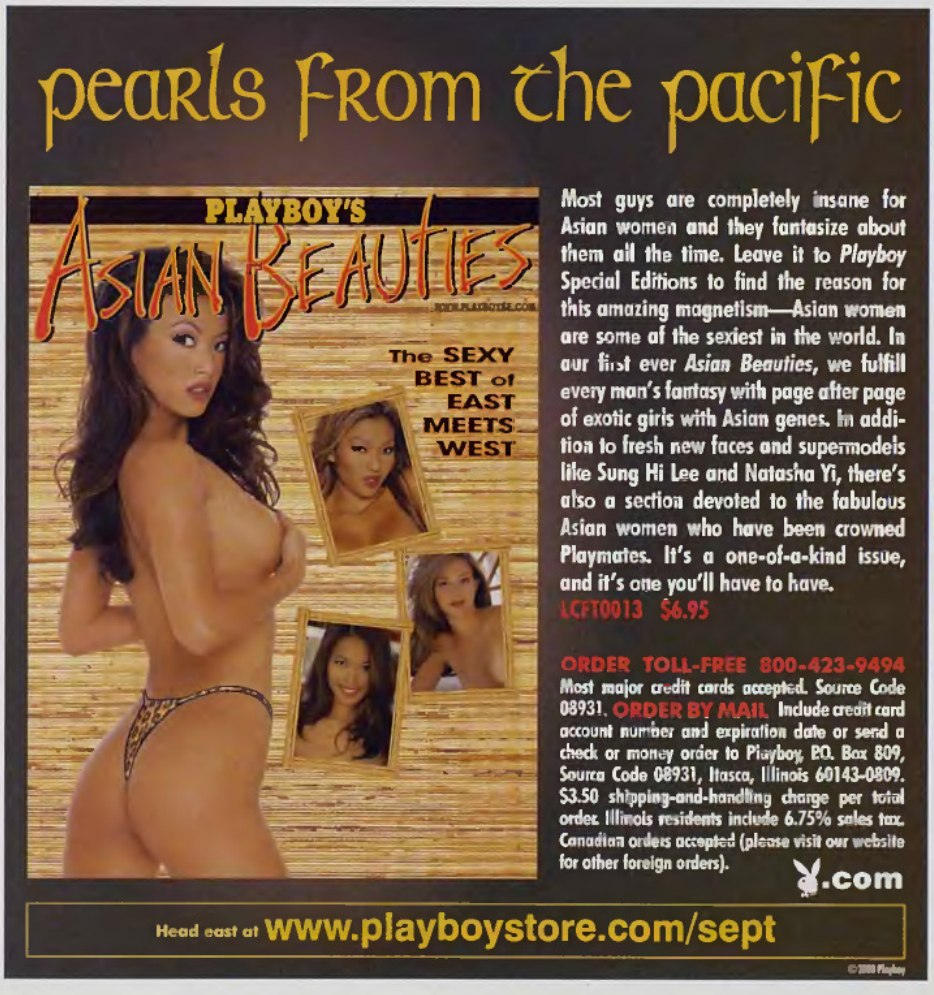
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Black And White Sisters

(continued from page 82)

right light, could be very appealing. She had a sort of retroghoulish style about her, with her dead-black clinging dress and Kabuki skin and all the rest of it. Black fingernails, of course. And toenails. I could just see the glossy even row of them peeping out from beneath the hem of her dress.

"Well," Moira demurred, coming back to me in her brisk grandmotherly way, though she wasn't a grandmother, never even married, and couldn't have been more than 44 or 45, "I wouldn't be too hasty. We're going to want all the shrubs and trees removed—anything that shows inside the fence, that is."

I'd been around in my time (in and out of college, stint in the merchant marine, twice married and twice divorced, and I'd lived in Poughkeepsie, Atlanta, Juneau, Cleveland and Mazatlán before I came home to California and my mother), and nothing surprised me. Or not particularly. I studied Moira's face, digging the toe of my work boot into the square of linoleum in front of me. "I don't know," I said finally, "it's going to be a big job—the trees, anyway. I can handle the shrubs and flowers myself, but the tree work's going to have to go to a professional. I can make some calls, if you want."

Moira came right back at me, needling and sharp: "You know the rule—black jeans, white T-shirts, black caps. No exceptions."

I was wearing black jeans myself—and a white T-shirt and black cap from which I'd removed the silver Raiders logo at her request. I was clear on the parameters here. But the money was good, very good, and I was used to dealing with the eccentric rich—that was pretty much all we had in this self-consciously quaint little town by the sea. And eccentric, as we all know, is just a code word for pure, cold-water crazy. "Sure," I said. "No problem."

"You'll bill us?" Moira asked, smoothing down her skirt and crossing the room in a nervous flutter to pull open the refrigerator and peer inside.

Ten percent, I could see it already—and the tree work would be $11,000 or $12,000 easy, maybe more. It wasn't gouging, not really, just my commission for catering to their whims—or needs. Black jeans and white T-shirts. Sure. I just nodded.

"And no Mexicans. I know there's practically nothing but on any work crew these days, and I have nothing against them, nothing at all, but you know how I feel, Vincent. Don't you?" She removed a clear glass pitcher of milk from the refrigerator and took a glass from the cupboard. "A black crew I'd have no objection to—or a white one either. But it's got to be one or the other, no mixing, and you know. . . ." She paused, the glass in one hand, the pitcher in the other. "If it's a black crew, I think I'd like to see them in *white* jeans and *black* T-shirts. Would there be a problem with that, if the question should arise?"

"No," I said, slowly shaking my head, as if I could barely sustain the weight of it. "No problem at all."

"Good," she said, pouring out a clean white glass of milk and setting it down on the counter beside the pitcher as if she were arranging a still life. She clasped her hands over her breast, flashed a look at her sister and then smiled as if I'd just carved up the world like a melon and handed it to her, piece by dripping piece. "We'll begin ASAP then, hmm? The sooner the better?"

"Sure," I said.

"All right, then. Do you have anything to add, Caitlin?"

Caitlin's voice, soft as the beat of a cabbage moth's wing: "No, nothing."

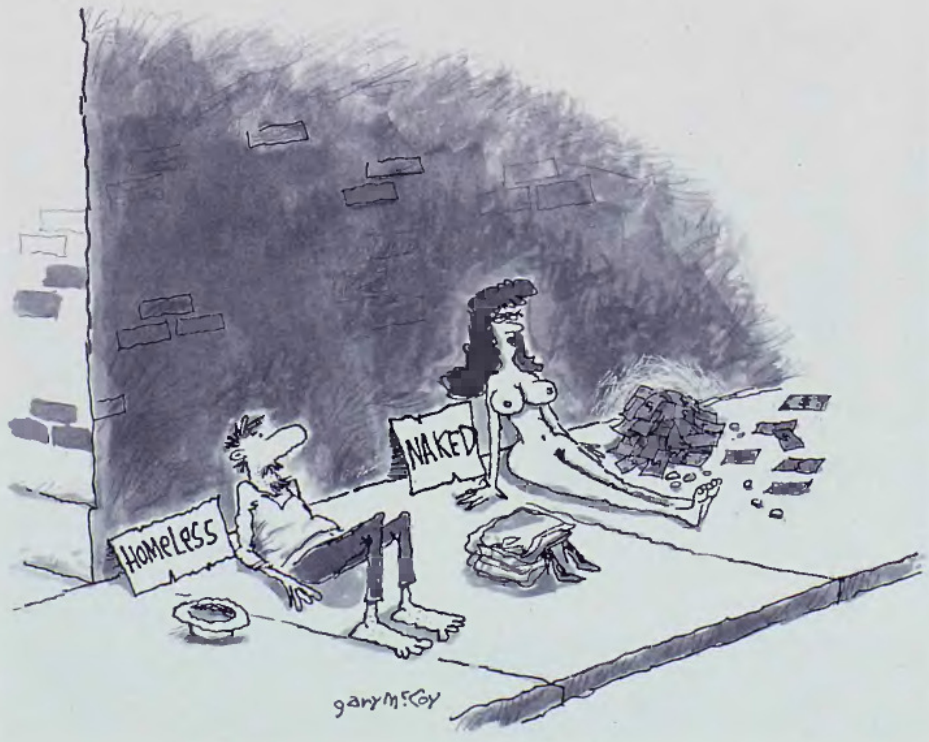
I started digging out the bushes myself—fuchsia, oleander, mock orange—but I had to go pretty far afield for the tree crew. There were three grand old oaks in the front yard, a mature Australian tea tree on the east side of the house and half a dozen citrus trees in the back. It would take a crew of 10 at least, with climbers, a cherry picker, shredder and cleanup, and, as I say, it was going to be expensive. And wasteful. A real shame, really, to strip and pave a yard like that, but if that was what they wanted, I was in no position to argue. I stood to make $1100 or so on the trees and another five digging out the shrubs and tilling up the lawn.

The problem, though, as Moira had foreseen, was in finding a non-Mexican crew in San Roque. It just didn't exist. Nor were there many white guys on the dirty end of the tree business—they basically just bid the jobs and sent you the bill—and there were no blacks in town at all. Finally, I drove down to Los Angeles and talked to Walt Tremaine, of Walt's Stump & Tree, and he agreed to come up and bid the job, writing in 300 extra for the aesthetic considerations—i.e., the white jeans and black T-shirts.

Walt Tremaine was a man of medium size with a firm paunch and a glistening bald sweat-speckled crown. He looked to be in his 50s and he was wearing a pair of cutoff blue jeans and one of those tight-fitting shirts with the little alligator logo over the left nipple. The alligator was green and the shirt was the color of a crookneck squash—a bright, glowing, almost aniline yellow. We were both contemplating the problem of the tea tree—a massive snaking thing that ran its arms out into a tangle of neglected victorian box, when the two women appeared around the corner of the house. Moira was in white—high-heeled boots, ankle-length dress and sweater, though it was a golden temperate day, like most days here—and Caitlin was in her customary black. Both of them had parasols, but Caitlin had taken the white one and Moira the black for some reason—maybe they were trying to impress Walt Tremaine with their improvisatory daring.

I introduced them, and Moira, beaming, took Walt Tremaine's hand and said, "So, you're a black man."

He just stared at the picture of her white-gloved hand in the shadow of his for a minute and then corrected her.



"African American."

"Yes," Moira said, still beaming, "exactly. And I very much like the color of your shirt, but you do understand, I hope, that it's much too much of an excitation and will simply have to go. Yes?" And then she turned to me. "Vincent, have you explained to this gentleman what we require?"

Walt Tremaine gave me a look. It was a look complicated by the fact that I'd introduced myself as Larry when he climbed out of his pickup, not to mention Moira's comment about his shirt and the dead white of Moira's dress and the nullifying black of her sister's lipstick, but it went further than that, too—it was the way Moira was talking, taking elaborate care with each syllable, as if she were an English governess with a board strapped to her back. He operated out of Van Nuys, and I figured he didn't run across many women like Moira on an average day. But he was equal to the challenge, no problem there.

"Sure," he said, pressing a little smile onto his lips. "Your man here—whatever his name is—outlined the whole thing for me. I can do the job for you, but I have to say I'm an equal opportunity employer, and I have eight Mexicans, two Guatemalans, a Serb and a Fiji Islander working for me, as well as my African Americans. And I don't particularly like it, but I can split off one crew of black men and bring them up here, if that's what you want." He paused. Toed the grass a minute, touched a finger to his lips. When he spoke, it was with a rising inflection, and his eyes rolled up like loose window shades and then came back down again: "White jeans?"

Caitlin gave a little laugh and gazed out across the lawn. Her sister shot her a fierce look and then clamped the grandmotherly smile back on her face. "Indulge us," she said. "We're just trying to—well, let's say we're trying to simplify our environment."

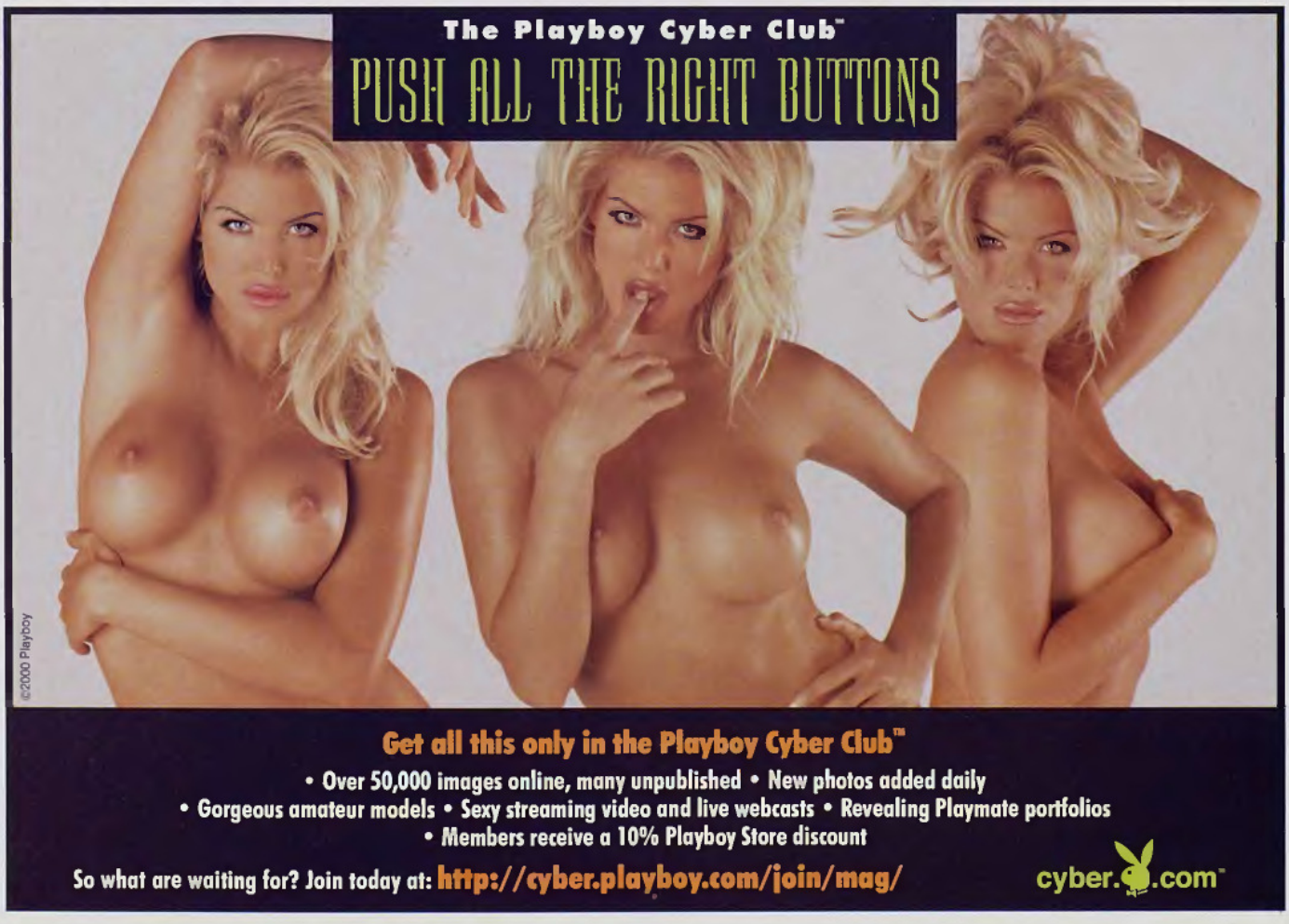
•

Later that afternoon, sweating buckets, I stopped to strip off my soaked-through T-shirt and hose some of the grit off me. I stood there a moment, my mind blank, the scent of everything that lives and grows rising to my nostrils, the steady stream of the hose now dribbling from my fingertips, now distending my cheeks, when the front gate cranked open and Caitlin's black Mercedes rolled up the drive and came to a silent, German-engineered halt beside me. I'd been hacking away at an ancient plumbago bush for the past half hour, and I wasn't happy. It seemed wrong to destroy all this living beauty, deeply wrong, a desecration of the yard and the neighborhood and a violation of the principles I try to live by—I hadn't started up a gardening business to maim and uproot things, after all. I wanted to nurture new growth. I wanted healing. Rebirth. All of that. Because I'd seen some bad times, especially with my second wife, and all I can say is thank God we didn't have any children.

Anyway, there I was and there she was, Caitlin, stepping out of the car with a panting dog at her heels (no, it wasn't a Scottie or a black Lab, but a Hungarian puli that was so unrelievedly black it cut a moving hole out of the scenery). She lifted two bulging plastic sacks from the seat beside her—groceries—and I remember wondering if the chromatic obsession extended to foods, too. There would be eggplant in one of those bags, I was thinking, vanilla ice cream in another, devil's food cake, Béchamel, week-old bananas, coffee, Crisco. But inspiration began to fail me when I realized she was standing two feet from me, watching the water roll off my shoulders and find its snaking way down my chest and into the waist of my regulation black jeans.

"Hi, Larry," she murmured, smiling at me with as sweet an expression as you could expect from a woman with black-rimmed eyes and lips the color of a dead streetwalker's. "How's it going?"

I tried to wipe every trace of irritation from my face—as I say, I wasn't too pleased with what she and her sister were doing here, but I tried to put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things in perspective. I'd had crazier clients by a long shot. There was Mrs. Boutilier du Plessy, for one, who had me dig a pond 20 feet across for a single goldfish she'd been handed by a stranger at the mall, or Frank and Alma Fortressi, who paid me to line the floor of their master bedroom with Visqueen and then dump 30 bags of planting mix on top of it so I could plant peonies right at the foot of the bed. I smiled back at Caitlin. "All right, I guess."

She shaded her eyes from the sun and squinted at me. "Is that sweat? All over you, I mean?"

"It was," I said, holding her eyes. I was remembering her as a child, black hair in braids, like Pocahontas, dimpled knees, the plain constricting chute of a little girl's dress, but a dress that was pink or moss green or Lake Tahoe blue. "I just hosed off."

"Hard work, huh?" she said, looking off over my shoulder as if she were addressing someone behind me. And then: "Can I get you something to drink?"

"It wouldn't be milk, would it?" I said, and she laughed.

"No, no milk, I promise. I can give you juice, soda, beer—would you like a beer?"

The dog sniffed at my leg—or at least I hope he was sniffing, since he was so black and matted you couldn't tell which end of him was which. "A beer sounds real nice," I said, "but I don't know how you and your sister are supposed to feel about it—I mean, beer's not white." I let it go a beat. "Or black."

She held her smile, not fazed in the least. "For one thing," she said, "Moira always takes a nap after lunch, so she won't be involved. And for another"—she was looking right into my eyes now, the smile turned up a notch—"we only serve Guinness in this house."

We sat in the kitchen—black-and-white tile, white cabinets, black appliances—and had three bottles each while the sun slid across the windowpanes and the plumbago withered over its hacked and naked roots. I don't know what it was, the beer, the time of day, the fact that she was there and listening, but I really opened up to her. I told her about Janine, my second wife, and how she picked at me all the time—I was never good enough for her, no matter what I did—and I got off on a tangent about a transformative experience I'd had in Hawaii, when I first realized I wanted to work with the earth, with the whole redemptive process of digging and planting, laying out flower beds, running drip lines, setting trees in the ground. (I was on top of Haleakala Crater, in the garden paradise of the world, and there was nothing but volcanic debris all around me, a whole sour landscape of petrified symbols. It was dawn and I hadn't slept and Janine and I stood there in the wind, bleary tourists gazing out on all that nullity, and suddenly I understood what I wanted in life. I wanted things to be green, that was all. It was as simple as that.)

Caitlin was a good listener and I liked the way she tipped the glass back in delicate increments as she drank, her eyes shining and her free hand spread flat on the tabletop, as if we were at sea and she needed to steady herself. She kept pushing the hair away from her face and then leaning forward to let it dangle loose again, and whenever I touched on anything painful or sensitive (and practically everything about Janine fell into that category), a sympathetic little crease appeared between her eyebrows and she clucked her tongue as if there were something stuck to the roof of her mouth. After the second beer, we turned to less-personal topics—the weather, gardening, people we knew in common. When we cracked the third one, we began reminiscing about the lame, halt and oddball teachers we had had in junior high and some of the more memorable disasters from those days, like the time it rained day and night for the better part of a week and boulders the size of Volkswagens rolled up out of the streambeds and into the passing lane of the freeway.

I was having a good time, and good times were in precious short supply since my divorce. I felt luxurious and calm. The shrubs, I figured, could wait until tomorrow—and the trees and the grass and the sky, too. It was nice, for a change, to let the afternoon stretch itself over the window like a thin skin and not have to worry about a thing. I was drunk. Drunk at three in the afternoon, and I didn't care. We'd just shared a laugh over Mr. Clemens, the English teacher who wore the same suit and tie every day for two years and pronounced "poem" as "poim," when I set my glass down and asked Caitlin what I'd been wanting to ask since I first left my card in her mailbox six months back. "Listen, Caitlin," I said, riding the exhilaration of that last echoing laugh, "I hope you won't take this the wrong way, but what is it with the black-and-white business—I mean, is it some sort of political statement? A style? A religious thing?"

She leaned back in her chair and made an effort to hold on to her smile. The dog lay asleep in the corner, as shabby and formless as an old alpaca coat slipped from a hanger. He let out a long, heaving sigh, lifted his head briefly and then dropped it again. "Oh, I don't know," she said, "it's a long story——"

That was when Moira appeared, right on cue. She was wearing a gauzy white pantsuit she might have picked up at a beekeeper's convention, and she hesitated at the kitchen door when she saw me sitting there with her sister and a thick black beer, but she hesitated only for an instant. "Why, Vincent," she said, more

the governess than ever, "what a nice surprise."

•

The next morning, at eight, Walt Tremaine showed up with seven black men in white jeans, black T-shirts and white caps, and enough heavy machinery to take down every tree within half a mile before lunch. "And how are you this fine morning, Mr. Vincent Larry," he said. "Or is it Larry Vincent?"

I blew the steam off a cup of McDonald's coffee and worked my tongue around the remnants of an Egg McMuffin. "Just call me Larry," I said. "It's her," I added, by way of explanation. "Moira, the older one. I mean, she's . . . well, I don't have to tell you—I'm sure you can draw your own conclusions."

Walt Tremaine planted his feet and wrapped his arms round his chest. "Oh, I don't know," he said, waxing philosophical as his crew scuttled past us with ropes, chain saws, blowers and trimmers. "Sometimes I wish I could get a little simplicity in my life, if you know what I mean. Up in a tree half the day, sawdust in my hair, and when I come home to my wife she expects me to mow the lawn and break out the hedge clippers." He looked down at his feet and then out across the lawn. "Hell, I'd like to pave my yard over, too."

I was going to say I know what you mean, because that's the sort of thing you say in a situation like that, but that would have implied agreement, and I didn't agree, not at all. So I just shrugged noncommittally and watched Walt Tremaine's eyes follow his climbers up the biggest, oldest and most venerable oak in the yard.

Later, when the tree was in pieces and the guy I'd hired for the day and I had rototilled the lawn and raked the dying fragments into three top-heavy piles the size of haystacks, Moira, in her beekeeper's regalia, appeared with a pitcher of milk and a tray of Oreos. It was four in the afternoon, the yard was raw with dirt and the air shrieked with the noise of Walt Tremaine's shredder as his men fed it the remains of the oak. The other two oaks, smaller but no less grand, had been decapitated preparatory to taking them down, and the tea tree had been relieved of its limbs. All in all, it looked as if a bomb had hit the yard while miraculously sparing the house (white, of course, with whiter trim and a dead black roof). I watched Moira circulate among the bewildered, sweating men of Walt Tremaine's crew, pouring out milk, offering cookies.

When she got around to me and Greg (black jeans, white T-shirt, black cap, white skin), she let her smile waver and flutter twice across her lips before settling in. We were taking a hard-earned break, stretched out in comfort on the last besieged patch of grass and trying to muster the energy to haul all that yellowing turf out to my pickup. We'd really humped it all afternoon, so caught up in the rhythm of destruction we never even stopped for a drink from the hose, but we couldn't help but look guilty now—you always do when the client catches you on your rear end. I introduced her to Greg, who didn't bother to get up.

"I'm very pleased to meet you," she said, and Greg just grunted in return, already tucking a cookie inside his cheek. I passed on the cookies myself, and the milk, too—I was beginning to resent being reduced to a figure in some crazy composition. She smiled at me though, a full-on interplanetary dreamer's smile that really made me wonder if there was anyone home, at least for that instant, and then she turned back to Greg. "You're, uh, how can I put this?" she murmured, studying his deeply tanned face and arms. "You're not Mexican, by any chance, are you?"

Greg looked surprised and maybe a bit shocked, too—she might as well have asked him if he was a Zulu. He gave me a quick glance, then shifted his gaze to Moira. "My last name's Sorenson," he said, struggling to keep his voice under control, and he took off his cap to show her the blond highlights in his hair. He replaced the cap indignantly and held out his arms. "I'm a surfer," he said, "every chance I get. This is what's known as a tan."

I watched the sun touch her hair as she straightened up with the tray and struggled with her smile. She must bleach her hair, I was thinking, because nobody under seventy has hair that white—and it was amazing hair, white right on through to the scalp, sheep-white, bone-white, paper-white—when she squared her shoulders and looked down at Greg as if he were some panting animal she'd discovered in a cage at the zoo. "Well, that's nice," she said finally. "Very nice. It's a nice sport. Will you be working here long? For us, I mean?"

"We'll be done this time tomorrow, Moira," I said, cutting in before Greg could say something I might wind up regretting. "We've just got to rake out the lawn—the dirt, that is—for the blacktop guy, and take out the rest of the pittosporum under the tea tree. Walt Tremaine and his people are going to need two more days."

Moira wavered on the cusp of this news, the gauzy beekeeper's outfit inflating with a sudden breath of wind. She held the tray of milk and cookies rigidly before her and I noticed her hands for the first time, a young woman's hands, sleek and unlined, the fingernails heavily enameled in cake-frosting white. "Vincent," she said after a moment, raising her voice to be heard over the Dopplering whine of the shredder out on the street, "could I have a word with you in private?" She moved off then without

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waiting for an answer, and I was left to push myself up and tag after her, like the hired help I was.

We had marched 40 feet across the ravaged yard before Moira turned to me. "This Sorenson," she said. "Your associate?"

"Yeah?"

"I presume he's just casual labor?"

I nodded.

She glanced up toward the house and I followed her line of sight to one of the second-story windows. Caitlin was there, in her funereal black, looking down on the wreckage of the yard with a fixed stare. "I don't want to put you out, Vincent," Moira was saying, and she was still staring up at the image of her sister, "but couldn't you find someone a little less sallow for tomorrow?"

There wouldn't be any gardening going on around here for some time to come, and I didn't really have to kowtow to this woman anymore—or humor her, either—but I went along with her just the same. Call it a reflex. "Sure," I said, and I had to keep myself from tipping my hat. "No problem."

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A week later the yard was an empty parking lot surrounded by a 10-foot-high clapboard fence (it was whitewashed, of course). From inside you couldn't see a trace of green anywhere—or yellow, red, pink or tangerine, for that matter. I wondered how they felt, Moira and her sweet sad sister, when they stepped outside on their perfectly contoured blacktop plateau and looked up into the airy blue reaches of the sky with that persistent golden sun hanging in the middle of it. Disappointed? Frustrated? Sorry God hadn't made us all as color-blind as dogs? Maybe they ought to just go ahead and dome the place—sure, just like a baseball stadium, and they could paint the underside of the thing Arctic white. Or avoid daylight altogether. A good starlit night wouldn't interfere with the scheme at all.

Do I sound bitter? I was bitter—and disgusted with myself for being party to the whole fiasco. It was so negative, so final, so life-quenching and drab. Moira was sick, and her heart and mind must have been as black as her sister's dresses, but Caitlin—I couldn't believe she was that far gone. Not after the day we'd spent drinking beer and reminiscing or the way she smiled at me and spoke my name, my real name, and not some bughouse invention (and who was Vincent, I'd like to know?). No, there was feeling there, I was sure of it, and sensitivity and sweetness, too. And need. A whole lot of need. That was why I found myself slowing outside their fence as I came and went from one job or another, hoping to catch a glimpse of Caitlin backing her Mercedes out into the street or collecting the mail, but all I ever saw was the blank white field of the fence.

Then, early one evening as I lay soaking in the tub, trying to scrub the deep verdigris stains of Miracle-Gro off my hands and forearms, the phone rang. I got to it, dripping, on the fifth ring. Caitlin was on the other end. "Larry," she said, "hi. Listen," she said, her voice soft and breathy, "I kind of miss you, I mean, not seeing you around. I'd like to offer you a beer sometime——"

"Be right over," I said.

It was high summer and still light out when I got there, the streets bathed in a soft milky luminescence, swallowtails leaping in the air, bougainvillea, hibiscus, Euryops and oleander blazing against the fall of night. I'd automatically thrown on a pair of black jeans and an unadorned white T-shirt, but as I was going out the door I reached in the coat closet and pulled out a kelly-green sportcoat I'd bought for St. Patrick's Day one year, the sort of thing you regret having spent good money on the minute the last beer is drained and the fiddler stops fiddling. But by my lights, what Caitlin needed was a little color in her life, and I was the man to give it to her. I stopped by the florist's on my way and got her a dozen long-stemmed roses, and I didn't look twice at the white ones. No, the roses I picked were as deep and true as everything worth living for, red roses, bright red roses, roses that flowed up out of their verdant stems like blood from an open artery.

I punched in the code at the gate and wheeled my pickup into the vast parking lot that was their yard and parked beside the front steps (the color of my truck, incidentally, is white, albeit a beat-up, battered and very dirty shade of it). Anyway, I climbed out of my white truck in my black jeans, white shirt and kelly-green jacket and moved across the blacktop and up the white steps with the blood-red roses clutched under one arm.

Caitlin answered the door. "Larry," she murmured, letting her eyes stray from my face to the jacket and back again, "I'm glad you could come. Did you eat yet?"

I had. A slime burger, death fries and a side dish of fermented slaw at the local greasy spoon. I could have lied, trying to hold the picture of her whipping up a mud pie or blackened sole with mashed potatoes or black beans, but food wasn't what I'd come for. "Yeah," I said, "on my way home from work. Why? You want to go out?"

We were in the front hall now, in a black-and-white world, no shade of gray even, the checkered tiles gleaming, ebony chairs, a lacquered Japanese cabinet. She gave me her black-lipped smile.

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"Me?" she said. "Uh-uh. No. I don't want to go out." A pause.

"I want to go to bed."

In bed, after I discovered she was black and white without her clothes on too, we sipped stout and porter and contemplated the scintillating roses, set in a white vase against a white wall like a trompe l'oeil. And we talked. Talked about love and need and loss, talked about the world and its tastes and colors, and talked round and round the one subject that stood between us. We'd become very close for the second time and were lying in one another's arms, all the black lipstick kissed off her, when I came back to the question I'd posed in the kitchen the last time we'd talked. "So," I said. "OK. It's a long story, but the night's long too and I tell you, I don't feel the least bit sleepy. Come on, the black and white. Tell me."

•

It would make a better story if there were some sort of "Rose for Emily" thing going on, if Moira had been left at the altar in her white satin and veil or seduced and abandoned by some neon hippie in an iridescent pink shirt and tie-dyed jacket, but that wasn't it at all. She was just depressed. Afraid of the world. In need of control. "But what about you?" I said, searching her eyes. "You feel that way, too?"

We were naked, in each other's arms, stretched the length of the bed. She shrugged. "Sort of," she said. "When we were girls, before we moved to New York, Moira and I used to watch TV, everything in black and white, Fred MacMurray, Donna Reed, *Father Knows Best*, and we had a game, a competition really, to see who could make her room like that, like the world of those shows, where everything turned out right in the end. I wanted white, but Moira was older, so I got black."

There was more, but the next line—"Our parents didn't like it, of course"—didn't come from Caitlin, but from her sister. Maybe I had closed my eyes for a minute, I don't know, but suddenly there she was, all in white and perched at the end of the bed. Her mouth was drawn up in a little bow, as if the whole scene was distasteful to her, but she looked at me without blinking. "In New York, everything was pink, chiffon and lace, peach, champagne, the pink of little girls and blushing maidens. That was what Daddy wanted—and his wife, too. Little girls. Normal, sweet, curtseying and respectfully whispering little girls who would climb up into his lap for a bedtime story. I was 16 at the time, Vincent; Caitlin was 14. Can you see? Can you?"

I pulled the black sheets up to my hips, trying to calm the pounding in my chest. This was definitely an unusual situation, to say the least—as I say, I had been around, but this was out of my league altogether. I wanted to say something, but I couldn't for the life of me guess what that might be. My right arm lay under the luxurious weight of Caitlin's shoulders. I gave them a squeeze to reassure myself.

"Oh, it's nothing like that, Larry," Caitlin said, anticipating me. "Nothing dirty. But Daddy wanted an end to black and white, and we—we didn't. Did we, Moira?"

Moira was staring off across the room to where the night hung in the windows, absolute and unadulterated. "No, Caitly, we didn't. And we showed them, didn't we?"

I felt Caitlin tense beside me. I wanted nothing in that moment but to leap up out of the bed, pull the ridiculous green jacket over my head and sprint for my truck. But instead I heard myself asking, "How?"

Both sisters laughed then, a low rasping laugh caught deep in their throats, and there wasn't a whole lot of hilarity in it. "Oh, I don't know, Vincent," Moira said, throwing her head back to laugh again, and then coming back to me with a hand pattering at her breast. "Let's just say that colors can get out of hand sometimes, if you know what I mean."

"Fire is our friend," Caitlin said, leaving a little hiatus after the final syllable.

"If you respect it," Moira chimed in, and they both laughed again. I pulled the sheet up a little bit farther. Caitlin had lit a pair of tapering black candles when the sky had gone dark, and I stared into the unsteady flame of them now, watching the yellow ribbons of light die back and re-create themselves over and over. There wasn't a sound in the world.

"And Vincent," Moira said, turning back to me, "if you're going to be seeing my sister on any sort of regular basis, I have to tell you you're simply not white enough. There'll be no more outdoor work, that's out of the question." She let out another laugh, but this one at least had a little life in it. "You wouldn't want to end up looking like your surfer friend, would you?"

The silence held. I could hear the two sisters breathing gently, almost in unison, and it was as if they were breathing for me, and I'd never felt so tranquil and volitionless in my life. Whiteness loomed, the pale ethereality of nothingness, and blackness, too, the black of a dreamless sleep. I closed my eyes. I could feel my head sinking into the pillow as if into the ancient mud of an untracked forest.

"Oh, and Vincent, one more thing," Moira said, and I opened my eyes long enough to see her cross the room and dump the roses in the wastebasket. "Dye your hair, will you?"

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40 YEARS

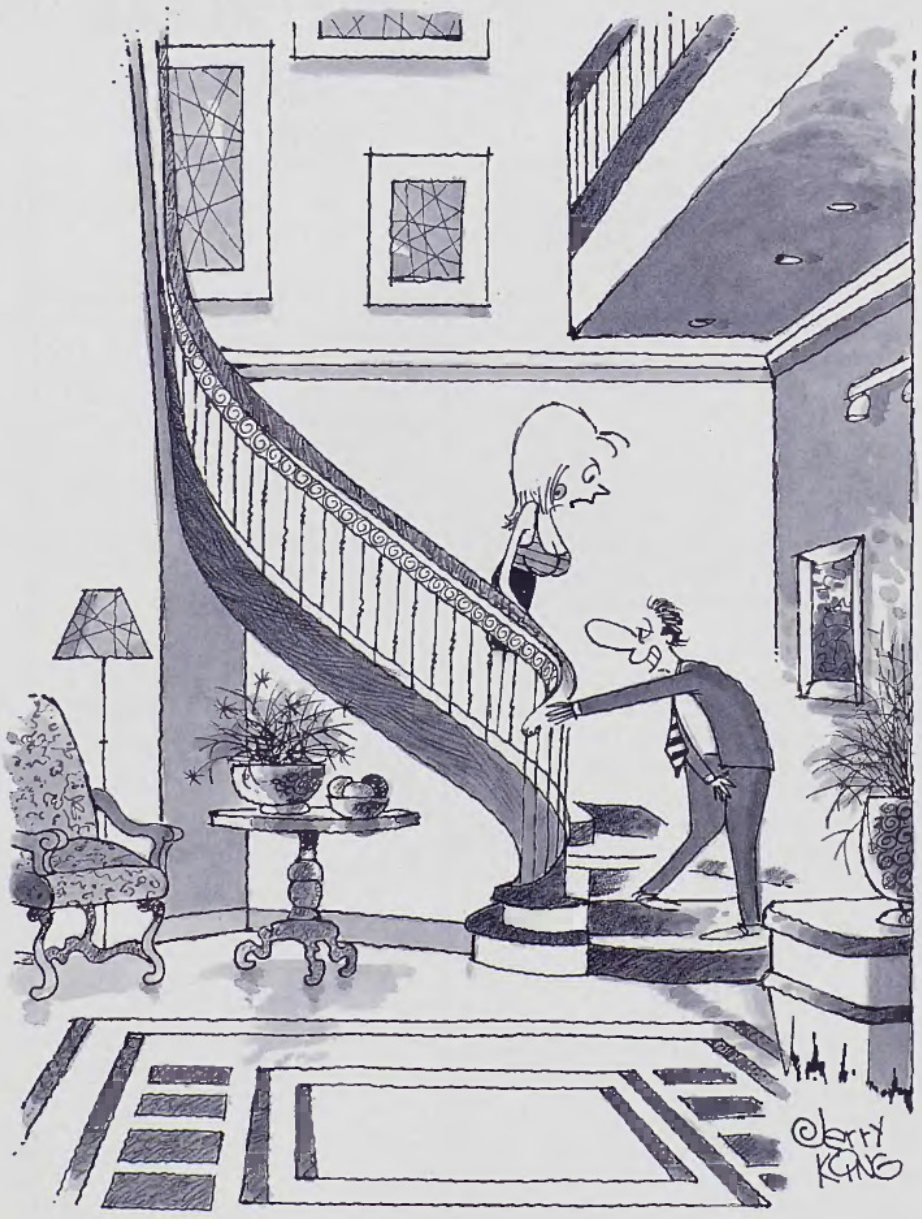
(continued from page 118)

know a girl who has a jar full of what appear to be mushrooms. That should make him bite his tongue-in-cheek.

THE CHINESE BASKET TRICK [FEBRUARY 1974]

Every now and then, I get a letter from a friend of mine in the merchant marine. The last one came from Hong Kong and contained reference to something called the Chinese basket trick. He assumed that I knew what it was, and I don't. Can you give me details?—S.K., Hartford, Connecticut

Sure. Lovers suspend a basket from the ceiling of their bedroom with a block and tackle. The woman climbs into the basket and lowers herself until her genitals come into contact with her partner's. (By the way, the basket should have a hole in it, and the trick doesn't work quite as well with the man on top.) Some couples have the man raise and lower the basket, while the woman plucks the ropes as if they were the strings of a harp; the vibrations can be delightful. Other lovers twist the ropes before the woman gets into the basket; the gentle unwinding motion adds a new dimension to the phrase "getting turned on." We've heard of several variations of the Chinese basket trick. Persons concerned with birth control attach the basket to a catapult. When the man feels the approach of an orgasm, he tugs a second rope to ensure a rather dramatic form of coitus interruptus. Also, single men sometimes combine the basket with a Chinese finger handcuff (one of tubes of folded palm fronds that drove you crazy as a kid) for a unique form of masturbation. If you would like to experience the technique and don't happen to have beams in your bedroom, try the Chinese picnic-basket trick. Toss a block and tackle into a basket and find a secluded wood where the tree limbs are fairly thick. Make sure your equipment is secure and never raise your friend higher than you would like her to fall.



"Next time you want to have a quickie, could you at least last long enough to make it up to the bedroom?"

DOUBLE AGENT [MARCH 1981]

About a year ago, I met an attractive Oriental girl. We went out a couple of times. Eventually, we went to bed. I really enjoyed myself with her. Eventually I moved in with her. Everything was going great. One day I got snoopy and started to go through old pictures she had stuffed into a box in the back of a closet. I ran across an envelope, on the cover of which was the name of a reconstructive-surgery clinic. I opened it and found documents of name changes, Social Security–number changes, work records and birth certificates. What it came down to was: The girl I had fallen in love with had had a sex-change operation. I didn't know what to do. I didn't let her know I knew about it. Gradually, I enjoyed sex less and less with her. I left her, needless to say. Since then, I haven't been to bed with any girl. I almost find it hard to even talk with one. Is it wrong for me to think so badly of her? Is there any way for me to get over this?—C.H., Denver, Colorado

Life, as the man says, can be a bitch. And silence can be a breeding ground for pain and confusion. Maybe you should at least talk this over with your friend. Maybe not. When a relationship disintegrates, you should go out and have an affair or four or five. You need to liberate your sexuality from the details of the immediate past, to assure yourself that your arousal is not dependent on your former partner. As the years pass, you'll look back on this as a great war story for those times when your children ask you, "And what did you do in the sexual revolution, Daddy?"

HALL OF FAME [DECEMBER 1984]

For more than a year, I have been seeing a ladyfriend who is very beautiful, has a great figure and, in her 40s, passes for 30. She is obsessed with fellatio. It's not that I object. However, I believe she prefers fellatio to normal intercourse. Whenever we begin foreplay, she will go down on me immediately. At times she becomes very tenacious and goes at it as if she were a starving animal. She moans and groans and makes weird noises and tries to take my entire penis into her mouth. Once she has started, there is no stopping her until I climax. She takes advantage of the situations in which intercourse is not possible, such as while I am driving or in a theater, where she will insist we sit in a remote and dark area. She fondles my penis until it is erect, then says, "I can't leave you like that," and goes down on me. She tells me her late husband loved fellatio and that she

sucked him constantly, sometimes four or five times a day. They had no children, which is understandable. There have been evenings when we stayed at her home to watch TV. We would sit on the couch and she would make me comfortable and then lie across the couch in such a manner that she could view the TV and at the same time suck me. She has spent hours doing this, and when I have an orgasm, she becomes very aroused. At the completion of each orgasm, she runs her fingers down to the base of my penis and drains every drop, and never once has she made a spot on her or on my clothes. How do you describe a female—either clinically or with a slang expression—who prefers oral sex?—S.R., Atlanta, Georgia

A real find.

CONDOM CONSCIOUSNESS [JULY 1987]

I'm worried about contracting a venereal disease during sex. What should I do? Also, I suffer from premature ejaculation. Any suggestions? And, finally, I would like to increase the size of my penis. What do you recommend?—J.W., New York, New York

Here are the answers to your queries: (1) Wear a condom. (2) Wear two condoms. (3) Wear three condoms.

HOW TO TALK DIRTY [JULY 1987]

My lover wants me to talk dirty to her in bed. I don't have the faintest clue as to what I should say. Can you offer any hints? — T.S., Detroit, Michigan

Talking dirty can get you into the realm of the imagined and forbidden; it can be a great turn-on without being threatening. If you're fucking in one position, tell her how much you'd like to get her in a different one. Tell her how she'd feel. Tell her what she looks like with her pants down and her legs spread. Tell her how good she feels, how good she looks. Tell her you're going to tie her up—it's not necessary to do it, just tell her about it. Tell her you know how much she secretly wants to tie you up. Tell her how good she is with her mouth or how good you're going to be with your mouth. Tell her you have fantasies about her in class, at the office, that only you know what a sexual animal she is. Tell her that she's in control. Tell her to rub your cock with her pussy. Tell her that her pussy's on fire. Get the idea? Shock value is erotic. Don't try to clean up your act; if you're going to talk dirty, talk dirty.

HARD BODIES [FEBRUARY 1993]

My girlfriend and I were on a secluded beach. After swimming in the ocean, we went back to our blanket to towel off. While doing so, I rolled my towel into a rat tail and, though I intended to give her just a love tap, I managed to produce an audible, crisp, whiplike snap. The towel barely kissed her muscular ass, but that was enough. Her entire body went taut, she turned to face me, her eyes squeezed shut, her lips puck-

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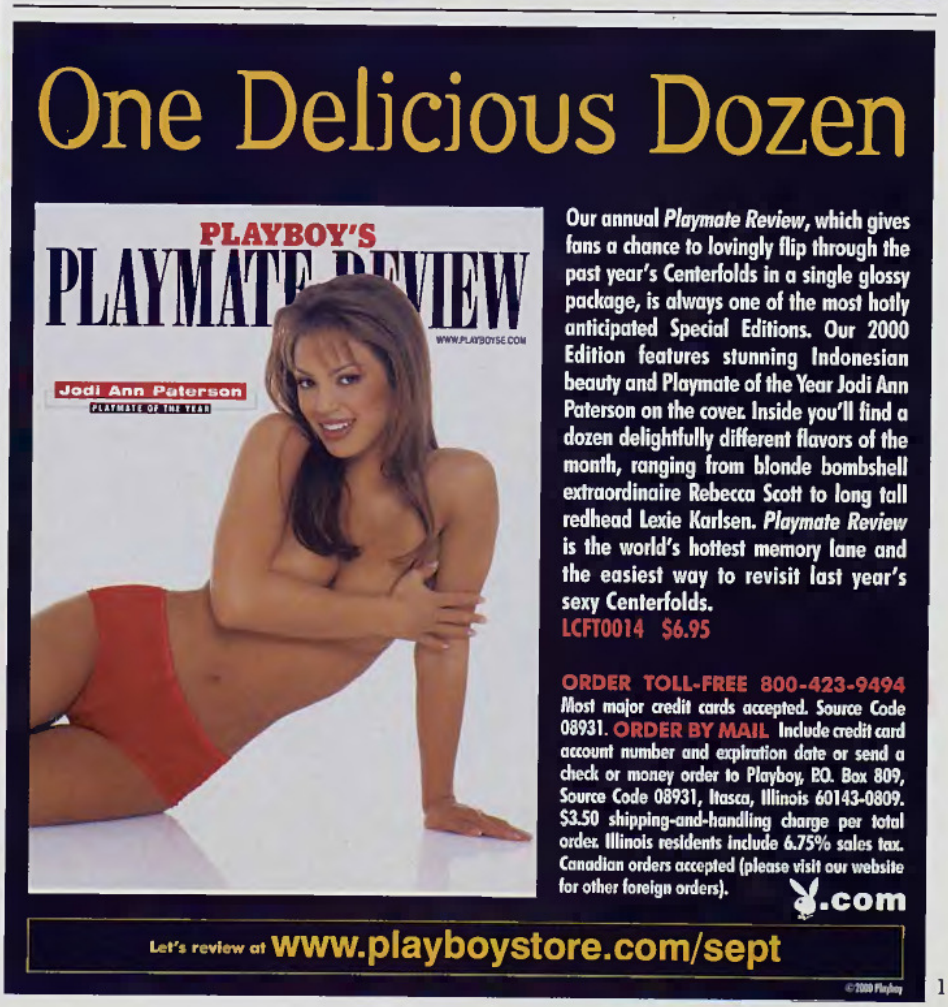
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Our annual Playmate Review, which gives fans a chance to lovingly flip through the past year's Centerfolds in a single glossy package, is always one of the most hotly anticipated Special Editions. Our 2000 Edition features stunning Indonesian beauty and Playmate of the Year Jodi Ann Paterson on the cover. Inside you'll find a dozen delightfully different flavors of the month, ranging from blonde bombshell extraordinaire Rebecca Scott to long tall redhead Lexie Karlsen. Playmate Review is the world's hottest memory lane and the easiest way to revisit last year's sexy Centerfolds.
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ered small and tight; she felt the pain. I stood there. I didn't know what to do. Then her lips curved slightly upward at the corners and she whispered in a challenging tone, "Didn't hurt." Her defiant statement earned her one on the other cheek. It had the same effect. She drew a long deep breath through her nose and said, "Take me home." We packed up, drove home in silence and took showers. When I stepped out of the shower, I was confronted by my smirking girlfriend in her birthday suit. She rolled the towel she had in her hands and tried to whip me with it, but it only wrapped around my knee. She giggled and tossed the towel at me and said, "Your turn." She then turned around and placed her hands on the door frame, legs spread apart. I repeated the action that had taken place on the beach earlier, leaving matching marks below the ones already there (being a college lacrosse player, I am well practiced in such locker-room antics). She took the towel from my hands, put it around my neck and dragged me into the bedroom. She pushed me onto the bed and began sucking my cock like a champ. At times she had my entire cock in her mouth—she'd never been able to do that before. While she was doing this I spanked her. The harder I spanked, the more enthusiastically she sucked me. By the time I came I was spanking her so hard my hand was hurting. She swallowed every drop of come she could suck out of me. This is a girl who repeatedly told me she would never swallow, that it was too gross to even think about. So what gives? Why did the pain turn her on? Is it psychological, biological or just physical?—S.E., Chester, Pennsylvania

OK, America, are we hot yet? We don't think we need to touch on the basics regarding sadomasochistic behavior—your letter pretty much covered them all. A partner, thrilled at being a sexual outlaw, led you both into new territory. She set the pace, directed the action and you both enjoyed the result.

HOME IMPROVEMENT [AUGUST 1993]

My nipples are one of my major erogenous zones, second only to my clitoris. I can almost climax from stimulation of my nipples alone. The problem is, my nipples are rather insensitive to light or normal touch. I like to attach clips to my nipples or twist them hard, burn them lightly with candle wax or rough them up with sandpaper. I found that if I do this prior to having sex with my husband, my nipples are so sensitive I can feel every touch and suck. The next day they're still so sensitive I can hardly keep my hands off myself. Am I doing permanent damage?—K.C., Portland, Maine

Years ago we got a letter from a guy who masturbated with sandpaper. He asked if he had a problem. We said, "Yes, but not for long." Apparently he consulted a sex therapist who cured him of the habit by switching to lighter grades of sandpaper, velvet, then a real woman. He still gets a hard-on every time he passes Ace Hardware. You are abusing your body, but so does every person who runs a marathon, mounts a Stair Master or plays tennis. Are sexual injuries the same as athletic injuries? All you've done is found a dramatic way to amplify the signals to the brain.

THE FIRST LESSON OF CYBERSEX [SEPTEMBER 1994]

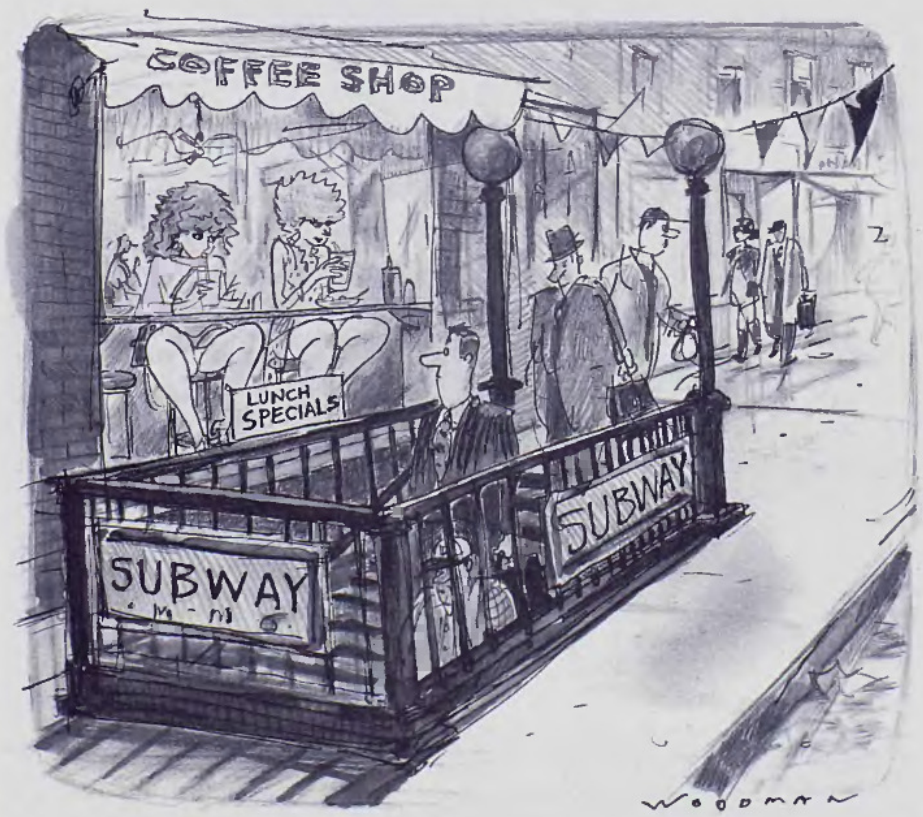
For my first online sex adventure, I looked for a woman who would do anything I asked. To my surprise, one appeared. The first thing she said was, "So, what would you like to do?" We immediately started doing the nasty, and I mean nasty. After we had finished, I asked her what she looked like. She answered, "You'd be disappointed." I wasn't sure what to say. The first thing that popped into my mind was, Is this a man or a woman? I asked, and she turned out to be a guy. I was furious. Was I wrong to get angry?—Z.T., Houston, Texas

Here are a few observations. If a call name is overtly sexy (e.g., Sindy Luvtolick) or if a c-sex partner refers to her vagina as a cunt, you're talking to a guy. If she gives her cup size, you're talking to a guy. If she says she's 18, you're talking to a teenage guy or a postal inspector. If she won't switch to phone sex, it's a guy or a married woman. Don't let one bad experience stop your c-sex escapades. You can learn a lot. We all have sexual scripts, and saying them out loud or to a keyboard is an eye-opener. Bold lovers who would never think of stopping real sex for a midcourse correction can stop the momentum of a phone call or online session to say something like, "You always do that. You don't have to be so gentle. Does the phrase 'Suck the chrome off a trailer hitch' mean anything to you?" Our point: Cybersex is just sexual information. The thrill comes from the anticipation, waiting to see how another person reacts to the baldest, nastiest script you can come up with. Of course, you don't need a computer to capture that interactive mood. A dinner date works fine. Plus you get to see with whom you are playing, and if it works, you get to go to her place.

SEX VS. FUCKING [NOVEMBER 1995]

While reading *Advisor* responses to questions about sex, I was surprised at your use of the word fuck, which degrades the writers' sexuality and makes you appear cheap. It seems that you don't know the difference between having sex and fucking.—G.R., Tempe, Arizona

We're well aware of the difference. You fuck when you're sweaty; you have sex after a shower. You fuck in a cheap motel room; you have sex in a master bedroom. You fuck on a hardwood floor; you have sex on carpeting. You fuck on a swing set; you have sex on a porch. You fuck in the woods; you have sex on the beach. Or vice versa on any of those, depending on your mood. The difference between fucking and having sex is between your ears, and everyone's love life should have a little of both.



PLAYMATE NEWS

ALL HAIL JODI ANN!

Life for October 1999's Busy Beaver just got busier. Now that Jodi Ann Paterson has been named Playmate of the Year 2000, she'll spend the next year working nonstop to promote PLAYBOY. As 1999 PMOY Heather Kozar attests, the world travel, autograph sessions and photo shoots can be daunting: "It's a big responsibility. My advice to Jodi Ann is to enjoy every day of being Playmate of the Year, because it's only for one year of your life. Always be there 100 percent. Always be true to yourself and do your best. My motivation was to be the best and to leave a lasting impression of the class, sophistication, excitement and energy that PLAYBOY represents. As long as you enjoy it and take care of yourself, it will be a great year!" Compared with what's in store, Jodi Ann's first press-heavy PMOY mission was a breeze. All she had to do was bask in the klieg lights while celebrities (Trey Parker, A.J. Benza), Playmates (Heather Kozar, Victoria Fuller) and her friends and family partied in her honor. Among those gushing about Jodi Ann is photographer Arny Freytag. "Jodi is truly the girl next door," he says. "She is from Oregon, not Hollywood. She's believable and not all glammed up. When it's her time onstage, she shines."

Clockwise from top left: Victoria Fuller beors a bouquet ot the Monsion PMOY luncheon. Jodi Ann's little red Corvette. Jodi Ann poses with her mom and dad. Carmen Berg and her friends drop by to toast the Oregonian.

REMEMBER THEM

For some people, 1999 will always be regarded as the last year of the millennium, the year Prince crooned about, the year Monica rocked the White House. For PLAYBOY readers, 1999 means a period of unforgettable Centerfolds: Jaime Bergman, Stacy Fuson, Alexandria Karlsen, Natalia Sokolova, Kimberly Spicer, Jodi Ann Paterson, Tishara Cousino, Jennifer Rovero, Rebecca Scott, Brooke Richards, Cara Wakelin and Kristi Cline. For Playmate admirers, Playboy Special Editions has created *Playboy's Playmate Review*, a 96-page publication with Playmate of the Year 2000 Jodi Ann on the front and the rest of the girls between the covers. Inside the magazine, fans will find a never-before-published extension of each Centerfold's pictorial as well as recent interviews that reveal what each girl has been up to during the past year.

35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Chicago's "Reining Playmate," a champion equestrienne, made her PLAYBOY debut in August 1964 as a Bunny in Chicago. Patti worked as a Bunny for three years, rubbing elbows with Hollywood royalty. Here's one of her funniest Mansion memories: "I pulled on a terrycloth cover-up, with nothing on underneath, and went downstairs, only to find Hef with Tony Bennett and Warren Beatty. I grabbed two apples and I put them in my pockets. The weight pulled that shift down to my ankles. They didn't say a word. I'm sure when I left they snickered."

Patti Reynolds.

A DAY IN THE LIFE

Ever since Hef storted dating Bronde Roderick, the world has been curious obout her. *Marie Claire* hired o team to tail Bronde os she tooled oround LA. The ortiele feotures Brande ot o spo, auditioning for o TV show, lunching ot Fred Segal ond shopping for an Oscors gown.

PLAYMATE NEWS

I don't want to name a favorite, though I will say that Candy Loving is quite a beauty. I loved them all, and almost had them all. Excuse the vernacular. Besides that, I ain't talking.

"Hef took o big step for this country os for os censorship goes ond in how the media treat women," soys our 25th Anniversory Playmate.

JUST LIKE DEVIN

Attention Devin De Vasquez devotees: Miss June 1985 is offering a Devin-saturated photo book called *Living in a Blonde World*. Those of you who have followed her career know that after appearing as a Centerfold, Devin won the *Star Search* spokesmodel competition in 1986 and starred in more than 50 national commercials and a handful of feature films. *Blonde World* showcases the many faces of Devin. The natural brunette even makes a cameo as a blonde. "There is a limited supply of books, and they're selling like hotcakes," Devin says.

RUTH'S BABY

Ruth Guerri, Miss July 1983, is animated about her new online adventure game. Based on the comic book *Web of Life*, the game is an interactive feature in which players are immersed in a 3D world full of powerful women. Ruth (at left) is one of the real gals who posed for photographs that were then digitally illustrated for the game. The action, according to Ruth, revolves around "two sisters whose aim is to seize control over the most powerful force on earth and the final command over humankind's evolutionary destiny." For more, take a look at the game's official website at thewol.com.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

September 4: Miss January 1979
Candy Loving
September 6: Miss January 1990
Peggy McIntaggart
September 9: Miss June 1972
Debbie Davis
September 12: Miss April 1992
Cady Cantrell
September 24: Miss October 1966
Linda Moon

LOOSE LIPS

"Donna Michelle is one of the most unforgettable women I've ever known. We had a passionate, all-too-brief affair," Hef says. Like Hef, we are eternally smitten with the 1964 PMOY. Here, some highlights from a recent Donna interview:

ON PRIZES: I traded my PMOY car in. It was a lovely car with power steering and power brakes, but that bright petal-frost pink—everyone would point and follow you.

ON POST-PMOY: My life has changed a lot. Twenty years later, I'm no longer driven around in limos. I've gone on to other things. Everybody is going faster and I'm going slower.

Donna Michelle.

ON GROWING UP IN PUBLIC: When my pictures were published in PLAYBOY, my hormones were going nuts. I was in my second year of college, and I didn't really know what was happening. I wanted to be a serious actress or a photographer. I didn't just want to be a Playmate. I went from being an underdeveloped kid to someone who was two years ahead of everyone else. Suddenly I couldn't go to the supermarket without being recognized.

ON OVERRATED CELEBRITIES: My mother was one of those Hollywood moms who wanted her daughter to be a pianist. I was a piano prodigy and gave lots of concerts. I played nightclubs and won talent shows. One time I competed against Little Richard, who was in his early 20s. I was 10 years old and thought, This guy is obnoxious.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Tampa, Florida is home to the best-looking talk-radio host in the country. Tune in to the program *Sportchix*—broadcast on WQYK 1010—to hear **Lynne Austin** (below, center) chatting up legendary athletes such as **Joe Namath** and **Wayne Gretzky**. . . . Did you know that for years **Felicia Atkins** was a showgirl at the Tropicana in Las Vegas? She now lives in Australia. . . . Congrats to **Donna D'Errico** and **Nikki Sixx**, who are expecting a baby in December. . . . Watch for **Rachel Jeán Marteen** portraying Meredith on *As the World Turns*. . . . **Martha Smith** and **Keith England** had a rocking wedding at the Little Door restaurant in LA. Buck Cherry's guitarist played *Here Comes the Bride* for the couple. . . . Don't let the Miller High Life ad fool you. Although **Jessica Lee** and **Victoria Fuller** are shown duking it out, the gals are tight in real life. . . . **Layla Roberts** appears in a TV spot for Busch beer and on the cover of the Helmet House catalog. . . . Laser Reflections (www.laserreflections.com) offers a line of Playmate holograms. For $1600, you get a print of your favorite, be it **Deanna Brooks** (pictured), **Julie Cialini** or any of a dozen others.

Lynne scores.

Mortho ond Keith.

Is is live or is it Laser Reflections?

Making Book

(continued from page 68)

THE NUMBERS

In Minnesota, according to a recent poll by the state's Institute of Public Health, 84 percent of college men surveyed reported gambling at least once in the previous year. In 1998 and 1999, Americans, many of them college students, bet more than $650 million on college sports. Super Bowl bets, including countless office pools, amounted to $30 million.

If you're not interested in gambling, you rarely hear about it. But once you have a bookie, it seems everybody you know is gambling and fluent in the argot of parlays, spreads, over-unders and juice.

ZEBRA ROLE MODELS

According to a study by the University of Michigan, most college referees have engaged in gambling. The findings, published in *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, reveal that more than 84 percent of the 640 football and basketball officials who participated in the survey said they gambled—but never on games they had officiated. Nor, they all said, had they ever provided inside information to anyone. "But two acknowledged that their awareness of the point spread on a particular game affected the way they called it," the journal reported.

TWO BIG LOSERS

Two students, one at the University of Arkansas and the other at Arkansas State, showed why gambling can get a bad name. When they were sophomores in high school they met a bookie at the Champs sporting goods store in the mall and, pooling their money, started their star-crossed careers in wagering. Shortly afterward, they upgraded their account to a bookie in Las Vegas. Once they were in college they increased their pace and found themselves $5000 in debt. They decided to bet their way out and, after a lucky Saturday early in the 1999 football season, chipped the debt down to $200. Feeling confident, they put money they did not have on Sunday and Monday baseball games—and found themselves $20,000 in debt by Tuesday morning. Then they did what other foolish college gamblers usually do—they realized that the word parents is a synonym for ace in the hole. One father paid his son's entire debt and the other parents compelled their wayward son to take out a loan, using his car as collateral.

DICE

Bill, an architecture student in San Diego, always carries dice in his pocket. "You know, in case people want to gamble," he explained. And, he said, they usually do. "It's a rush because there's money on the line."

According to Bill, you have to keep rolling to win. "You have to go into it knowing you'll lose, and then you can win. One night I started out with $3 and left with $30."

He and some friends recently had a "pimps and hos" party where shooting craps was one of the themes. The guys wore bright, tacky suits and the girls wore fishnet stockings, high heels and not much else. James Brown was on the stereo and *Dolemite* was in the VCR. Even the girls were into it. "Girls who had never rolled before were walking away with up to $30. And they were loving it. It's definitely addictive when you're winning," he said.

A CLASSROOM CAN BE JUST LIKE A CASINO, WITHOUT THE BUFFET

Many classes are held in computer labs, making it possible to play craps or place bets with an online casino, check out the spreads, the lineups and the injured lists and otherwise research upcoming games—all while appearing to listen to the lecturer.

MARKET GAMBLING

"Some guys I know who gamble also trade stock," said a student at a small New England college. "It's really the same thing, because you research stocks like you research teams and then all you have to do is get online. It's the same rush too, to win big, and day trading is legal. A lot of guys do both. It's the same ones who drink a lot and are out to get laid—they all trade and gamble too. It all goes together. At parties, half the time you're talking about girls and the other half you're talking about trading stocks online or gambling.

"A friend of mine doesn't schedule any of his classes between 9:30 and 4:30—during market hours—so he can stay home and trade all day."

THE PRIZE FOR BEST IDEA FOR A TERM PAPER THIS YEAR GOES TO . . .

A recent Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute graduate, who, even before audiences saw *Boiler Room*, the story of a wildman stockbroker who runs a casino for college students, caught the current mood of testosterone-charged competitiveness when he wrote a term paper called "Stockbrokers and Bookies: How They Have the Same Damn Job." He got an A.

CROSS-EYED POKER

Poker games are popular in fraternities and they're usually played in the party room, close to a television, so the guys can play cards and keep an eye on a game—or the ESPN ticker. College poker players follow traditional rules—never count your money at the table, never leave the table while you're winning. But there's a college variation: Never admit to boning your fraternity brother's girl.

BEWARE OF REAL BOOKIES

"If you got in over your head, you can deal with a kid who may be in some of your classes than a lowlife who may be packing. You can't give your PlayStation to a bookie in Vegas. Plus, gambling is so social, it's nice to know your bookie—you see him on campus, in your fraternity. He's more accessible and less threatening," said Nick, of Central Michigan University.

BOOKIE ETIQUETTE

A sign of the times is that it's a serious breach of campus manners to ask just anyone where you can find a drug dealer. But asking about a bookie is as harmless as asking about a bookstore. It's a safe bet that a bookie, who is usually busy on a cell phone and never far from a TV (especially on big game days), is just a phone call away.

UNSUCCESSFUL BOOKIES

David, a bookie, gambler and recent graduate of Michigan State University, lived in a fraternity house where two of his brothers were bookies. David took calls for them and in return was comped $100 every week for gambling.

David himself bet all the time he was in college. "It's definitely more interesting to have money on a game. I think it makes anything more interesting." Stressful, but interesting. The most he ever had "on paper" during one game day was $5000. He never left the couch or the remote. He was glued to the TV, watching all the day's scores.

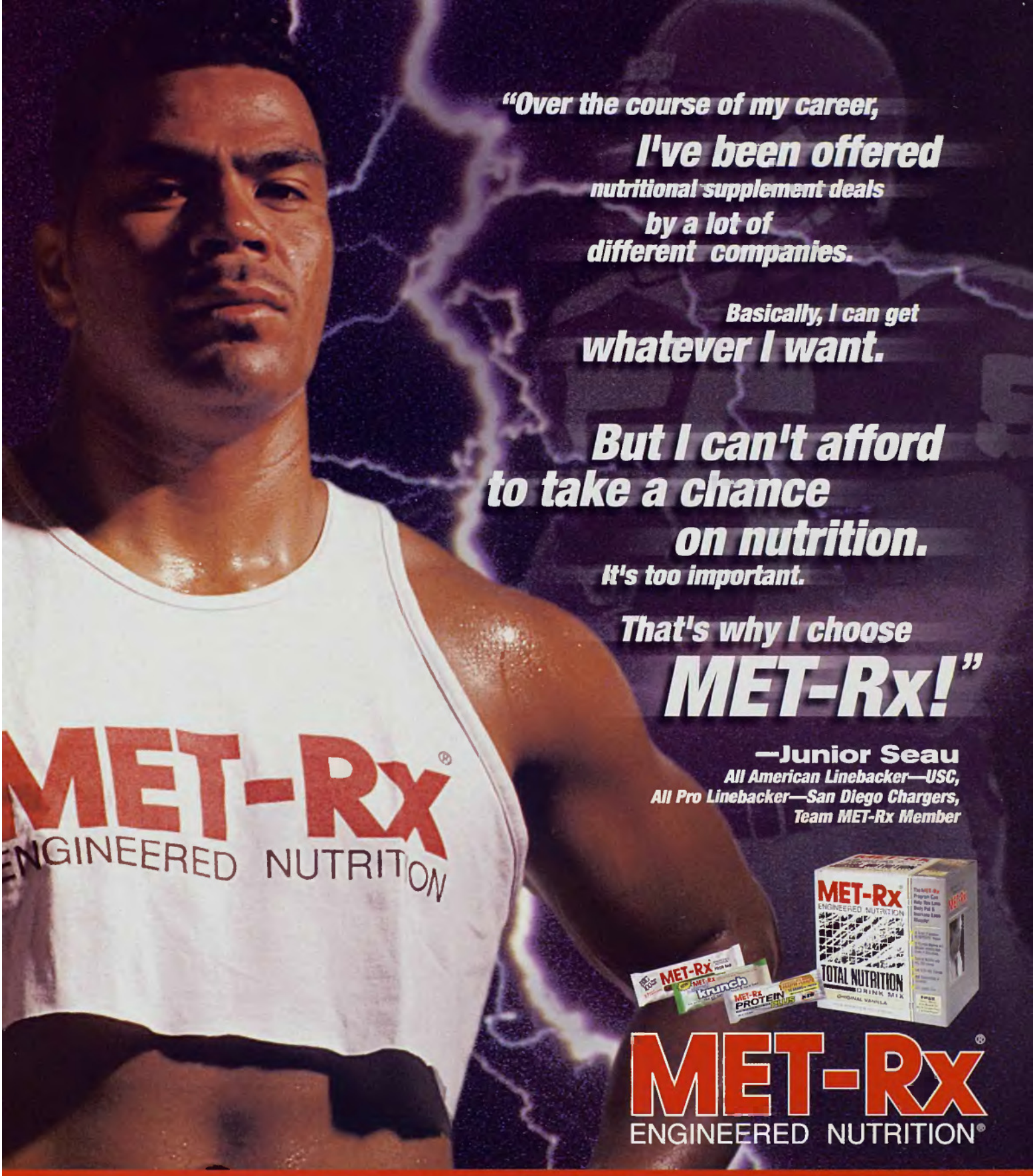
"But we were in college so it didn't really matter how we ended up. We would start the day saying, 'If I win today, I'm getting really drunk tonight.' But then we'd say, 'If I lose today, I'm getting really drunk tonight.' We were boozing either way."

The operation was friendly and did not need an intimidating collector. According to David, "college bookies are different from the big-time guys. Our clients are mostly college students. We don't have to bring in big thugs to bust them up for not paying. Most college kids either have the money or they can get it." One of their clients sold his Bose Lifestyle system, and another just gave them his brand-new stereo.

But David's employers went out of business a few months after he started working for them.

David continues to gamble but has left the bookmaking business. "I don't deal with my friends anymore," he said. "Strangers are more apt to pay up quicker. They're also more apt to make you pay, but it's still better than getting involved with friends.

"Everyone seems to be involved in gambling. It can be a vicious cycle. Some people just get hit harder than others," he said.



Tune in to this year's MET-Rx College Football Preview special airing from August 18th through September 3rd. Check your local listings.

Hosted by Roger Twibell end Terry Bowden, the one hour sports special takes an in-depth look et the upcoming season with speciel feetures on Heisman Trophy favorite, Deuce McAllister, Florida Getors defensive stendout, Alex Brown and Virginia Tech's All American Michael Vick.

The MET-Rx College Football Preview also takes an inside look et this year's Playboy All-Americen Teem, es well es the mejor conferences with predictions of who will be on top of the College Football scene in Jenuary.

PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SIX IN THE CITY

Surviving in the city takes a measure of craft and cunning. It also takes the right tools. With the shrewd urbanite in mind, we've assembled six items that will make that daily commute, business trip or evening on the town more pleasurable. • It should come as no surprise that the Modo by Scout Electromedia derives its information via satellite. The handheld device is updated daily with club and concert listings, restaurant recommendations and movie times. The information is provided free to Modo owners from an editorial staff that filters the listings and offers advice on where to go to find your particular type of entertainment. • Besides being hit by a bike messenger, a major pedestrian irritant is a portable CD player that skips. Sony's new D-EJ915 CD-Walkman features G-Protection, an antiskip technology that eliminates virtually all CD stutter. • A laptop is a popular item to steal at airports or the local Starbucks, so Kryptonite developed the KryptoVault, a collapsible metal cage that slips over closed laptops. The entire contraption can be chained to a permanent fixture with the included 8mm braided steel cable. If you also attach the company's 110-decibel Motion Sensor Alarm (you can use it on your luggage, too), your PC is yours indeed. • As an alternative to the ubiquitous cell phone, keep in touch visually with Kenwood's Digital Radio Camera. The rubber-coated camera attaches to the company's Freetalk walkie-talkie and beams as many as nine images to the LCD screen of another walkie-talkie. • Because a broken bike chain can leave you stranded, Spyderco's SpydeRench is essential for your backpack. The four-and-a-half-inch tool unfolds into slip-joint pliers, a crescent wrench and a knife. Plus, the handle houses six sizes of attachable bits in both Phillips and flathead configurations. —JASON BUHRMESTER

JAMES IMBROGNO

Top center: Modo by Scout Electromedia receives restaurant, club and movie listings via satellite. Cities covered include Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York, with more in the works (about $100). Above, clockwise from left: Kenwood's KVT-10 Digital Radio Camera ($835) attaches to the company's Freetalk UBZ-LH14 walkie-talkies to transmit video images and audio (about $100). The SpydeRench by Spyderco is a rugged pocket tool that houses a knife, pliers, crescent wrench, screwdriver bits and more for on-the-spot bike repair and other emergencies (about $110).

Above: The Sony D-EJ915 CD Walkman with G-Protection is virtually skip-proof. Plus, the player's antiskip mechanism is 60 percent smaller than conventional models, allowing the D-EJ915 a one-and-a-half-inch thickness and long battery life ($200). The Walkman can be paired with Sony's collapsible Street Style headphones ($50). At left, Kryptonite's KryptoVault laptop lock ($80) includes a $500 anti-theft guarantee. Add a Kryptonite Motion Sensor Alarm for extra insurance ($60).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

Grapevine

This Dow Is Rising

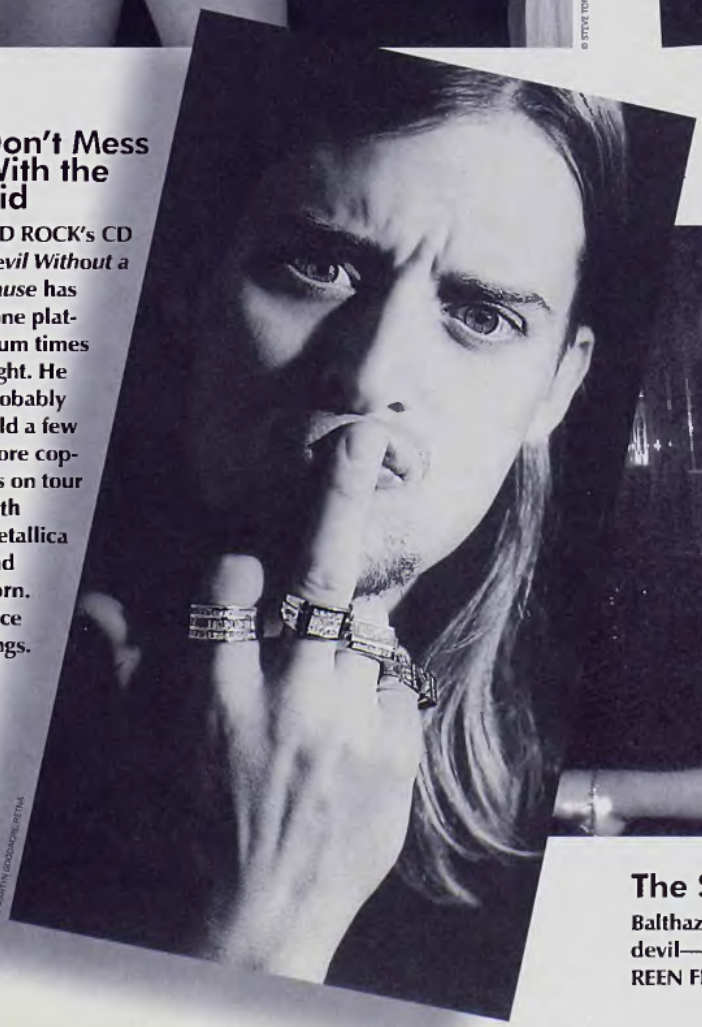
Nike pitchwoman STEPHANIE DOW has also appeared in print ads for Four Seasons Hotels and Hawaiian tourism. Here she says aloha to the crowd.

© STEVE TORRES

© DAVID ALLOCCA/DMI

Woman in Black

LINDA FIORENTINO has had four movies released in 2000, co-starring with Paul Newman, Annette Bening and Kevin Spacey, among others. In this black dress, she stars alone.



© MARTIN GODBOUT/RETNA

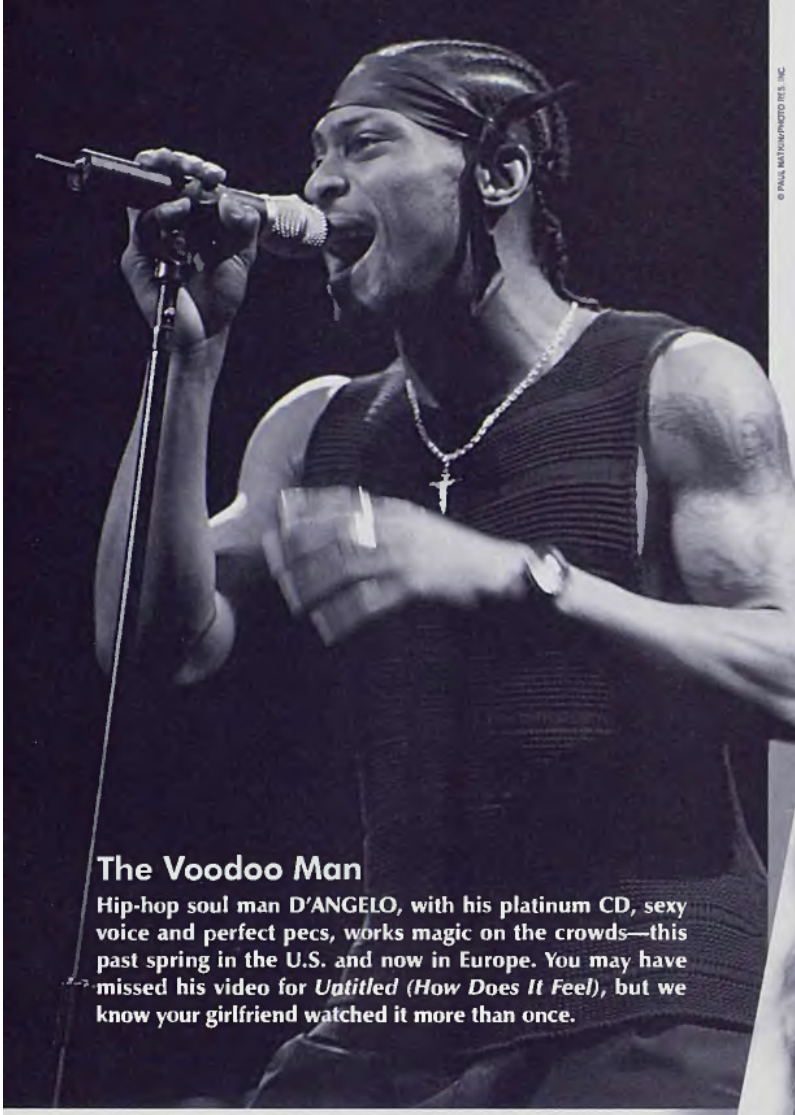
Don't Mess With the Kid

KID ROCK's CD *Devil Without a Cause* has gone platinum times eight. He probably sold a few more copies on tour with Metallica and Korn. Nice rings.

© AMBER CANNON

The Shadow Knows

Balthazar Getty struggles with his inner demons—and Peter Weller as the devil—in *Shadow Hours*. GINGER MILLER, TIFFANY WYNTERS and MAUREEN FLAHERTY make it hard for Getty's character to resist temptation.



© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RES., INC.

The Voodoo Man

Hip-hop soul man D'ANGELO, with his platinum CD, sexy voice and perfect pecs, works magic on the crowds—this past spring in the U.S. and now in Europe. You may have missed his video for *Untitled (How Does It Feel)*, but we know your girlfriend watched it more than once.

A Penny for Your Thoughts

PENNY LYNN can be found in recent issues of *Lowrider* and *Highway Thunder* magazines, on pulp fiction book covers and in several irresistible videos, including *Single White Vampire* and *Society P.I.* Visit her website, pennysplace.com.

© STEVE TORRES

Betsy Pops Out

Fitness trainer BETSY MORALES shows off her perfect form in TV commercials and stunt work and on E's *Wild On* series. Now *Grapevine* readers get lucky, too.

© ERIC FREEMANIS

Potpourri

CHOP TALK

Draganfly Innovations, a Canadian company that makes remote-controlled flying toys, derives its name from its president, Zenon Draganfly. So we weren't surprised when its new four-bladed indoor-outdoor helicopter was dubbed the Draganflyer. The craft, which comes in kit form, can hover, fly forward and backward or spin like a top, thanks to a motor mounted in each of its four arms. Price: $700, from 800-979-9794 or visit rctoys.com.

CASEY MOYER

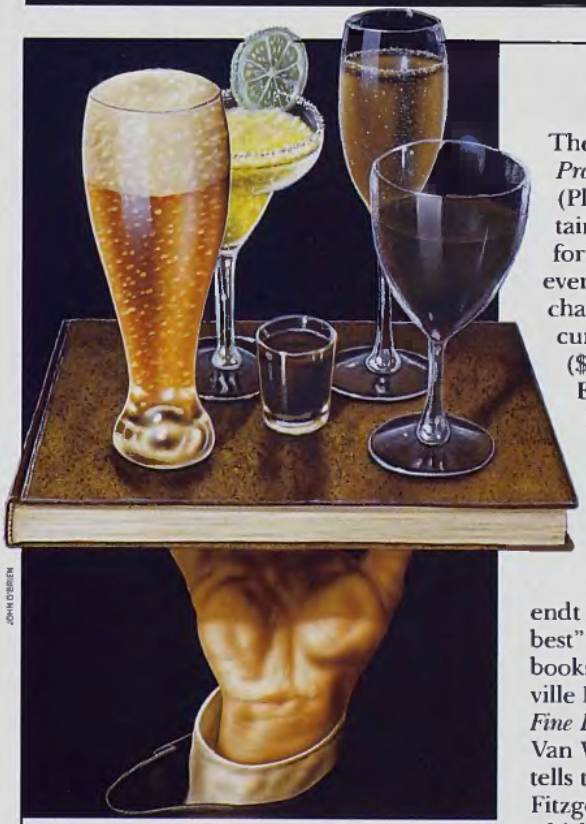
A YEAR OF CHOCOLATES

The website edelights.com would drive Willy Wonka wild—and for good reason. It's there you'll find chocolate trivia, chocolate history, chocolate quotes and, best of all, Chocolate of the Month clubs. You can order from the Dark Chocolate Club, the Truffle Club or the Chocolate Nut Delights Club. Prices begin at $20 a month and, upon joining, you get a 15 percent discount on your first purchase. An added bonus: All chocolates are guaranteed kosher.

DAN CLYNE

WRESTLE HER INTO BED

Want to perk up your sex life with foreplay that's really off-the-wall? Call the American Products Co. at 888-857-9588 and order the Romance Wrestling Arena pictured here. For $120 you get four ring posts and baseplates, ring rope, assembly instructions and rules for romping (or feel free to make up your own). American Products has a website, romancewrestling.com. If you have a king-size wrestling arena, they'll send extra ring rope.



JOHN O'BRIEN

COCKTAIL CULTURE

The softcover *100 Proof* by P.T. Elliott (Plume Books) contains "tips and tales for spirited drinkers everywhere." The chapter on hangover cures is a must-read ($10.95). *Tequila* by Enrique Martínez Limón captures the romance of "the spirit of Mexico" ($35), while *Grappa* by Axel and Bibiana Behrendt is "a guide to the best" ($25). Both books are from Abbeville Press. *But Always Fine Bourbon* by Sally Van Winkle Campbell tells the history of Old Fitzgerald and the whiskey maven "Pappy" Van Winkle ($34.95). Call 888-783-1700 to order. Joseph Delissio's *River Cafe Wine Primer* (Little, Brown) is a look at vino by the wine director of New York's River Cafe ($25.95). *Wine Memories* (Chronicle Books) is a collection of works by "great writers on the pleasures of wine" ($16.95), while *Whisky: The Water of Life—Uisge Beatha* by Helen Arthur (Firefly Books) celebrates scotch with fascinating facts and anecdotes ($40).

GOING RURAL

While *From Yes Sir to Big Sur* on page 124 describes what you need to e-commute, the softcover *Escape to a Small Town* by Lisa Rogak realistically evaluates what awaits beyond the city lights. Sure, you can "create a new life and fulfill your dreams in a place where you can breathe," Rogak says, "but rent before you buy. You may not like it there." Price: $14.95, from Williams Hill Publishing at 800-639-1099.

JOHN O'LEARY

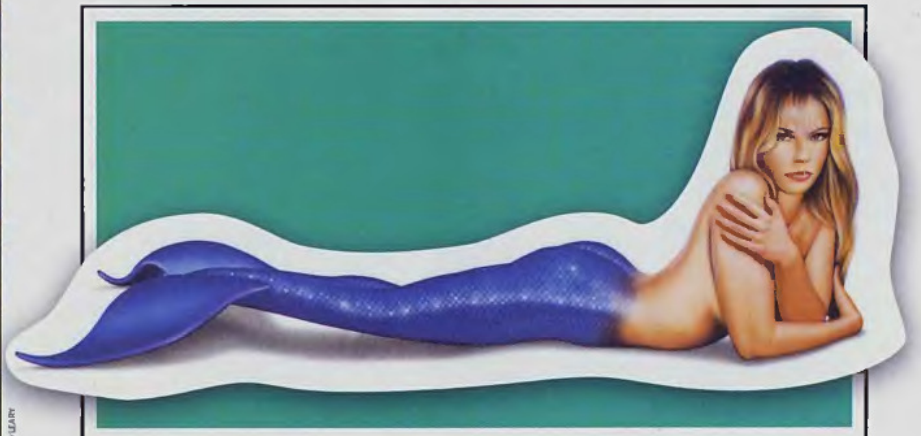
PARLEZ-VOUS NAUGHTY FRENCH?

Saying, *"J'ai quelque chose d'impressionnant dans mon slip"* ("I have something impressive in my pants") may work, but not if the response is *"Mon chat est mieux monté que toi"* ("My cat is hung better than you"). These are just two of many English-to-French translations of put-downs, pickup lines, notions and other outrageous phrases included on the CD *Tongues*. Price $13. Call Pull My Finger Productions at 877-727-7946.

JOHN SCHMELZER

PUT UP YOUR MITTS

Glove Loogie, the world's first two-part baseball glove treatment system, is definitely better for your cherished mitt than dousing it with shaving cream. For $19 you get two three-ounce squeezable bottles of pre- and postseason Loogie lube—a product containing medicinal lanolin and penetrants to break in, condition and protect your glove. For more information, check the website of Glove Loogie's manufacturer, Clenzoil Worldwide, at gloveloogie.com. Orders can be called in to 800-OIL-IT-UP.



SLAP HAPPY

Slap-On Art Decals are the perfect adornment for anything from surfboards to dorm walls. Sizes range from 3½ inches to 3½ feet and there are plenty of other sexy models and classic pin-up styles to choose from besides the mermaid pictured here. All are waterproof, and fade and scratch resistant (and they peel off). Auto and surf shops nationwide sell them. Call Slap-On at 714-444-4799 for the name of a local retailer or check slaponart.com.

RUM'S THE WORD

The British Navy did away with the daily ration of rum in 1970 but has maintained a stockpile of wonderfully aged Jamaican spirits stored in wicker-covered demijohns. The Great Spirits Company purchased the cache and now is offering a rum-filled demijohn with a boxed set that includes a decanter, neck label, funnel and demijohn stop for a royal price—$4950. A metal label affixed to each demijohn commemorates the 108-proof contents. It's your last chance to taste what tars tossed down for more than 200 years. Call 800-882-8140 to reserve a demijohn and toast a tradition that is gone forever.

Next Month

ANIMAL HOUSE

FREAKY FICTION

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

HEDONISTS UNITE!

GIRLS OF CONFERENCE USA—WE ASKED WHO WANTED TO GIVE PLAYBOY THE OLD COLLEGE TRY. BABES FROM TULANE, DE PAUL, MARQUETTE, THE UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS AND EAST CAROLINA—AMONG OTHERS—STEPPED UP

BOB COSTAS—JUST IN TIME FOR THE OLYMPICS, THE EMMY-WINNING SPORTS ANNOUNCER GIVES THE PLAY-BY-PLAY OF HIS LIFE. INCLUDED: GROWING UP WITH A GAMBLER, VISITING O.J. IN JAIL, HIS NEW HBO SERIES AND WHY DENNIS RODMAN IS A WUSS. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DIANE K. SHAH**

THE LOST WAR ON DRUGS—TWO REGULAR JOES JUST SAID NO ON A MANHATTAN STREET. ONE ENDED UP BUSTED, THE OTHER ON A SLAB IN THE MORGUE. WITH A FEDERAL ANTI-DRUG BUDGET OF $17 BILLION, WHY ARE WE BOTCHING THE WAR ON DRUGS? ARTICLE BY **JIM DWYER**

PIGSKIN PREVIEW—PLAYBOY PICKED THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL CHAMPS THREE OF THE PAST SIX SEASONS. THIS YEAR: FLORIDA STATE REPEAT? NEBRASKA RESURGENCE? CRIMSON TIDE REVENGE? PLUS, OUR ALL-AMERICA TEAM. BY SPORTS EDITOR **GARY COLE**

HEDONISM—A RANDY TRIP TO JAMAICA'S SEX RESORT MEANS CHAMPAGNE IN THE POOL, NAKED DANCING UNDER WATERFALLS AND PLENTY OF NAUGHTY PICTURES

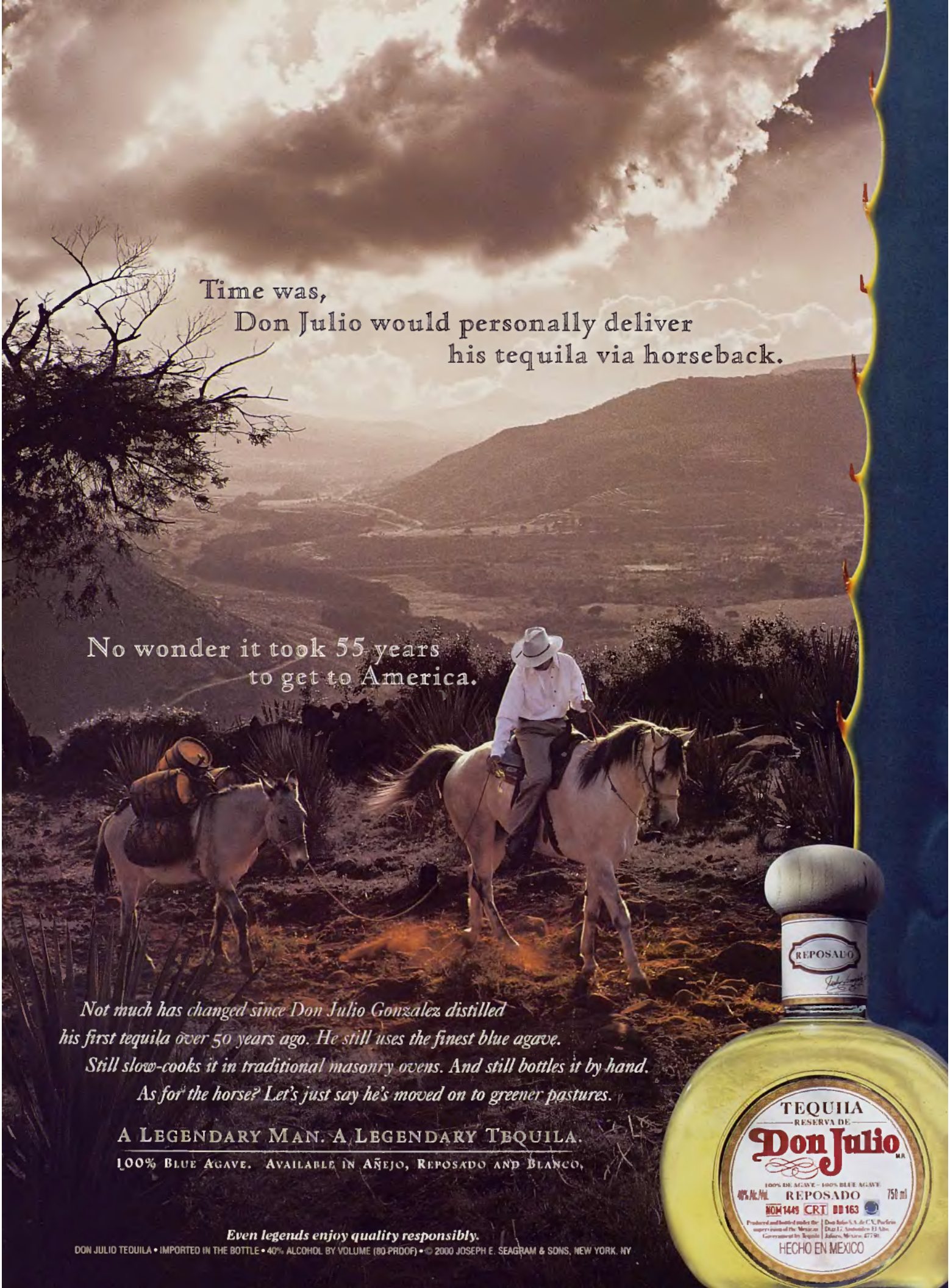
HYPE WILLIAMS—HIP-HOP'S MOST WANTED VIDEO DIRECTOR—HE HAS MADE VIDEOS FOR JENNIFER LOPEZ, PUFF DADDY, WYCLEF JEAN, R. KELLY AND BUSTA RHYMES—ON WHERE HE GETS HIS CRAZY IDEAS FROM AND WHY HE'S IN THE *GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS*

THE COLLECTION TREATMENT—THE AURORA HOTEL WAS A SCAB-COLORED BUILDING IN A BAD PART OF TOWN. INSIDE, LOST SOULS WANDERED FROM ROOM TO ROOM, STRUGGLING TO FIND PURPOSE. BY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER **YAEL SCHONFELD**

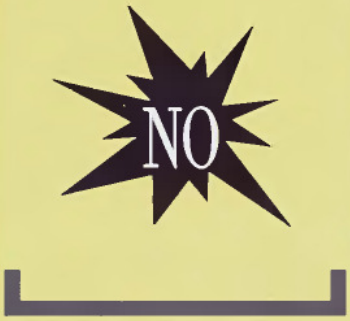
MODEL BEHAVIOR—LIKE MOST MEN, TOBY YOUNG FANTASIZES ABOUT BAGGING A SUPERMODEL. GIVEN HIS CURRENT STATE (BALD AND SHORT) IT'S A LONG SHOT. SO HE SETTLES FOR ROOMING WITH ONE—NO SEX PLEASE—AND THE FUN BEGINS

BACK TO CAMPUS FASHION—THERE IS LIFE AFTER CARGO PANTS, AND IT'S CALLED DENIM. HOW TO CLEAN UP YOUR ACT AND MAYBE EVEN CATCH THE EYE OF THAT CUTE TEACHING ASSISTANT

PLUS: 20Q WITH OLYMPIC TRACK STAR **MICHAEL JOHNSON,** THE **DALAI LAMA** AND THE **RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS**, ANIMATION CONTEST WINNERS—JUDGED BY SCOTT ADAMS, KEVIN SMITH AND GAHAN WILSON, A THONG SHOT TO MAKE YOU WEEP, THE DOWN AND DIRTY ON REAL-LIFE FIGHT CLUBS, THE SCOOP ON SPINAL TAP, DAVE'S GARAGE, VERY COOL DIVE WATCHES AND PLAYMATE **NICHOLE VAN CROFT**


Time was,
Don Julio would personally deliver
his tequila via horseback.
No wonder it took 55 years
to get to America.
Not much has changed since Don Julio Gonzalez distilled
his first tequila over 50 years ago. He still uses the finest blue agave.
Still slow-cooks it in traditional masonry ovens. And still bottles it by hand.
As for the horse? Let's just say he's moved on to greener pastures.
A Legendary Man. A Legendary Tequila.
100% Blue Agave. Available in Añejo, Reposado and Blanco.
REPOSADO
TEQUILA
RESERVA DE
Don Julio
100% DE AGAVE – 100% BLUE AGAVE
40% Alc./Vol.
REPOSADO
750 ml
NOM 1449 CRT DD 163
HECHO EN MEXICO
Even legends enjoy quality responsibly.
DON JULIO TEQUILA • IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE • 40% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (80 PROOF) • © 2000 JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, NEW YORK, NY

KIDS & TOBACCO



Kids should not smoke. Nor should they have access to tobacco products. We believe there is broad agreement on this important issue.

At Philip Morris USA, we are committed to dealing responsibly with the complex problem of underage smoking. There is no single, easy answer to this issue. Many experts suggest the best way to address underage smoking is through broad-based, integrated approaches that include communications, education, community involvement and access prevention.

As part of our commitment to play a role in reducing underage smoking, we have created a Youth Smoking Prevention Department whose sole purpose is to develop and support programs to help reduce the incidence of youth smoking. We've dedicated significant resources—over $100 million last year—toward initiatives based on the key components listed above. We are spending another $100 million against these initiatives in 2000.

Our effort includes support for school-based programs, one of which has been recognized for prevention excellence by the National Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and other national organizations. We're also running national advertising campaigns: one that encourages kids not to smoke, and one that urges parents to talk to their kids about not smoking.

To help prevent minors' access to tobacco products, we support and help fund the Coalition for Responsible Tobacco Retailing's nationwide "We Card" retailer education and training program. This effort has helped train over 500,000 retail store employees to reject attempted purchases by minors.

Working to help prevent youth smoking is important and it's the right thing to do for our company and for our employees. It's also the right thing to do on behalf of our shareholders and our adult customers. Everyone has a stake in solving the problem of underage smoking. At Philip Morris USA, we are working to help find answers.

For more information about our youth smoking prevention efforts, visit our Web site at www.philipmorrisusa.com. If you don't have Internet access, please call 1-877-PMUSAWEB.

TOBACCO TODAY
one in a series

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